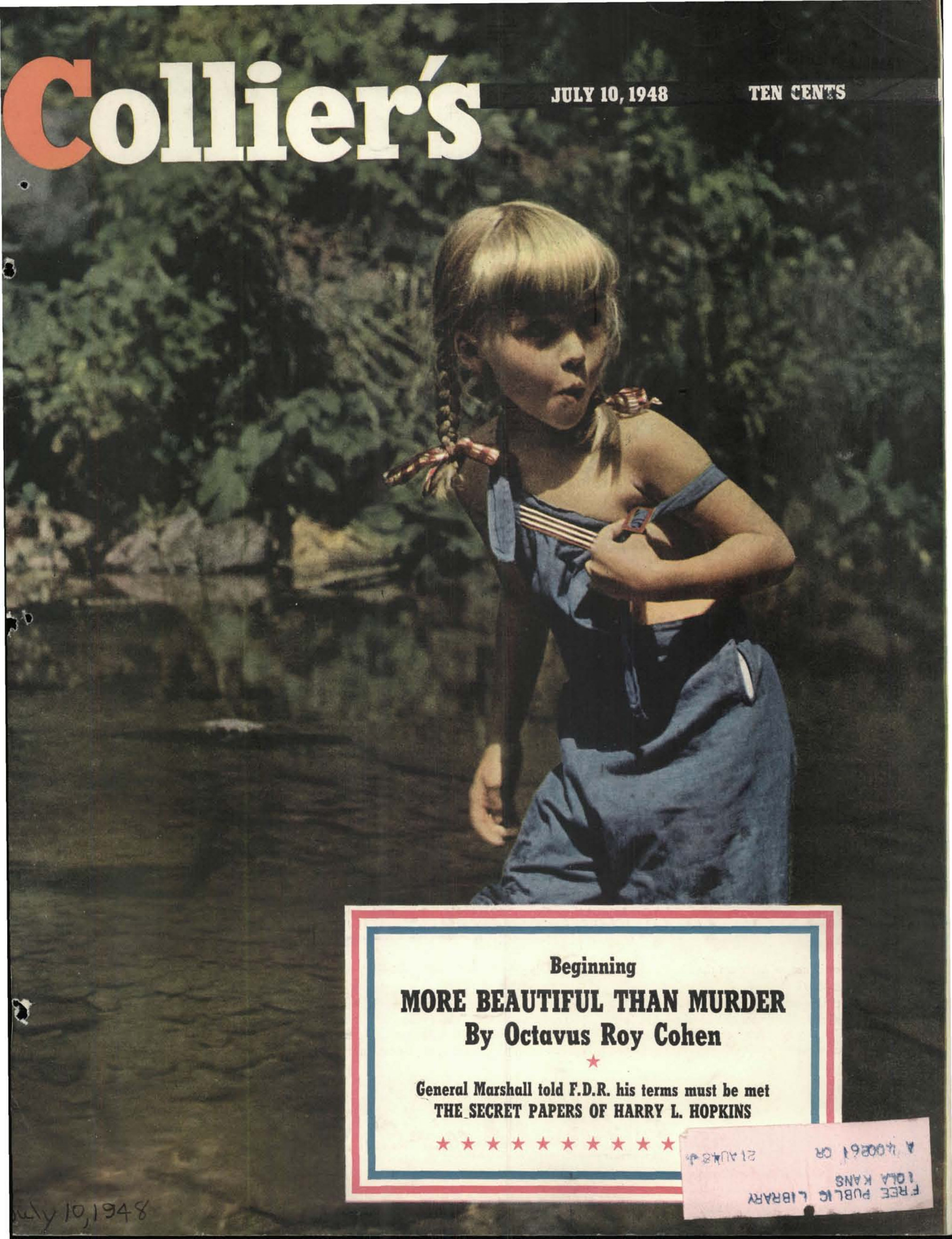
Collier's

JULY 10, 1948 TEN CENTS



Beginning

MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MURDER
By Octavus Roy Cohen

★

General Marshall told F.D.R. his terms must be met

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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David Peskin took the 8 x 10" Ansco Color Film transparency from which this reproduction was made. See how life-like... how downright *natural* the colors are in this fast action shot taken on *true-color* Ansco Color Film! Try it yourself!

Hold your 35mm Ansco transparencies up to light, project their gorgeous hues on a screen, or have color prints made on Ansco Printon!

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Look at your camera. If the lens is f6.3 or faster... if you take any of these picture sizes ... try thrilling, *true-color* Ansco Color Film!

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Start today, to take beautiful *true-color* pictures on Ansco Color Film. Available at your dealer's in 35mm cartridges, 120 or 620 rolls, or sheet sizes. Get it in spools for 16mm movies, too. Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y.

Ask for ANSCO color film!

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"Do you think I could Model?" asked this mother

Mermaids turn green with envy to see how Judy and Bonnie, coached by Nicki, can swim. Even more important, Mrs. Ellis is teaching them how to have a smile as brilliant as her own—a smile she trusts only to Ipana care. Wouldn't *you*—knowing that Ipana is the tooth paste dentists recommend and use 2 to 1, according to a recent nationwide survey? Get a tube of Ipana today!

Photographers always told Nicki Ellis she had a "model" smile. One day she *did* something about it . . .

"NICKI, WHY DON'T YOU become a model? A smile like yours belongs on magazine covers!"

That's what green-eyed, auburn-haired Mrs. Ralph Ellis heard for years from her artist and photographer friends. (Who should know the value of a smile better!)

What made Nicki suddenly decide to become a model? You guessed it: rising living costs. This lovely mother put her smile (and what a smile!) to work—and is now one of Chicago's most successful models.

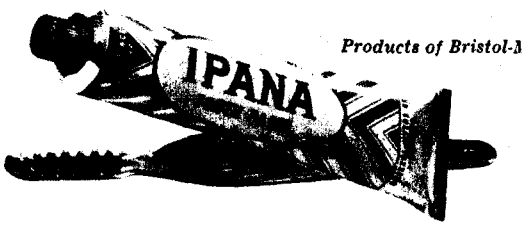
You may be sure that Nicki, who owes so much to her smile, teaches Judy and Bonnie to safeguard *their* smiles by following her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.*

Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. Correct massage is so important to the health of your gums and the beauty of your smile that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in special cases, according to a recent national survey! *Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty.*

Big Sister Judy, a first-grader in school, leads the way for Bonnie, a kindergarten student, in their nightly care of teeth and gums. If *your* gums flash a warning tinge of "pink," *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
for your Smile of Beauty

My, how you've grown! Judy, 6 years old, and Bonnie, 5, love to pretend they're glamorous models like their mother. Which they may very well be, some day. For Nicki knows that a "model" smile depends on sparkling teeth—and that firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth. Want to start *your* family towards "model" smiles? Start now with Ipana care.



Products of Bristol-Myers

P. S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1,000 dentists helped design it!

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COLLIER'S

July 10, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

OUR FAR-FLUNG INTERROGATORS

DEAR SIR: I have some questions to ask you, which questions have asked Indian consul, he answered in I March "The first and third question in Indian police station can't do it absolutely." But I think there are many nations in the world, each have different customs. America is the great republic. American newspaper is the place who serve people very kindly. So that I wish you giving me a satisfied answer, that I am very thinks! 1. American police station can't dig many holes in the well to listen personal speech? 2. American police station can't pat the medicines in people's meal it may got cold and can break corpuscle? 3. American police station can't frighten people to recognize breaking the law but he never do it? 4. American police station can't detain people's letter? 5. American police station can't command dispensary to sell medicine it contents cold mushroom? 6. American police station can't use the hypnotic medicine for into people's room in night? 7. American police station can't command doctor to put cold mushroom in the injection dose and to make fever? 8. American police station can't make the plan to order doctor to delay people's disease a long time?

For the Chinese Friend, HUANG TIEN MIN,
Shanghai, China

POW

DEAR SIR: In regard to your article, God's Underground in Russia, by Father George (May 29th), I would say that this article is quite valid, but perhaps not as sad as Father George makes it seem. While a POW in Germany I was Senior American Medical Person in charge and thus came into contact with all the Russians in the hospital. I can say openly that many of the Russian soldiers had Orthodox written on their hospital cards. Many would come for Mass on Sunday or at Christmastime, held by a French padre.

The case of fear for Catholicism may be present in Russia today, but when I was in contact with them, they had Christ close to them many times.

ALLAN H. GOPPMAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MIND ON HIGHER THINGS

GENTLEMEN: The Editors of Collier's and the author, Alfred H. Sinks, have, through the inspiring article Flying High (May 29th), brought to your readers some of the thrilling and significant features of modern kite flying that we here at SKY-EYE are

(Continued on page 73)

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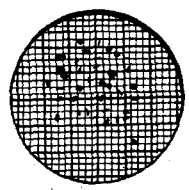
Blood—*a barometer of Health!*

Q. How do blood tests help guard your health?

A. These tests help to reveal the condition of your blood so that your physician can detect "hidden" diseases that are often difficult to diagnose in their early stages. Many doctors use blood tests as a regular part of periodic physical examinations. So if your doctor suggests a blood test, don't worry. He is using, for your benefit, one of the valuable procedures of medical science.

Q. What does a blood count  tell your doctor?

A. Checking the number, size, shape, and condition of your blood cells is called a blood count. The number of red cells and the amount of hemoglobin in them is one of the indices which help reveal your general physical condition. A count of white cells may be of value in diagnosing certain diseases. It is sometimes combined with the sedimentation test, which establishes the time taken by blood cells to settle.

Q. What will chemical analysis of the blood show?

A. Your blood is composed chiefly of water, salt, sugar, fat, and proteins. Chemical analysis of the blood is used to determine whether or not these and other components are present in normal amounts. This is important in aiding the diagnosis of certain diseases. For example, excessive sugar, salts or waste products in the blood indicate conditions requiring medical treatment.

WHAT SHOULD YOU KNOW ABOUT THE BLOOD?

The blood serves as a transportation system within the body, bringing oxygen, food, and other materials to the body cells and carrying away waste products. The white blood cells and substances called antibodies help to keep the body healthy by fighting infection. When certain antibodies are found in blood serum, they help in diagnosing a number of diseases.

During World War II, modern science proved dramatically that thousands of lives can be saved by improved methods in blood transfusion. Research has also discovered ways to extract many valuable medical agents from the blood. Among the most important are: *Gamma globulin* which provides immunization against measles; *fibrinogen* and *thrombin* which are used to control bleeding and to make surgical "sponges" which may safely be left in a wound while it heals; and *albumin* which has proved effective in treating certain diseases of the kidneys and liver.

Study of the blood as a means of aiding health is relatively new, but today, by co-operating with your physician, you can benefit from many advances that already have been made. There is real hope that future developments in this field will provide other important new weapons for man's war against disease.

The American Red Cross has prepared a helpful booklet on the blood and its relationship to good health, entitled "The Story of Blood." Through the courtesy of the Red Cross, the Metropolitan is able to send you a free copy on request.

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

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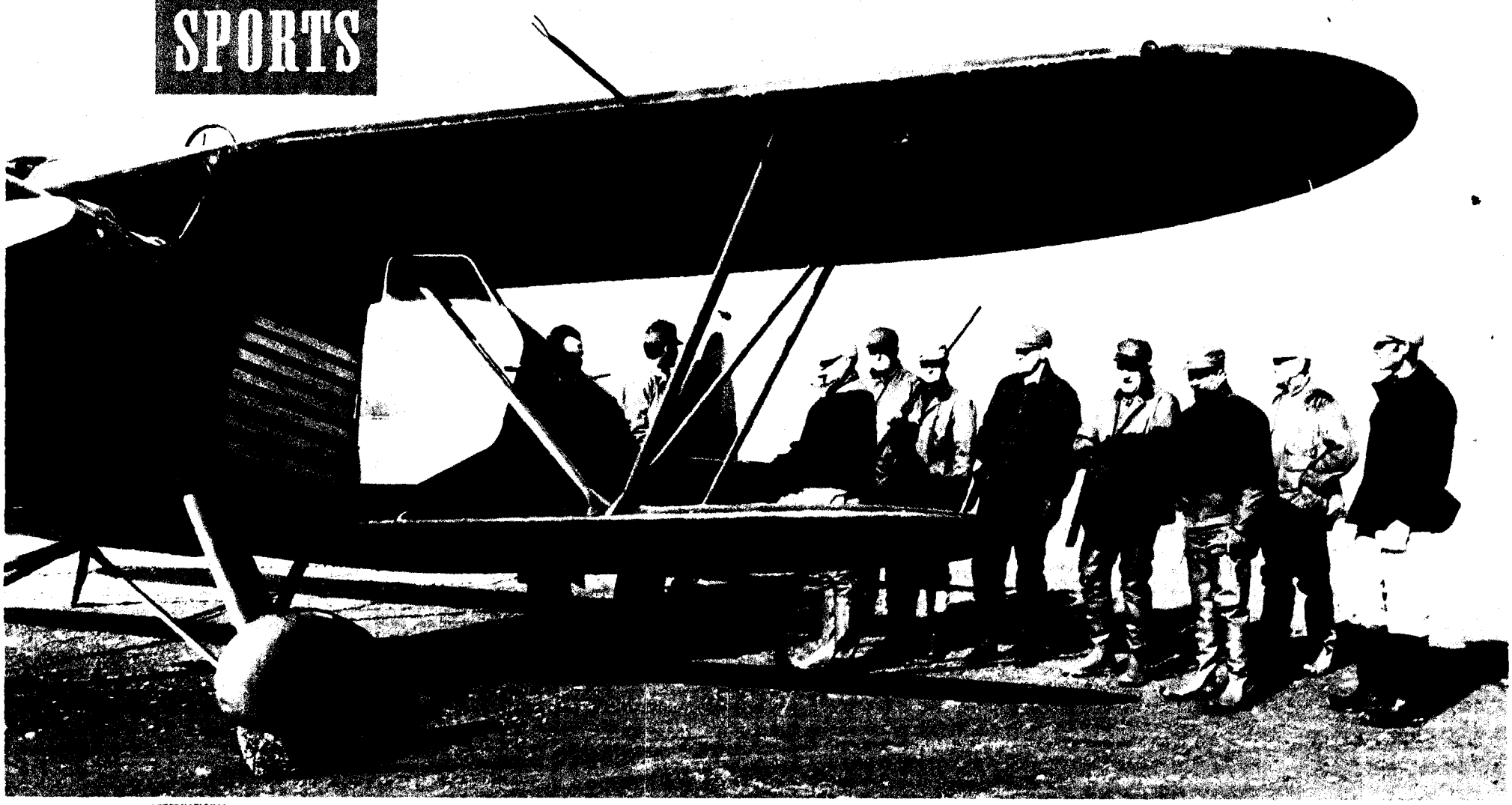
SPORTS



INTERNATIONAL

Flying taxis, like this one, disgorge growing numbers of hunters on previously inaccessible hunting grounds. In time, they may destroy our last wildlife refuges

GOODBY, WILDERNESS

BY BILL FAY

CONSERVATION experts are fearful that low airplane transportation rates for anglers will destroy what remains of the American wilderness. You can now fly from various bases to previously inaccessible lakes for as little as ten dollars round trip.

Outdoor editor Bob Becker tried one of those $10 rides in Minnesota. "The fish taxi hopped off from Ely at dawn," Bob tells me, "and dropped me on a lake in Superior National Forest in half an hour. Twenty years ago that same trip took me three days by canoe."

Fish taxis pierce the last defense of the wilderness—remoteness—in the roadless area of Superior Forest which was established as a wildlife refuge in 1925. "The law banned roads," Becker says, "but it did not anticipate airplanes. Another thing, a few plots of land within the 1,700,000 acre reserve are privately owned, and the owners have built camps to lure the airplane trade. The conservationists cry that many lakes will be fished out in a few years. They say too, that species of game which can't stand heavy human traffic—the moose, for instance—will migrate or die out."

Numerous conservation agencies, including the Izaak Walton League, are urging legislation to outlaw fish taxis from all national park wilderness areas. The proposed legislation would prevent remote wildlife reserves from being turned into picnic grounds for fish-and-fly excursionists. It would not keep sportsmen who like to paddle their own canoes from enjoying their wilderness heritage. The Izaak Walton League has spent $70,000 buying privately owned land within the Superior wilderness. The land was reforested and sold to the government for $20,000.

"The monetary loss was worth while," Mr. Becker comments. "Here's why. Suppose you own 10 acres in the Superior wilderness. You can fly fishermen to your camp, then use the plane to drop them on adjacent lakes. From 10 acres, you can capitalize on 10,000 acres of wilderness. Something will have to be done about those camps still operating. Twenty commercial planes are flying out of Ely every day. Pretty soon they'll need a control tower."

It could come to that. Towers. Radio. Field lights. Operators calling. "Come in, northern-pike party from Lake Agnes—stay clear, lake-trout party from Saganaga—"

If it does, it will be the end of the wilderness.

HIGH MAN ON THE POLE

Which Olympic contest requires the greatest skill and endurance? Pole vaulting, probably. The winner will drop 14 or more feet into jarring sawdust from eight to 10 times—an ordeal in itself. Each time his pole hits the take-off box, he will blend 35 body movements in something like 1.02 seconds. His arms and hands will feel an impact force of approximately 1,500 pounds. In the air, moving 10-15 feet a second, he will turn upside down and push himself 2½ feet above his handgrip.

When Dutch Warmerdam vaulted 15 feet 8½ inches, his take-off speed would have carried a dash man 100 yards in 10.3 seconds. That's fast, when you remember Dutch was holding an eight-pound pole and the end of that pole was 13 feet 3 inches in the air during the approach. Exactly 13 feet 3 inches. Pole vaulters are precise people.

HOW TO LOSE THE ALL STAR

The National League trailed the American League, 2 to 1, when Enos Slaughter went to bat in the eighth inning of last year's All Star game with Willard Marshall (the tying run) on third base. Two out. Slaughter poked a slow roller to the right of second base. Shortstop Lou Boudreau gloved the ball and threw Slaughter out by three strides. Boudreau made the game-saving play look easy.

"Actually," an American League analyst said later, "Lou caught the catcher's signal, gambled Slaughter would hit a curve toward right, and was moving toward second with the pitch. No other shortstop in our league could have gone that far to the left. Appling's a good fielder, but he's getting old—can't anticipate with Lou."

Luke Appling, Boudreau's alternate, appeared only as a pinch hitter. That's one reason the American League has won 10 of 14 All Star games. President Will Harridge's managers play their top stars full time. The late Lou Gehrig monopolized first base from 1932 through 1937. Joe DiMaggio has worked every inning of eight All Star engagements. Ted Williams, whose ninth-inning homer decided the 1941 battle, hasn't had an inning off (save for Navy duty) since 1940.

Down the years, National League managers have used more substitutes. Only once—in 1938—did the National League retain its starting line-up (exclusive of pitchers) throughout the game. The American League used a standpat line-up three times: 1937, '39, '42. Significantly, the team which spurned substitution won all four games. Over 14 games, 57 National Leaguers have played complete games while 74 American Leaguers have labored the full nine innings.

National League sympathizers sometimes cite this discrepancy in full employment statistics to make a point: that the American League regards the game as a test of strength, whereas the National League considers it an exhibition to entertain the fans. American League adherents explain the one-sided series by saying the National League simply can't match their superstars—Williams, Feller, DiMaggio, Boudreau. Whatever the reason,

(Continued on page 71)

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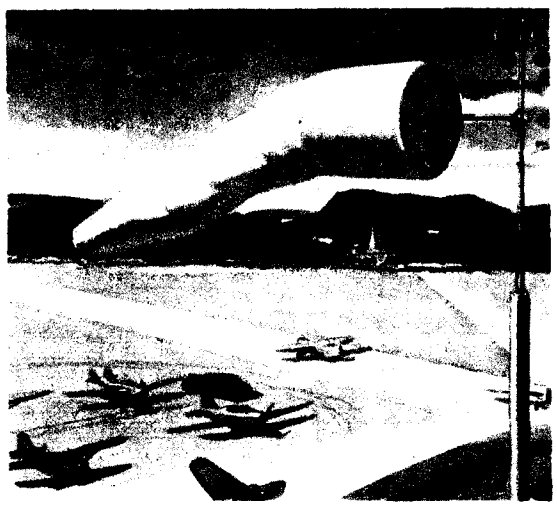
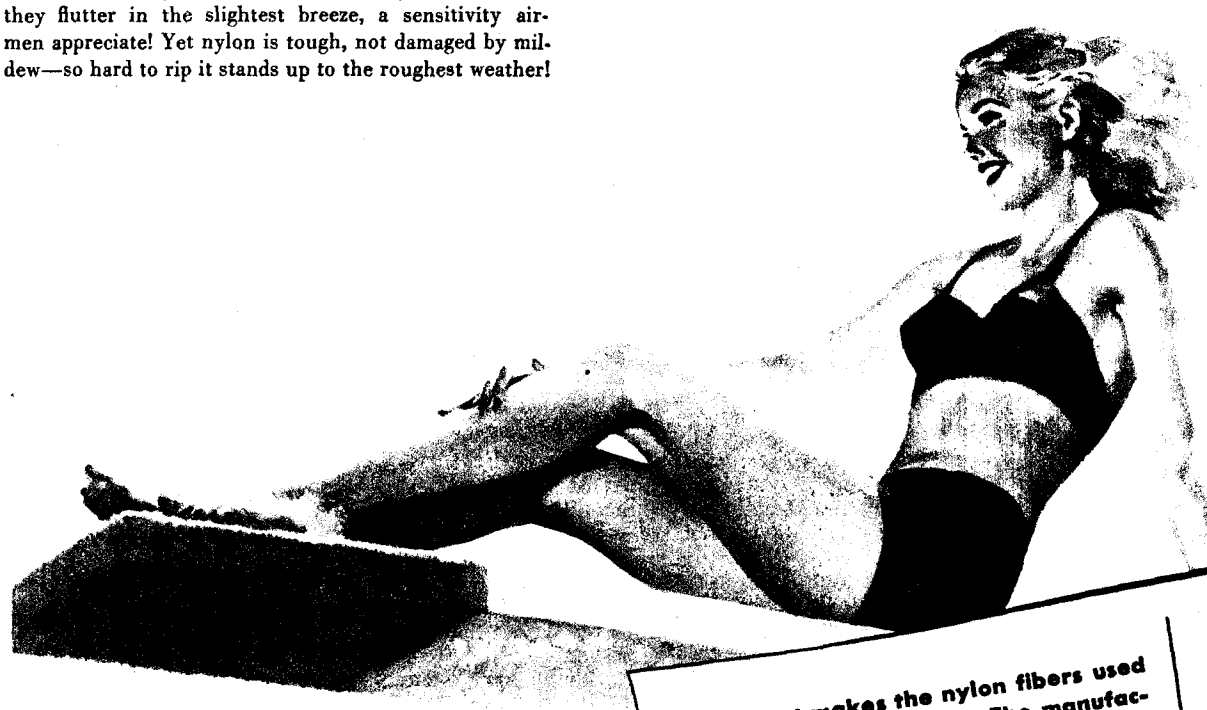
news about NYLON



HARD TO RIP! Nylon wind socks are so light, dry so fast, they flutter in the slightest breeze, a sensitivity airmen appreciate! Yet nylon is tough, not damaged by mildew—so hard to rip it stands up to the roughest weather!

FAST DRYING! That's the news about nylon swim suits! Relax on the beach—your suit's soon dry. Pack it—your suit won't be weakened by mildew or salt water. Nylon's the wise choice for serious swimming. Nylon fibers stay strong when wet!



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- ✓ ELASTICITY
- ✓ TOUGHNESS
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- ✓ FAST DRYING
- ✓ CAN BE "SET" TO HOLD SHAPE

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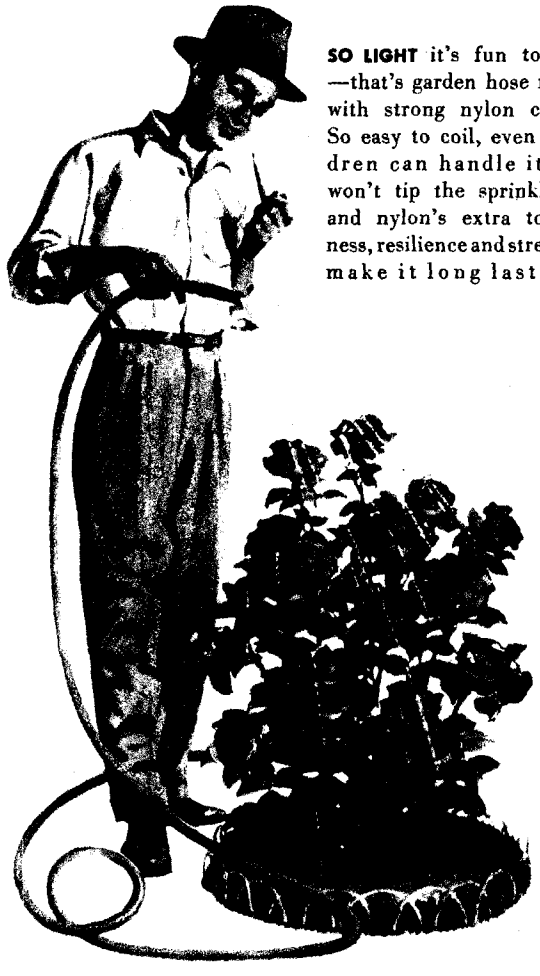

SO LIGHT it's fun to use—that's garden hose made with strong nylon cords. So easy to coil, even children can handle it—it won't tip the sprinkler—and nylon's extra toughness, resilience and strength make it long lasting.

EASY LAUNDERING! Save laundry bills, ironing time. Nylon uniforms, so easy to wash you'll tub them yourself, need so little ironing you'll press in no time. They're crisp, comfortable, long wearing. Worth extra money!

TOUGH 'N' LOVELY! Tough—funny word for lace! But for all its filmy, fragile loveliness—nylon lace *is* tough, sturdy, long wearing. Dries fast, doesn't scratch, retains shape. And it doesn't need ironing—unless you *like* to fuss!

FOR NYLON . . . FOR RAYON . . FOR FIBERS TO COME . . . LOOK TO DU PONT

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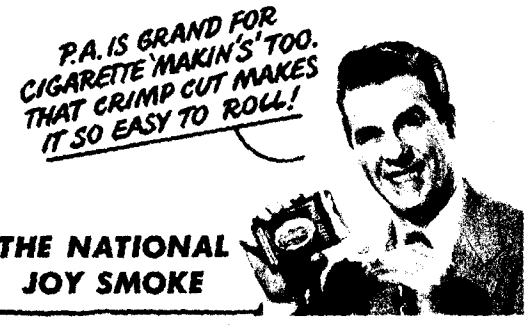

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

A mechanized lunch counter, recently patented, prevents patrons from dawdling over their meals and lingering in their seats during rush hours. The counter and seats are mounted on a platform that moves slowly past waitresses who set the successive courses before each diner. Soon after receiving his dessert, the patron reaches the end of the line and must vacate his seat—as it drops through the floor.

The greatest living miniature writer is believed to be James W. Zaharee who, when not on tour demonstrating his skill, resides on a ranch in North Dakota. One of his incredible feats, accomplished not long ago with a fine pen and a microscope, was the printing of the some 270 words (1,175 letters) from Lincoln's Gettysburg Address on a human hair less than three inches in length.

At least one out of five Americans dies under some suspicious or unusual circumstance that necessitates an official inquiry into the actual cause of his death.

In a small Nebraska town several years ago, a man on trial for dynamiting a house was freed through the calculations of two astronomers. The only witnesses were two girls who testified they had seen the defendant near the house shortly before the explosion which occurred at three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon. Claiming they were coming from church, a mile away, they produced as evidence a snapshot of themselves on its steps taken a moment before they left "at about 2:30." As a shadow was cast by a part of the church, the astronomers were requested to estimate from its position when the picture had been taken. One came within 29 seconds and the other within 15 seconds of the actual time—21.5 minutes AFTER the explosion—which was determined from photographs taken on the same day the following year.

The king of American impostors was Stephen Weinberg, alias Sterling Wyman and 24 other names, of Brooklyn who, between 1913 and 1943, had one of the most fantastic careers of its kind on record. Possessing colossal nerve and amazing acting ability, he frequently posed as some official representative of the U.S. government and took in hand famous visitors to this country. His boldest fraud, perpetrated in 1921, was taking Princess Fatima of Afghanistan and her entourage to Washington and arranging a reception in her honor at the White House where he personally presented her to President Harding.

As the people of China constantly guard themselves against loss of face (prestige), it is not uncommon for a wealthy citizen, thinking he might not be given an appropriate funeral, to hold the ceremony while he is alive and able to superintend it himself. Because such a procession, with its several bands and scores of hired attendants, is regarded as the man's real funeral, his family is obliged to go into mourning for three years.

When the poisoning of enemies reached an unprecedented scale in 16th century Europe, a great demand arose for ivory drinking cups purportedly made from a "unicorn's horn," owing to the belief that they counteracted any poison placed in them. Consequently, these cups so increased in price that one, bought for King Henry II of France in 1553, cost a sum equivalent today to $100,000.

Unless directly inhaled, the pollen of goldenrod does not cause hay fever as it is too heavy to be carried any distance by the wind.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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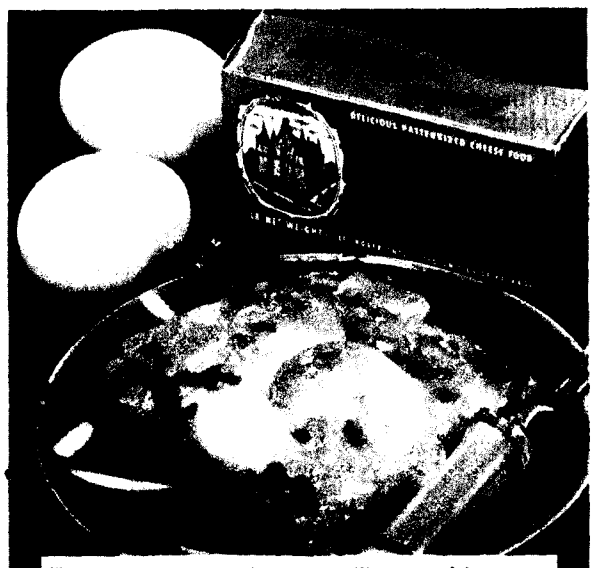
"What's wrong with marrying on a shoestring?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"NO CHILD OF MINE will ever marry on any shoestring—like *your* niece Lulubelle!" boomed Elmer, the bull. "I contend that folks should have plenty of shoes to go with the strings and plenty of money in the sock, before they say *I do!*"

"But if young folks wait to do that," said Elsie, the Borden Cow, "they may miss the excitement of making a little go a long way . . . and the joys of being young with their children!"

"That's beside the point!" said Elmer. "I give Beauregard and Beulah everything they need. And, when it's time for them to marry, I'm not having them do with less!"



"TRY CHATEAU-AND-EGG GRILL!" *says Elsie. "Just center a poached egg on hot toast, top the egg with thin slices of Borden's Chateau. Then pop under the grill until the Chateau melts.* Swell!"

"Don't be so bull-headed, dear!" smiled Elsie. "It develops a boy's *character* to have the responsibility of a family. And it's *fun* for a girl to help her husband and delight him with delicious, money-saving dishes—like the cheese omelets and Welsh rabbits you make with *Borden's* Chateau."*

"What in blazes has Borden's Chateau to do with marrying?" thundered Elmer.

"Chateau provides delicious, nutritious cheese eating for thousands of married folks—and their children—every day," answered Elsie. "It has such a rich, mellow-mild Cheddar flavor! And Chateau makes wonderful sandwiches. It slices, spreads, melts perfectly."

"Why, oh why," moaned Elmer, "did I ever let you go to work for Borden's?"

"Because Borden's makes such fine foods!" answered Elsie. "Take their new *Lady Borden Ice Cream*. You never tasted ice cream like it—so rich, so smooth, so creamy. And every luscious spoonful brims with wholesome food energy."

"HO! HO!" chortled Elmer. "Better start feeding the young ones Lady Borden Ice Cream *now*. Maybe they'll build up enough energy through the years to marry on a shoestring."

"LADY BORDEN ICE CREAM *is made with the finest ingredients—and* tastes *it!" says Elsie. "Its creamy smooth texture and superb flavor make it a new experience in ice cream eating!"*

—if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

"Do be serious, dear," said Elsie. "Lady Borden is really wonderful *food*. It's made with pure, sweet cream, you know. The fresh fruits and berries used in it are of *superb* quality. And the chocolate and vanilla taste *so* distinctive and *so* good and *so* luscious!"

"And I'm so tired of it all!" sighed Elmer. *"Please,* Elsie, can't we end this without that same old line you've been using for years and years?"

"You mean—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good?"* asked Elsie. "Why, certainly, dear!"

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

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MAKES THE FINISH LAST LONGER

Ostrich omelet à la Mannix Petite

WHILE I.Q.ing ostriches for Ostriches Aren't So Dumb (p. 24) author Daniel Mannix decided to induce his five-year-old daughter Jule to pose with the jumbo sparrows. "I thought it high time she helped support me," he explains. "So far all the good we've got out of her was one picture with a skunk."

At the ostrich farm, Jule, who had posed with birds before (canaries), took one look at the ostriches, announced, "Those aren't birds, they're horses!"—and tried to leave.

Restrained, Jule was given an orange to feed the birdies. However, they turned up beaks at the orange, and before Jule could escape ate all the buttons on her dress and the ribbon in her hair. "I don't like things that eat your clothes," wept Jule later, and was quieted only when given an ostrich egg for an omelet.

Whereupon Jule, Sr. (Mrs. Mannix), cried happily, "What a relief after sitting for days in a blind waiting for a wild bird to come and pose!" and climbed bravely into a pen of ostrichettes with her camera. Before she could put her head in the sand, the babies had devoured lens cap, pulled a lens loose, and swallowed her hankie.

Mannix says, "To get even, I insulted a fine big bird by yelling and waving at him—from behind a fence. He waltzed up and kicked a footful of sticky mud at me."

OREN ARNOLD reports that he had taken his little girl Gail to watch the fireworks. A dud rocket fell near them, and Daddy shouted, "Run!" to Gail. As he ran one way, Gail ran to the rocket. A fireworks man dashed up and kicked the thing aside, and as Daddy rushed to retrieve Gail, they all were showered with green stars. "I am still jittery after these years," Arnold says. "Gail is happy for the close-up of a rocket's big moment. The experience led to an introduction to Clarence Cronkite, the central figure of my fireworks story, Fantasy in Flame (p. 18)."

After some basic research, in which Mr. Arnold was further baptized with fiery Indian arrows, he concluded: "The men who devote their lives to the fun of fireworks shooting can have it; I'm a white-collar weakling myself."

THE comely Darby St. John, fiction newcomer (Mr. Spofford Isn't In, p. 13), calls herself a native of Wisconsin, Olympia, Chicago and Hollywood, in the order named. At twelve she found a typewriter at the back of a closet, decided to become a writer. She spent a summer vacation pecking out a novel, resisting all entreaties through the open window to come out and play baseball. "The novel never got beyond the admiration of my family," she confesses. "But something good did come of it. I learned to type with more than two fingers. I use three."

Another summer, while on a jaunt to Vienna, Miss St. John decided to become a composer. "Wrote the score for a U. of Chicago Mirror show, later in Hollywood sold some music for pictures, and started numbering symphonies 1, 2, 3, driving intrepidly toward the magic number 9. One day my husband asked what I hoped to do with the symphonies. I was stuck for an answer. I dropped the scores in a trunk. Then later a famous Hollywood clairvoyant told me she saw me selling a ms. in a green cover. So I wrote a mystery novel. Put on a green cover. It sold."

OF THE new serial, More Beautiful Than Murder, which begins a pulsing course on p. 16, Octavus Roy Cohen opines anything he might say about it is too late to be used against him. The thing's done. Of himself, however, he relates he's bought a new home in Los Angeles, complete with electric-eye garage, electric range and 15-year mortgage. He and Mrs. Cohen have converted a lovely formal living room into a pool hall. "Slowly," he details, "I'm learning to distinguish one end of the cue ball from the other.

"I am not 'in pictures,' nor have I any ambitions that way, which probably makes me unique among writers who have migrated to Hollywood. In response to a specific question of yours, Mr. Shane, I don't know any ravishing blondes, but I pass lots of them on the street, and occasionally meet a few of the better ones in my dreams."

This week's cover: "Ooooh, It's Told!" Lorna Gail Gillam, six, of Astoria, Long Island, vacationing with her mama, photographer papa and Papa's partner, Al Gianni, at Maplecrest, New York, found a gurgling little brook in the near-by boskiness. Daily Lorna took crumbs from her dinner to feed the trout, kept chattering about it. One day her dad, Walter Gillam, and Uncle Al accompanied her down, photographed her just as she stepped into the crystal-cool water to play. . . . TED SHANE

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WILLYS-OVERLAND TRUCK NEWS

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Now, the 'Jeep' Panel Delivery takes its place in Willys-Overland's great line of 'Jeep' Trucks — the trucks that cut hauling costs.

Feature by feature, the 'Jeep' Delivery was engineered to be the new criterion for measuring long service and low cost-per-mile. It is powered by the 'Jeep' Engine, world-famed for getting extra miles from fuel, for endurance and for maintenance economy. The distinctive body is functionally designed to provide standard space, to achieve low weight with exceptional sturdiness, and to give easy access to wheels and engine. It is built to pay you dividends in more thousands of usable miles.

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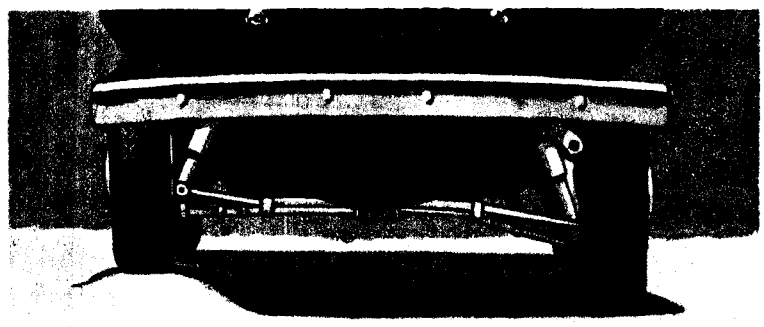
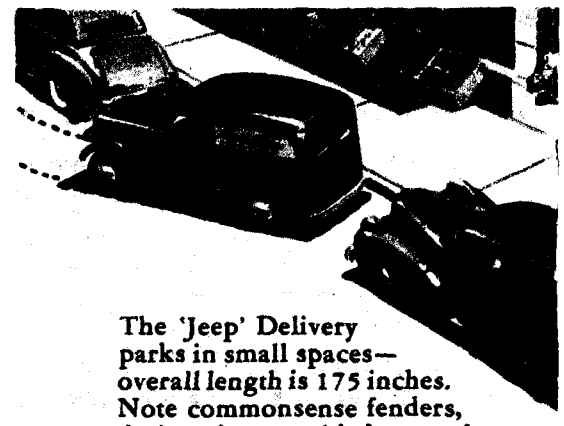
The 'Jeep' Delivery is highly maneuverable in traffic, takes narrow driveways and sharp turns with ease. 104-inch wheelbase — turns around in a 35-foot circle.



Independent front-wheel suspension gives the 'Jeep' Delivery a smoother ride on rough streets, makes steering easier and lengthens tire life. Both wheels maintain nearly vertical position as they pass independently over bumps and holes.



The 'Jeep' Delivery parks in small spaces— overall length is 175 inches. Note commonsense fenders, designed to avoid damage from high curbs and hooked bumpers.

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MR. SPOFFORD ISN'T IN

BY DARBY ST. JOHN

A foolish boy and his girl's money are soon parted

IN a green-and-gold office on the Sunset Strip, a large young man named Morgan Anders, with short sunburned hair, a tortured expression and guileless light brown eyes, answered the insistent ringing of his phone. On the wall above his head hung an ancient gold tapestry from his friend King Bog, in appreciation for a World Press article of Morgan's, praising his country's camel cheese. On the desk was a pile of bills, a copy of Today, and a half-finished article in a portable typewriter.

"Hello," Morgan said.

"Mr. Spofford, please," a terse but lovely female voice said.

"H. O. Spofford?" Morgan said. "He isn't in, honey."

"You've said that three times before."

"I hate to keep disappointing you," Morgan said. "May I help you, honey?"

"I prefer to speak to Mr. Spofford personally," the voice said coldly. "If you'll tell me when he will be in—"

"Honest, I couldn't say," Morgan said. "He's in and out. You have a lovely voice, angel. Could I give Hiram O. Spofford any message?"

"What I have to say had better be said in person."

"Temperament, too," Morgan said admiringly. "Have you got red hair by any chance?"

"By a strange coincidence I have," the voice said grimly. "You can tell your Mr. Spofford that if I don't get satisfaction over the phone, I may come out in person—swinging."

"Bring your brass knuckles, hon," Morgan said. "He has a thick skull." . . .

Two years previously, Morgan had spent several months abroad as a foreign correspondent for World Press. He dashed off reports from Trieste, Cairo and Delhi in a colorful, punchy style, and matched coins with practically anybody in a succession of colorful bars. Between Delhi and Athens his transport crashed. He got out of the hospital with a broken arm, assorted scars, and he was flat broke from playing parcheesi with the other patients.

The home office wired him expense money and sent him on to Athens, then Iraq. He continued pecking out sensational articles on his portable, and losing his money. In Palestine he wrote the piece that won him the International Award for the best reporting of the year, and lost four months' pay in a crap game in the Royal Palms bar. Between Ankara and Marseille he crashed again. He came off this time with a platinum plate where it didn't show, and a wire from Ridgeville, Vermont, which caught up with him in the hospital, stating that his Aunt Matilda had died and left him five thousand dollars in cash. *(Continued on page 49)*

"Did you forget our luncheon date, Morgan?" Madge asked. "Surely you jest, sugar?" he said. "Red and I merely—" "Merely nothing," Madge said. "It's written all over you!"

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

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INHUMAN NATURE

BY TED SHANE

THE sun is bright, a bird tootles happily in a tree, there is a sparkle on the water hazard among the glittering greens of the Missannokkit Golf Course. Standing in the rough off the 6th green is Miss Deeds, secretary, vacationing at the lodge, and about to make a recovery shot.

Resting on a blade of grass touching Miss D.'s left leg sits an almost invisible reddish character known as a chigger. He is awfully hungry, and just as Miss Deeds swings he makes a quick leap, lands on her lovely leg, tucks his napkin under his chin and starts luncheon.

As Miss Secretary moves on toward the green, she absent-mindedly reaches down and scratches her pretty limb.

If she keeps scratching, by that night Miss Deeds' leg will be decorated with several white bumps at the scene of Mr. Chigger's attack; and sometime during the second day, a small blister will appear at the center of inflammation. Broken by her frenzied scratching, it will leave a bright red area which will itch for from four to ten days—ending just in time for Miss Deeds' return to her desk after her two weeks with pay.

Not that one chigger can ruin a summer, but if Mr. Chigger has been joined by an army of his hungry relatives, Miss Deeds may lose sleep, develop a fever, not eat, and reach the verge of insanity before the chigger bites subside—the vacation she looked forward to all winter thoroughly ruined.

For summer is the season of war. In winter man has but one enemy to battle: cold. It is comparatively simple to prepare for the chilblain, the frostbite and the pneumococcus. Summer is total war. Nature awakes in all her glories. Zillions and zillions of insects, seen and unseen, and equipped with every mechanized device, mobilize in field, swamp and pantry and move to the attack of fun-seeking, relaxing man.

Invisible pollen takes off from beautiful flowers and strikes, setting up allergies which turn heads into dripping sponges, cause sniffles, burning eyes and a mad desire to get away from the flowers, grass and trees. The reptile lurks in the bush, and the friendly, life-giving sun beats down on the beach, eager to turn the careless bather into a mass of raw steak, extra rare. Poison plants exude torture; and even the lightning can set up a psychic discomfort you can't scratch.

Summer, in other words, can be thoroughly miserable—unless you are aware that the hard-working employees of many of our Health, Army, Agriculture and Security Agencies have come up with some remarkable powders, liquids, devices and ideas to defeat the fun-spoiling hordes.

Take the case of Miss Deeds and the chigger. This mity little fellow, sometimes called the red bug, is an almost invisible pest in the larval stage who bites folks only from Long Island to Mexico, and from the Atlantic Coast to the Rockies, and usually from early summer to October.

For some time the rumor has persisted that chiggers actually burrow into the skin, settle and raise families. This is not true. Chiggers merely attach themselves to your skin, sip your plasma, and in return, deposit a poison which gets into the blood stream and causes a maddening itch. You won't die from chigger bite, by the way, as Mr. Chigger isn't known to carry any infectious diseases.

Well, what can be done about chiggers? Unfortunately DDT doesn't work well on chiggers. Spraying your clothes with DDT, for instance, does little good, for the chigger is a speed-ball. He gets aboard and gets his drink of blood before the DDT can get him.

Department of Agriculture entomologists tell you this. To repel chigger invasion on your lawns and fields, spray them with DDT or sulphur. Should you be off for a hike over the meadows, or out for some golf, spray your socks and pant legs thoroughly with benzyl benzoate. If you're planning a hike through dense underbrush or forest, wear tramping boots or leather leggings, and spray the rest of your clothing. Where modern miticides aren't handy, old-timers prescribe sulphur, or a kerosene spray. Sulphur, of course, doesn't have the fragrance of I Surrender, Dreamboat.

If, in spite of your precautions, chiggers establish a beachhead on your tender hide, you can blast them out by sponging yourself with kerosene, or 95 per cent alcohol, followed immediately by a bath with a strong soap, allowing the latter to remain about 15 minutes before rinsing. Should you begin itching after this treatment, whatever you do, don't scratch. Salve up with mentholated ointments or collodion ("new skin"). This soothes and prevents infection—on infected bites use Mercurochrome or iodine.

Senior partner in bloodthirsty crime of the chigger is the tick. This mechanized mite can be a dangerous disease carrier. Tick paralysis, tularemia, American Q fever, the newly discovered Bullis fever, and the deadly Rocky Mountain spotted fever can be tick-borne. From 20 to 30 per cent of Rocky Mountain fever victims die.

As dangerous as a reptile, this little louse can louse up your summer. Living in high grass, bushes and small trees, and very partial to the Southern states, ticks can be found not only on picnic grounds, but in Northern cities. This is because, being extremely partial to animals, it climbs aboard Rover as he romps by in a meadow.

The tick just loves it indoors. When Rover brings him home, he heads for a crack (he prefers ceilings) or snuggles under a rug and sets up house. Uninformed about birth control, Mrs. Tick can lay as many as 6,500 eggs in her life span. All the little ticks then must grow up and be fed—by your dog, your mice or yourself and children. Impervious to drought and cold, ticks live to hoary old ages. Why they haven't taken us over, nobody seems to know.

The deadliest insecticides seem powerless against the tick. DDT makes him a little drunk, and that's about all. So entomologists, though they throw up their hands at eliminating the tick in large areas, recommend you burn off the dry grass and underbrush of lawns and fields in the spring and fall, thus cremating Papa, Mama and the zillion Junior ticks. Then crop your lawns close, and spray them, your sidewalks and driveways with 10 per cent DDT powder at the rate of 10 ounces per 1,000 square feet. This may not kill Mr. Tick, but it will give *(Continued on page 60)*

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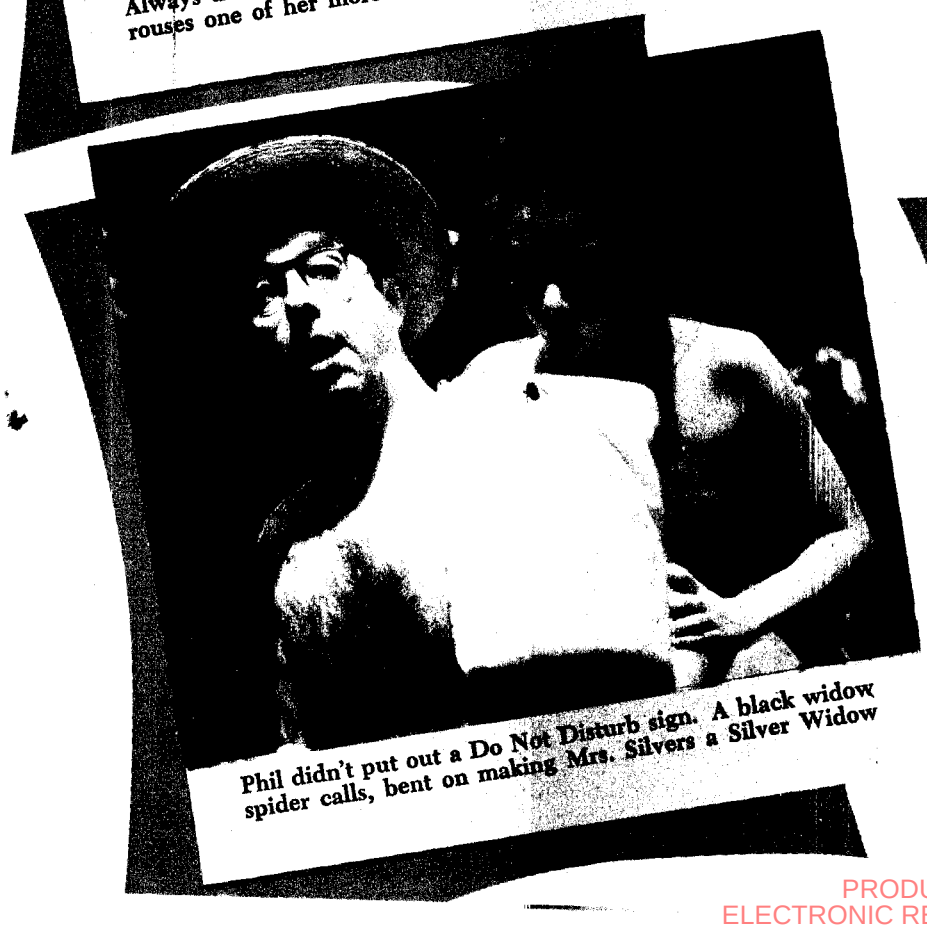
Evelyn has worked her tennis stroke up to sun-stroke. Phil squeezes the sponge she threw in

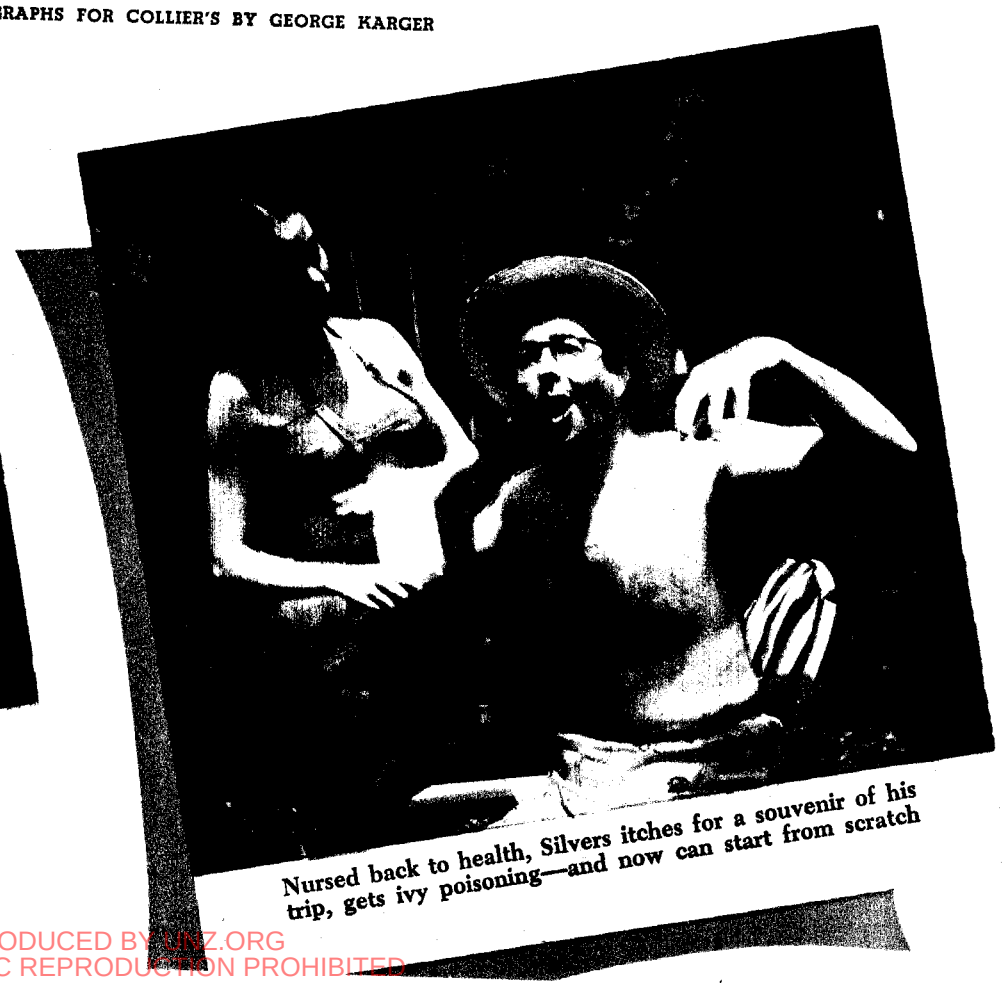
Always the lover, Phil gives Evelyn flowers and rouses one of her more basic emotions—allergy

Phil Silvers of the New York musicomedy High Button Shoes has crammed a summer's sun-basking into two days. Dancer Evelyn Giles calms his sun-baked brow with a soothing lotion

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER



Phil didn't put out a Do Not Disturb sign. A black widow spider calls, bent on making Mrs. Silvers a Silver Widow



Nursed back to health, Silvers itches for a souvenir of his trip, gets ivy poisoning—and now can start from scratch

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16

MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN

Nulty got more and more boisterous. He was annoying the guests, particularly some of the ladies, and I felt responsible for what was going on

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I

THE late afternoon sunshine streamed in through the windows and traced a precise pattern on the floor. Nothing fancy. Nothing gaudy. Just a series of parallel black lines.

That was because the windows were barred. The sunshine could get in. Nothing could get out.

This was November 25th. Less than a half hour previously the prosecution had announced that it rested. The judge had taken his cue and called it a day. The jurors were given the customary instructions about not discussing the case. It was The People of the State of California versus Steven Blake. Seven million people in California, and only one of them named Steven Blake. I was that one. It was pretty tough odds. Especially since the charge was murder.

The jailer walked down the corridor, his heels sounding a rhythmic tap-tap on the concrete floor. He rattled some keys and inserted one of them into the lock on my cell door. The door creaked a little as it swung open, and he jerked his head at me.

I followed him down the corridor, through some more barred doors, and thence downstairs to what they call the Lawyers' Room in the Los Angeles County Hall of Justice. It was a big room, filled with long benches on opposite sides of wire screens. Prisoners were supposed to sit on the safe side, with their attorneys facing them. They could talk, but not touch.

For perhaps thirty seconds I sat all alone. Then a door opened and my attorney bounced in.

Brian Garland looked as cute as a cherub in a painting by an Italian master. He was thirty years of age, short, chubby and bright. His light brown hair was very sparse, and he had wide-open baby-blue eyes, which gave him a juvenile expression. He'd been a friend of mine since college days, and I had a good deal of confidence in what went on behind those eyes. Not that it was doing me any good. They had me out on a limb, and the district attorney was working on that limb with a sharp saw.

Garland had been well trained in law. He'd had a fine legal education and had put it to best advantage. During the war he had served overseas in the Judge Advocate General's department. I understood that he had done a good job.

He seated himself opposite me. He was trying to look optimistic and not quite bringing it off. He made a few remarks which were calculated to cheer me up, and then he said, "Tomorrow we start."

I said, "Start what?"

"Our defense."

"What is it? What've we got?"

"The State's case is entirely circumstantial. They haven't produced one piece of direct evidence, not one."

"Meaning that nobody actually saw me kill Jeff Nulty?"

"Right."

"Do they usually have eyewitnesses?"

"We-e-ell . . ."

I said, "Don't try to kid me, Brian. They've done a good job. They've established motive, intent and opportunity. Not one single witness has deviated from the truth. Right?"

"Yes . . . but look, Steve; it really is difficult to convict on circumstantial evidence. So long as no one actually saw the killing, there's always a reasonable doubt. And on reasonable doubt, the jury is supposed to acquit."

"You think it will?"

"There's always that hope."

"Man to man, what's your honest opinion?"

Brian Garland let his worry shine through his eyes. He said, "I'm damned if I know, Steve. You can break down the best circumstantial case in the world if you've got a single piece of proper evidence. It's incredible that no one saw you leave Jeff Nulty's apartment, no one saw you walking home, no one saw you going into your own place. I'd hoped that all the publicity we've been getting would produce one alibi witness."

I lighted a cigarette and tried to focus my mind on something in my background that could help us, that seemed pertinent.

THE trial that was nearing its end was the only really dramatic thing that had ever happened to me. I'd been an average kid in an average family. I'd had a better-than-average basic education and had put in a lot of time at the California Institute of Technology, grabbing off a few degrees, the last one of which classified me as an aeronautical engineer. I hadn't even known the high spots or the agonies of war. The government had decided that I could be more valuable in research and plane designing than I would ever be shooting a gun, and that's the way I had hibernated during the hectic war years.

It was indescribably odd to be talking to Brian through a steel netting. We had talked lots of times before, but without urgency. We had spent long evenings in his very smart little apartment—or in my much more modest one—partaking of good Scotch, not getting excited about things that weren't worth getting excited about. But this was different.

I said, "Tomorrow morning, the defense opens. How many witnesses have we got?"

"None."

"Do you intend to put me on the stand?"

"Good Lord, no!"

"Why not?"

"Because you couldn't say anything that you didn't say when you pleaded not guilty. And on cross-examination, the State would crucify you."

I said, "I know the jury is not supposed to be influenced by the fact that the defendant doesn't take the stand. But just the same they are, aren't they?"

"Ye-e-es. But not as much as they would be if you got up there and told the truth. All you could do would be to say that you left Nulty's apartment at nine o'clock, walked home, and stayed in your own rooms until the cops picked you up the next morning. I've brought out all of that on cross-examination. The D. A. is a smart cookie. He'd make you sound like a liar whether you were or not."

I argued the point with him. I said I hadn't killed Jeff Nulty, and wanted the privilege of saying so. Brian got pretty excited about that. He said that my proposed simple statement of fact wasn't going to get me anywhere. He said the truth wasn't worth a plugged nickel unless it sounded like truth. He admitted that he wasn't optimistic, but he promised to shoot the works when he addressed the jury. He was going to hammer on the circumstantial-evidence thing; he intended to deride the State's failure to produce a single witness who had seen Jeff Nulty killed.

The more he talked, the weaker it sounded. It's all very well to say that under the law a man doesn't have to prove himself innocent, but actually he does.

Not much proof is required. But some. Just enough so an honest juror can say to himself, "Maybe the poor guy *is* telling the truth."

Garland said, "If there were just *one* person. Anyone. Think, Steve."

I shook my head. "That's all I've done since my arrest," I told him. "It still comes up zero. I didn't see anyone I knew after I left Nulty's apartment."

"But it's incredible—"

"I know. The truth often is. You've done all you could, Brian. You've had nothing to work with. If you insist that I stay off the stand, I'll stay off. And while you're making your address to the jury, I'll help all I can by keeping my fingers crossed."

"We've got fifteen hours, Steve. Miracles can happen."

I smiled at him. He needed plenty of reassuring. I knew I was innocent. He believed that I was. He'd gone all out on the publicity angle right through the trial, playing along with the press, encouraging them to print as many pictures of me as he could get his hands on, in the hope that someone would remember having seen me going back to my apartment on the night of October 4th at the time I said I did.

That was the case. All I needed was the tiniest bit of proof that I had told the truth about that to the police; the faintest bit of evidence that I had been at home at ten o'clock that night.

They knew definitely that Jeff Nulty had been shot at exactly ten o'clock. The shot which killed him had been heard by a dozen people. The time had been established by a procession of witnesses.

My only defense was that I had left Jeff Nulty at about nine o'clock, that I had got home at nine twenty, that I hadn't left my apartment until the next morning when the cops came.

But no one had seen me. No one had telephoned me just before or just

(Continued on page 30)

The only sure way to clear himself of the murder charge was to find the murderer. But his only clue was the perjured testimony of a beautiful stranger

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

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FANTASY IN FLAME

BY OREN ARNOLD

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A look behind the scenes with the men who stage our public fireworks spectacles. Meet Clarence E. Cronkite, who has entertained millions by setting fires

FOR 20 years now, Clarence E. Cronkite has been traveling around the country touching off fuses to create the most spectacular fires known to man. He will labor 30 days to set up a fireworks extravaganza, with full color and sound effects, that burns out completely in 30 minutes and he will get $30,000 for his trouble. He is one of the world's very few experts in pyrotechny.

His fire is likely to depict a bunch of roses the size of a courthouse, transforming into a color portrait of the local beauty queen. He now is experimenting with ways to make atomic-bomb spectacles—complete with boom and billowing smoke.

In his 20 years, he estimates, Mr. Cronkite has stood back in the pink smoke—a wraithlike figure behind "Niagara in Flame," "Bucking Bronco," "The Deadwood Stage Holdup," or "Custer's Last Stand"—and heard 150,000,000 people give that peculiar applause which we reserve for fireworks alone, a spontaneous, collective "Unhn-N-N-n-n-n-n-!" He has learned to read the gigantic groan as shrewdly as a banker reads statistics.

In the Eastern states the people prefer news events dramatized in fire, so the launching of a big ship, completion of a railroad, or a championship prize fight, are likely to be shown. But out West, history is more romantic than the day's news—perhaps because pioneering epics are closer, with many frontiersmen still alive—and so fire pictures of Buffalo Bill, pony express riders, prospectors and covered wagons touch their hearts the most. Everybody, everywhere, will groan approval of "George Washington Crossing The Delaware" but irreverent Westerners are likely to laugh when a portrait of the current Presidential candidate blazes forth.

The first thing Clarence Cronkite does when setting up for a show at your local fairgrounds is to alert the fire department and the ambulance men. In big shows like those in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena or the Chicago Stadium, six or eight fire trucks, Red Cross ambulances, doctors and emergency police cars are on the scene. Fire trucks are primarily to pacify the public. It thinks, erroneously, that numerous house fires start from fireworks.

"There is danger at our shows," Mr. Cronkite frankly warns. "Most of it is not to us who shoot the fireworks, but to the spectators. We know the danger and act accordingly. The folks out front seem to think that entertaining fire cannot hurt them personally, even though it could burn houses down."

After Cronkite's big show in the Rose Bowl in 1945, a fourteen-year-old boy got into the stadium and picked up a dud, or unexploded mortar, one of those things that go up to make an umbrella of colored stars all over the sky. How he got through the fence, through the special police lines, then through Cronkite's own guards and technicians, is still a mystery, but boys are geniuses at evasion. This unfortunate lad lost an arm when the dud exploded.

Fireworks exhibitions seldom last more than 40 minutes, but preparation starts weeks in advance. The first move is to draw the set pieces on graph paper in five-color outline.

The technicians then convert the graphs into "sets," which usually are made up of one or more frames, each a standard 5- by 10-foot size. Smallest sets usually take four frames, tied together. Some require 50 or more.

Cane or rattan is nailed on the frames in exact enlargement of the picture on the graph paper. On this rattan is built the actual explosive material.

"Lance" is the basic material. One lance looks like a cigarette in colored paper. Lighted, it will spew flame to match its paper color. These are glued end up on the rattan, one every four inches or so all around the picture. Many thousands may be used in one show.

Mixing the lances to get desired color effects is part of Mr. Cronkite's art. In general, strontium is used for red fire, barium for green, sodium for yellow, copper for blue, and magnesium for white.

How Picture Is Set Ablaze

When all the lance is fixed to the rattan pattern, quick match is strung and tied on top of the lance with ordinary twine. Technicians may have to tie as many as 50,000 knots on one show. Quick match is a cord impregnated with gunpowder and wrapped in brown paper, quite unexciting to look at but full of potential action. Half a mile of the "match" may be required to cover the lance on one big set. And yet, when the technician touches a flame to one end of it—"SS-S-S-S-s-s-s!" the whole picture bursts into flame in less than five seconds.

Shows over water are the most effective because spectators get the advantage of reflection, and danger is minimized. Probably the biggest fireworks exhibition ever seen was presented by Cronkite in May, 1937, to celebrate the new Golden Gate Bridge. It was staged over the Gate itself, with five locations extending two miles from the mountains on each side right on over the water, and all firing simultaneously.

But Mr. Cronkite is dreaming even more grandly now. Californians have been talking about having another World's Fair or Exposition. He wants to open it with pageantry on a supercolossal scale.

"We could have captive balloons a mile up in the sky," he muses, "and string our set pieces between them. These could re-enact the gold rush of 1849 in fiery transformation, with human figures 2,000 feet tall. Airplanes could paint scenes with the new phosphorescent smoke in colors. And if there's any kind of small atomic piece available by then for entertainment, why maybe we—"

Fantastic, surely. Just dreaming. But incredible things happen when Americans dream; and Cronkite, a round, baldish, passive, average-looking man, has a mind geared to spectacular things. ★★★

HERB MC LAUGHLIN

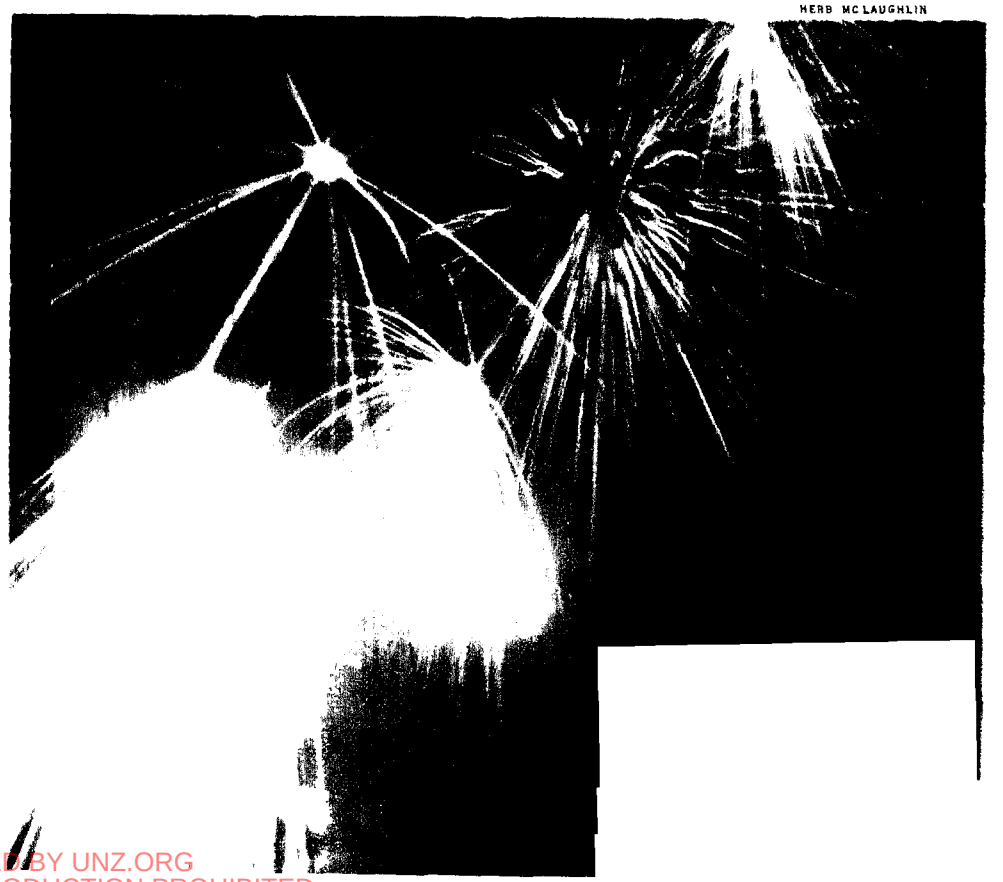
A half-mile of quick match (cord impregnated with gunpowder) is used to ss-s-s-s this spectacular display of the Statue of Liberty and the Spirit of '76 into flame

HERB MC LAUGHLIN

Triple skybursts illumine the sky after three bombs are fired from the ground to whistle eerily on the way up and then blossom out in a shower of rainbow colors

Mixing the ingredients to get desired color effects is an art. In general, strontium is used for red fire, barium for green, sodium for yellow, copper for blue

HERB MC LAUGHLIN



A nightly fireworks program enlivens the State Fair of Dallas, Texas

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

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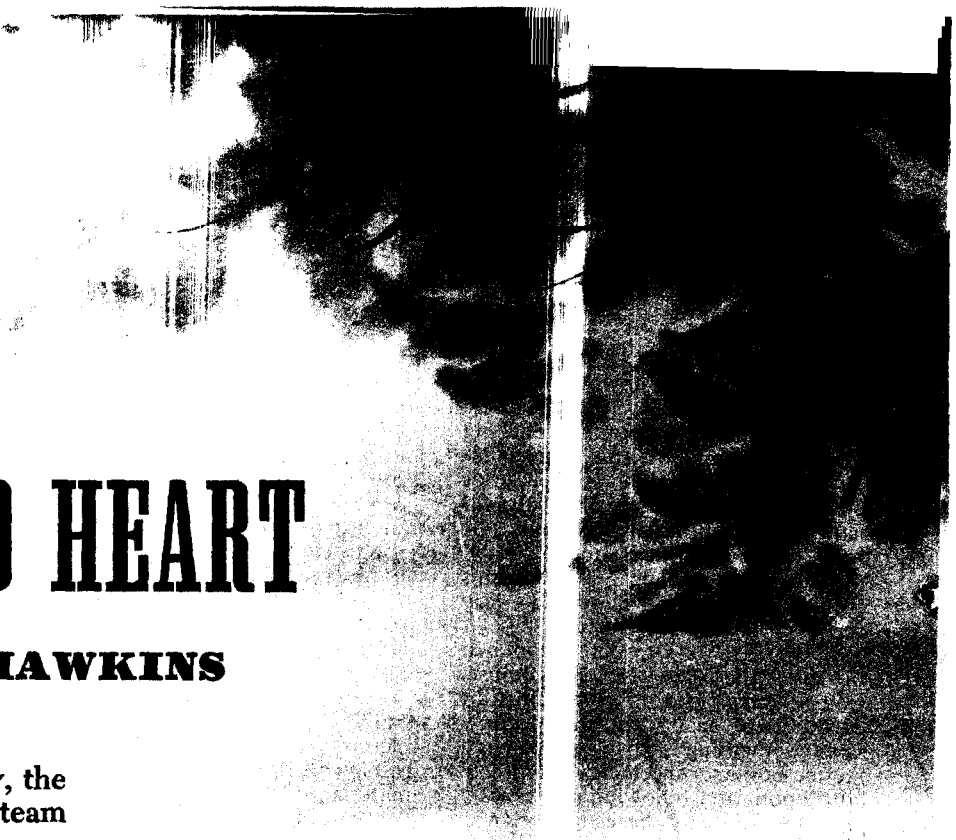

THE UNDEFEATED HEART

BY JOHN AND WARD HAWKINS

This is the story of David Perry, the winning captain of a losing team

HE WAS stopped twice before he reached the committee room. A girl, a polite and smiling girl with shining blond hair, asked for his autograph. Her pen was an American instrument, sleek and somehow cartridged to write until the day after forever. He wrote his name, adding, Captain, International Team, '47. Then a reporter asked what he thought of Wonderly, the weather, and the outcome of tomorrow's matches. He gave the man the usual answers, quickly and without effort. The course was superb, though a bit soaked. The weather was unfortunate, but it didn't matter, really.

"The odds are five to one, Mr. Perry. Against you."

He smiled. "So I understand."

The reporter had other questions, none new, none important. Certainly none that would have been given space in the meager newspapers at home. Again the answers came easily. The American women were lovely. The coming matches would undoubtedly further a warm understanding between the sporting peoples of both countries. He was properly appreciative of a land where one could buy anything without a ration stamp. He liked the food and drink. And the fruit. . . .

The reporter said, "What'd you and Farrar tangle about?"

"But we didn't," he said.

The lie was no good. The reporter shook his head. He had a foxlike grin, a sharp and pointed face. "You're having a special meeting," he said. "Not just for kicks, and not because you love the guys. There's trouble in it somewhere. Give me your side, and I'll give you a break."

David Perry said, "I'm afraid you're wrong."

"Okay," the reporter said. "It's your funeral."

Perry smiled. "Sorry," he said.

He went on to the committee room. They were waiting for him there—

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Perry looked back over the rolling green. Luck and a desperate scrambling had kept the match even thus far, but it wasn't enough. The Americans were winning

Farrar and Ekstrom, and two of the younger men, the known and celebrated faces.

"Perry," Farrar said. "Come in."

He moved toward them, past tall windows that looked out on the desolate sky, the cold and never-ending rain. They waited in guarded quiet. They weren't unfriendly, but they were a group with a group's tight allegiance, and he was a stranger here.

Tom Farrar said, "We were about to give you up."

"One of the reporters stopped me," Perry said.

He saw the look that ran between them, the wordless closing of their ranks. Farrar said, "Oh?" and left it there, as if waiting for reassurance. Bill Ekstrom—Wild Bill, the nonplaying captain—was a blunter man.

"Did you tell him about this?" he asked.

"Hardly," Perry said. "He seemed to have the outline, though not the facts. He was most unhappy with me."

Ekstrom said, "Good. Let's get on with it."

They did it quickly and rather well. They ignored the major point at issue—the rule which plainly stated that filed irons would not be used—to bring other guns of argument to bear. He did not understand the American gallery. Americans paid to see the spectacular. Unless the scores were low, there were no galleries. Golf was a business; as a professional, he understood that. The Americans had been using filed irons for some time; overlooking, by tacit agreement, their own rule against them. Such clubs did cut scores where the course was dry, the greens fast.

But on a dry course, mind you. A man could fish for salmon on the greens here. Wonderly was a swamp now, and the weatherman said they could expect a gale tomorrow. A man didn't need backspin to hold a pitch shot on a green when every pitch shot dug in exactly where it landed. So the filed irons didn't matter, did they? Except to the Americans. They had been playing with them for months. They were used to them. It would hardly be fair to ask them to play with strange clubs. The Americans wouldn't ask his team to do a thing like that.

"I see," David Perry said.

The answer was no, but he had known it would be. He found his attention wandering while Ekstrom talked. He was tired. He had come in off the back nine an hour ago, and the bitter chill of the rain was still in his back and shoulders. The cold struck deeper into the bone with each passing year. He was too old for this sort of show. All the men he'd brought with him were. Fowler, the youngest of the lot, was past thirty-five.

Ekstrom was talking about newspapers now, the importance of a good press. "This is off the record," he was saying. "For the good of the sport . . ."

Perry's mind wandered again. Wild Bill had been a great golfer, long off the tees, superb on the greens, and now he was a maker of nonsense speeches, soft and fat and almost bald. He knew he was talking rot, of course, and yet he managed an air of great sincerity. A bad go, Perry thought. But at least he's out of it. He doesn't have to worry about the rain.

IT WAS over; the Americans were leaving. Ekstrom came around the table to stand beside David Perry's chair. His eyes were troubled. "These things come up," he said. "It's no fun for me, Dave."

David Perry said, "It's not important, really."

"I've been thinking," Ekstrom said. "You beat me once. I beat you once. We were going to play the rubber match, remember? Then the war got in the way." He put his hand on Perry's shoulder. "You're looking good. Time hasn't hurt you much."

"Nor you," David Perry said.

Ekstrom's smile went out. "Quit it, Dave. I know what I look like. Time catches up with all of us. He'll be crowding you one of these days. Why, you're only about three years younger than I am."

"About," David Perry said.

They left the committee room and went down the crowded hall. The locker room was in a far wing; Ekstrom stopped at the entrance to the bar. "Good luck," he said, and lifted his hand. "Give them hell out there."

David Perry smiled his thanks, and to Ekstrom's retreating back he said softly, "You had it wrong, you know. You're not the older. You're just forty. I'm past forty-one."

Three of his teammates were waiting in their assigned corner of the locker room. Fowler and Lynch were dressed for the course. Sam Webb was toweling a hide as pink as a baby's with hands so brown he looked as if he were wearing gloves.

David Perry said, "I had no luck with them."

He watched their faces, watched each accept the fact in his own way. John Fowler's mouth tightened and he swore. Lynch was a quiet man. He held his thought, his anger, tightly within himself. And Sam Webb laughed. He threw his towel at a container and began to dress.

"I hope you screamed a bit," he said.

"He couldn't." There was an undercurrent of harshness in Lynch's quiet voice. "We're guests here. It isn't sporting to complain while enjoying the lavish hospitality of the country."

"That's no good," Fowler said. "That doesn't help."

Lynch said, "Shall we go do our tricks for the lovely people?"

"You'll feel better after you hit a few," Fowler said.

THE two moved away, nailed shoes clattering on the smooth concrete of the floor. They were alike in size, compactly made. Small, in spite of their shapeless waterproofs. Small? David Perry wondered how that could be. None of the team had looked small at home, or on the ship coming over. Perhaps it was the vastness of this land, or the rawboned height of the Americans that made them seem so now.

Sam Webb said, "What's on for this afternoon?"

"Pictures for the press and newsreels," Perry said. "They want all ten of us for that. Then a presentation."

"Golf bags for both teams," Webb said. "Very handsome and only a little smaller than a Mark IV tank. I saw them." He knotted his tie, then turned. "All that leather. At home it would make boots for a regiment."

"Yes," Perry said. "But we are not at home."

He thought of that a dozen times before the day was gone. He sat on a low platform, with the others of his team, and looked out over the long and crowded ballroom. An earnest and florid man whispered into a microphone, and a public-address system magnified his voice as he told the crowd of the great importance of tomorrow's matches.

Perry watched the slow turn and swirl of the crowd. The face of America—the shining hair, the well-shod feet, the New Look—the contented and questioning and friendly face of America. He thought of home, the people there, and knew the lift of an emotion as old as his stay here, and still without a name. Not anger, exactly, nor bitterness, nor envy, nor sorrow, but compounded of all of these and his pride in his native land. The contrasts were inescapable. He saw the plates at home, the laden

(Continued on page 64)

ILLUSTRATED BY AL KORTNER

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BARRY GO BRAGH!

BY IRVING WALLACE

Since Going My Way, Barry Fitzgerald has been rich and famous. Life in Dublin was never like this

FOUR years ago, a Hollywood character actor named Barry Fitzgerald, a man with the face of a discarded walnut, who had been signed by Paramount to play stray drunks and rheumatic grandpas, was summoned to the front office to discuss a new picture. There he found Leo McCarey, the producer-director, and Bing Crosby, the golfer, waiting for him. The two studied him in the manner that county fair judges study livestock.

At last McCarey spoke. "Bing, for my money he's the priest."

"Yeah," admitted Crosby. Then, to Barry Fitzgerald, "You look all right to me, Pop. Only one thing, you'll have to gray your hair."

Barry Fitzgerald looks back on that day with a certain amount of wistfulness. Though he was fifty-six years old then, and is sixty now, Barry feels that he left his youth behind at that historic meeting. For, he recalls, it represented the last time anyone was to suggest that he artificially gray his hair. "Today, I've got my own gray hair, genuine gray," says Barry sadly, patting his sparse shrubbery. "And it all started with that meeting."

As any close student of American history is aware, the confab resulted in Barry Fitzgerald's playing the crotchety Father Fitzgibbon of St. Dominic's Church in Going My Way. To this role Barry brought all his personality tricks, such as peering over the tops of his spectacles in the manner of a guilty spaniel (causing one fan magazine editor to coo, "You're much cuter than Cary Grant"), as well as his ability to act. "The acting of Father Fitzgibbon was easy," Barry says now. "My part of Ireland was 90 per cent Catholic, and I knew almost all the old-timer Irish priests. I just made up I was one of them."

Making up he was one of them transformed his life—won him a gleaming, gold-plated statuette for the best supporting performance of the year, won him a fat new contract guaranteeing better than $75,000 a picture, won him celluloid immortality (even the most critical agree that his characterization of Father Fitzgibbon will be remembered as long as the magic lantern is a major form of amusement). Along with such riches, Barry Fitzgerald also acquired gray hair.

It will be difficult for the layman to understand how success and an annuity can turn a man's hair gray almost overnight. But consider. First came the mail, in wave after wave. "Letters by the hundreds," recalls his secretary, a well-upholstered blonde who also doubles as Lizabeth Scott's stand-in.

"After a while we could guess what the letters were about just by the way they felt. For example, the thick eighteen-page ones were hard-luck stories, appeals for money. Mr. Fitzgerald still gets these. Then the thin, scented letters. Proposals and love letters from lonesome women. I tear these up without showing them to him. He's a confirmed bachelor, and they'd embarrass him. Recently we were getting letters from people who think that their relatives or friends look exactly like Mr. Fitzgerald. Now we're getting mail from people who knew Mr. Fitzgerald when."

In one case, a woman in Manchester, England, hoeing her little garden behind a second-run cinema, heard one of the actors' voices wafting out of the theater. She stiffened. "B' gorra," she said to herself, "that's Billy Shields." Sure enough, when she went around to the front of the theater, she found Billy Shields had changed his name to Fitzgerald and was playing in Going My Way. Again, there was the letter from National City, near the Mexican border. "I saw you in Welcome, Stranger, and your face is familiar. I played rugby in 1903, back in Dublin, with a young fellow nicknamed 'Moses'—'Moses' Shields. I swore he'd never come to any good end. Are you the one?"

To which Barry replied, "You're right—he came to no good end."

Answering this deluge of communications is about as jolly fun as making out an income tax form every evening. Sometimes Barry thinks he would like to be back on his presuccess schedule—one letter, once a year, to his elderly sister in Dublin.

But correspondence is only a mild depressive. Far worse is the knowledge that, emerging into the street, he will be as inconspicuous as an escaped panda. After Going My Way, Barry found himself constantly embarrassed by an assortment of kindly Catholic fathers. On the street they pumped his hand and glowed at him, thanking him for what he did for them in the film, and exclaiming, "Shure and only a good Catholic could have played the part like that!" It is difficult for Barry to tell them he is a Protestant.

A Refugee from Publicity

It is the same everywhere. In the summer of 1945, Barry flew back to Ireland on his first visit in ten years. He remembered the Dublin of his middle years as a peaceful oasis. "For fifteen years I was an actor there," he says, "and nobody gave me any more attention than the milkman or the hod carrier. I thought it would be the same when I went back, but the movies just make that impossible. It was all flattering, moving—but I ended up spending my whole stay in Ireland on a friend's boat in the Atlantic."

Several months ago, in Manhattan on location, Barry found himself assaulted by bobby-soxers. After three such pitched battles, he retired to his Alamo, an obscure hotel room, and sweated out his stay with two other bachelor co-workers and some liquid refreshment.

But Barry has not gone down without a fight. He counteracts his prominence by trying twice as hard to live as he has always lived. It sounds like a Hollywood cliché, but it's true about Barry Fitzgerald. He doggedly sticks to his old ways.

Every Sunday morning he glues onto his English-made motorcycle and goes bouncing off on a half hour's ride to breakfast with nonprofessional friends. Almost every evening he dines with his actor-brother and his brother's wife at their home. Once he visited a night club in Hollywood and was almost blinded by the smoke. He still avoids the fleshpots.

Most movie people live in fashionable Toluca Lake and Beverly Hills, but Barry dwells in an ancient five-room house (there are rumored to be flints imbedded in the walls) in mid-Hollywood. He shares his diggings with an Iroquois Indian named Gus, who mixes the drinks. Barry remains utterly unaffected, attired in a reeking cherry-bowl pipe, brown trousers that bag at the knee, suit coats without padding, shoes battered and broken at the seams. Recently, friends asked to see his Academy Award Oscar. He searched for fully five minutes before he found the statuette—at the bottom of a drawer with some old socks.

But though he hangs on to his old strange way of life, it is no longer the same for Barry, nor will it ever be again. Because he is no longer a character actor. He is a star. A star is simply someone, anyone, whose name on the marquee encourages people to come in off the street. Barry Fitzgerald possesses something that pulls 'em in—a talent for acting.

In Hollywood, real acting is as rare as a 25th wedding anniversary. But now that Barry Fitzgerald has again proved to producers that audiences can detect the difference between acting and breathing hard, and will pay for it in the legal tender of the realm, the fine art may again become fashionable.

Barry Fitzgerald is definitely here to stay. In 1942, he could find work for only part of the year. But since making Going My Way, in 1944, he has appeared in 12 consecutive feature-length pictures. In a recent release, Welcome, Stranger, a successful carbon of the Academy Award winner, Barry and Bing played old and young doctors instead of priests. Paramount is exploiting the team further. Their next epic is in the typewriter stage, and in it Barry will play an old-fashioned small-town inspector in Scotland, and Bing an American detective sent over to help him.

A short time ago Barry was doing three different pictures, requiring three different characterizations and costumes at once. The day he finished Naked City for Mark Hellinger, he started The Sainted Sisters for Paramount. When a reporter asked him what he was working in, Barry blinked out of the fog and replied, "Naked Sisters!"

It was during the making of The Sainted Sisters with Veronica Lake and Joan Caulfield, that a studio executive came down on the set to talk to Barry about his next movie.

Yearning for the Simple Life

The executive found Barry in an obscure corner of the set, contentedly puffing his pipe, watching the world go by. Barry did not feel like discussing his next picture. If he had his way, he said, he would not make another film for twelve months. "Ahhrrr," he said, "to be Will Shields again, working for $35 a week with my grand pension in the offing, and my life my own!"

But in remembering the good old days, Barry remembers only the sounds of Irish laughter and the feel of the old sod underfoot. He forgets that Will Shields never had it so good. Barry's father, Adolphus, a newspaper compositor, proofreader, once-a-week columnist, guided him into a respectable civil service job as a junior clerk on the Dublin Board of Trade. At first he liked the job. He would start work at nine, wind up at three, and the day was his own for hiking, golfing and pub-crawling. And then, after thirty years, the Crock of Gold—his retirement pension, a lump sum of $3,500.

There are many fanciful versions of how William Shields, clerk, became Barry Fitzgerald, actor. "The true story," says Barry, "is that my younger brother, Arthur, and myself, used to visit the Abbey Theatre to watch the plays. We were paying customers. Then, one afternoon, I went on a hike by myself, and the whole thing happened."

On the road, Barry overtook another hiker, an actor named Harford, whom he had seen perform on the Abbey stage the week before. Barry complimented him on his performance. The actor was so grateful for the recognition, that he invited Barry to have a wee one with him. Soon they were drinking, and under the influence of the flowing bowl, Harford invited Barry to watch his next performance for free from backstage.

"So I took him up, I went," says Barry. "In the second act there was a crowd scene, a bunch of people walking across stage. Several of the players had not turned up. Harford came over and said to me, 'Will you help us? Will you go on for the hell of it?'

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRIET ARNOLD

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In a moment he was pulling an old coat over me, pushing a cap on my head, and sending me off on the stage. It wasn't too painful. So, after that, I just went on filling in night after night."

Barry Fitzgerald spoke his first lines in Sheridan's The Critic. He had four words to utter. " 'Tis meet it should." When the moment came, he bellowed, " 'Tis sheet it mould." The audience roared. Barry grinned. They roared louder. Thereafter he was a comedian.

When the theater manager approached him about putting his name, William Shields, on the program, he was terrified. He was afraid the people at the office might think he was not devoting enough time to his work. He suggested the manager make up a stage name, any name. The manager finally plucked the combination Barry Fitzgerald out of thin air.

For fifteen years, in Dublin, Barry acted in a legitimate play every night, without salary, while junior clerking for the civil service in the daytime.

In 1929, his friend, Sean O'Casey, wrote The Silver Tassie for him and asked him to open with it in London. It meant giving up the security of a junior clerk, and the Crock of Gold, only six months in the offing. It meant acting was no longer for love, but for money. After a good second thought, Barry made the leap. At the age of 42, he became a full-fledged actor.

His success was immediate. Two years later he took the first of three tours to the United States.

In His First Cinema Role

In 1936, with four other Abbey Players, he was in Los Angeles for his first movie. John Ford was letting him do Fluther Good, the old sot, in The Plough and the Stars. "The play went into the machine and came out distorted," Barry says, "but it's a very good story and I'd like to do it again. In fact, if I had my choice making any movie in the future, that would be the one." Finding the southern California climate agreeable, the natives quaint, and a contract enticing, Barry Fitzgerald stayed on. When Paramount signed him it was just months before Going My Way.

Today Barry Fitzgerald is extremely careful about the roles he accepts. Several weeks ago, a producer who wanted to borrow him for a newly purchased novel, sent him the book to read. Barry finished it in an evening.

"A fine tale, this," he told the producer. "And I don't mind saying I'm interested."

"Great!" exclaimed the producer. "Then it's all set. We'll star you with Margaret O'Brien."

Barry's head snapped up. "Did I hear you say Miss O'Brien? That changes it. I must say no." He sniffed. "She's much too good an actress for me!"

Despite most publicists and columnists, who dress up his quotes in Irish dialect, Barry does not have a brogue in real life. Rather, he speaks English with a slight backspin.

People who look for his Irish accent annoy Barry, who likes to think his English is pristine clear. Of course, there *is* a touch of County Cork. Recently, Barry's best friend, a Dublin millionaire, arrived in New York. Barry talked with him via long-distance, and the two shouted at each other as if both were deaf. Finally Barry hung up. "Tch-tch," he clucked sadly, "what an accent he has!

(Continued on page 45)

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These are "bloods"—feathers plucked after the bird is dead. Their value depends on the processing they get

OSTRICHES AREN'T SO DUMB

BY DANIEL P. MANNIX

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Ostrich feathers are coming back into fashion and the ostrich-raising business is picking up in California. Here a man who owns a great ostrich farm reveals some of the curious facts he has learned about the big birds

Mother ostrich preparing to turn her egg. The nest was dug by both Mama and Papa, who used their toenails

PEOPLE think that ostriches are stupid," complained Francis V. Earnest, proprietor of the last of California's great ostrich farms. "But see that old cock who's pulling the spikes out of the fence posts and swallowing them? Notice his reaction when he sees us."

As we approached the fence, the big male ostrich sank down on his knees, spread his huge wings and began a lunatic dance. Without rising, the bird waved his wings madly, bowing his snaky neck first to one side and then to the other. Suddenly he leaped to his feet and aimed a kick at Earnest that made the steel fence bars sing like tuning forks.

"We call that 'challenging,'" explained Earnest as we hurriedly retreated. "This is the mating season and he wants to show off for the hens. Now they'll think he's a hero because he drove us off. Remember if you're ever caught in a pen by an angry cock ostrich, fall flat on your face and keep still. Then all he can do is jump up and down on you. Ostriches weigh over three hundred pounds so that procedure isn't fun, but if you're standing up he can disembowel you with one kick."

Ostrich farming has played as important a part in the development of southern California as orange groves and movie stars. Fifty years ago, ostrich plumes were as vital to a well-dressed lady as her corsets, and raising the birds was a $5,000,000 industry. Today, ostrich feathers are coming back into fashion and the Los Angeles Ostrich Farm is one of the few places in America that have preserved the art of raising the weird birds. Now Francis Earnest is hoping to cash in on his unique knowledge.

"Heaven knows how many thousands of dollars were lost before we learned something about ostrich psychology," says Earnest sadly. "At first, ranchers tried to breed them like chickens; one cock to several hens. That didn't work because the birds are monogamous. Then the ranchers tried letting them run loose on great ranges and pick their own mates. The fights between the cocks were so terrible that people for miles around could hear the booming war note the males give before they come together and the casualty rates got so high that many of the ranchers were driven into bankruptcy."

Ostriches fight with their feet, and the iron-spiked toe of a cock ostrich is one of the most deadly weapons in the animal kingdom. Even a lion hesitates to tackle a pair of ostriches defending their young. But the ranchers discovered that a powerful man can hold off a charging ostrich by catching the bird at the base of the neck

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with a long forked pole and bracing the other end against his instep. These poles were called "tackeys" and they were standard equipment on all ostrich farms. During the mating season, the ranchers learned to rush out with their tackeys and separate the fighting birds.

The victorious cock courts his mate by an elaborate dance called the "display." The cock and hen seem to be waltzing together, the huge birds prancing as lightly as though they were giant balls of feathers. The cock keeps his wings extended so the famous plumes, as soft and creamy as the froth of a breaking wave, swirl like a canopy over his sweetheart's head. After the mating, the pair wander away into the desert and unless separated by wild beasts or man will usually remain faithful to each other for life. Sometimes a couple become so attached that if one of the birds dies, the survivor refuses even to mate again.

There are no nest-building materials in their native desert, so the hens simply dig a circular hole in the soft prairie soil and deposit their huge ivory-colored eggs there. The birds take turns sitting on the eggs. On the open flats, where ostriches like to nest, concealment is impossible. But the hen has sandy-colored feathers that make her almost invisible when squatting on the nest. She sits on the eggs during the day and at night the cock with his ebony plumage takes her place. The male folds his snowy courting feathers under the black outer plumes and these afford additional warmth for the eggs.

The birds turn each egg daily, carefully rotating the clutch with their big beaks and powerful necks. Unfortunately in the confines of the ranches, all the old-maid relations of the hen drop in during the course of a day and carefully turn the eggs themselves, just to make sure the mother is doing a good job. So many eggs get broken this way that on the Los Angeles farm all the eggs are hatched in incubators.

Getting More Egg Production

"The parents usually managed to break several eggs themselves kicking at visitors," explains Earnest. "If we let the hen hatch out her own family, she won't lay more than a dozen eggs a season. By taking the eggs away, she may lay as many as fifty during the summer."

The parents sometimes help their children to hatch by breaking the shell and pulling the babies out by their necks. The little fellows are covered by a soft, brown down, interspersed on the back with white quills that apparently act as camouflage when the babies crouch down on the varicolored desert. For the first few days, the babies eat nothing, but live on a fluid in their stomachs that distends their little bellies like balloons. They are so delicate at this time that Earnest hobbles their feet so that the babies' legs won't suddenly fly apart when they try to walk, and drop them unexpectedly on their swollen tummies. When he handles the little birds, he imitates their parents and lifts them by the neck.

The parents guard their young with grim efficiency. Bushman hunters are frequently able to locate an ostrich nest by the clouds of flies that hang over the dead bodies of hyenas and wildcats that have tried to steal a baby ostrich.

Occasionally an irresponsible ostrich will try to shirk matrimonial duties. An old cock bird married a flighty young hen that refused to do her fair share of taking care of the babies. The cock patiently cared for the young by himself, but when the babies were able to leave the nest, he gave his erring wife such a beating she was laid up for a week. On the next nest, she humbly did her fair share of housework, but later died from eating a part of a window pane. For years the heartbroken cock refused to mate. When he did finally take another hen, he never ventured to correct her no matter how badly she behaved, apparently holding himself responsible for his first wife's death.

Habits of the "Younger Set"

The babies grow very rapidly, at the rate of nearly a foot and a half a month for the first few weeks of their lives. The gangling adolescents are turned into a big pen where they can chase bugs and search for brightly colored stones to their hearts' content. The young birds are subject to unreasoning fits of panic and the whole flock will suddenly dash off, falling over one another and bouncing off the fences until, just as abruptly, they stop.

These adolescents are incredibly curious. If a carpenter comes into the pens to fix a feeding trough, the young birds cluster around him, sticking their heads in his way if he tries to drive a nail, untying his shoe laces and even pulling the buttons off his coat. If the man finally loses his temper and chases them, he'll probably return to find that a new detachment has come up while he was away and is busily engaged in eating his tools. Ostriches are not mature until they are three years old. Then a cock bird may stand seven feet high and weigh as much as four hundred pounds. He'll have drumsticks like a Percheron and when he runs, he may have a 28-foot stride and be able to do 40 miles per hour. Whether an ostrich can outrun a race horse has long been a moot question. Some years ago such a race was actually staged, but when the horse saw what he was supposed to run against, he jumped over the barrier and covered several miles before his jockey was able to stop him. The contest was called off.

Earnest keeps his ostriches on a diet of alfalfa, corn, oranges and gravel, plus an interesting collection of small cameras, wrist watches, lapel emblems and assorted jewelry that they snatch from visitors. One day Earnest saw a lady wearing a magnificent porcelain pendant studded with small stones, standing dangerously near a circle of interested ostriches. Before he could shout a warning, a cock had grabbed the pendant and swallowed it. To Earnest's astonishment, the lady laughed heartily.

"It's a very valuable pendant, but of course it isn't gone for good," she told Earnest. "After the bird has digested it, you can have it mailed to me."

"Lady, he isn't going to digest it," said Earnest sadly. "That pendant is going to stay in his crop along with a couple of pounds of granite gravel until it's ground to a powder."

Fortunately, Earnest saw one end of the pendant's chain still hanging out of the ostrich's mouth. He pulled, and the pendant slowly reappeared.

Everything that has been written about ostriches' appetites is true. Like

(Continued on page 72)

A cock bird challenging an assistant on the farm. Note the drumsticks. They are decidedly on the tough side, and not recommended for your regular diet

Baby ostriches feeding. All ostriches like bright colors. When they eat oranges they swallow them whole—they enjoy their looks, not their taste

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WHEN I was a boy in Quebec we did not have radio programs which gave away treasure for knowing the name of the Vice-President under Polk. We had, instead, what was called Country Store Night. At every Friday's performance at the movies they gave away hams, eggs, potatoes, bolts of muslin and a special grand prize. The way the prizes were awarded, you were given a number, the duplicate of which was placed in a hat. The manager then drew the lucky numbers from the hat.

I am speaking here of Mr. Goncourt, the manager of the Monument Nationale—the movie theater that served our French-Canadian community. He had had trouble with the attendance for some time. Consequently, Mr. Goncourt conceived the idea of giving big prizes at Country Store Night. Once he gave away a phonograph. Another night he gave away a whole roomful of furniture. The memorable night of my career, he gave away a piano.

People used to say, "How can Mr. Goncourt give away such treasure? The admission of 16 cents does not justify it."

Others said, "Advertising. That is the key to success!"

I, myself, often took paper and pencil and figured out how many attended the theater and what the gross receipts were. They were seldom enough to pay for one piano, let alone ham, eggs and muslin.

I asked my father about this. He said, "My boy, I am a musician, not a businessman. Business is very mysterious. A man becomes rich and no one knows how. Possibly Mr. Goncourt is an alchemist and makes gold from hard coal."

My mother was no better. "I haven't time to worry about how Mr. Goncourt gives away valuable prizes. I'm too busy trying to win one."

There came a day when I was standing in the lobby of his theater when the great Mr. Goncourt came up to me, took me by the arm and dragged me into a corner. He puffed once or twice and then said, "Would you like to see the show gratis *and* obtain fifty cents?"

"Yes," I said promptly.

"*Bien.* Here, take this number. When it is called, you arise and come on the stage. Keep your mouth shut. Smile. Bow. Act happy. And I will give you fifty cents."

I went in. It was the third episode of *The Perils of Pauline* with Pearl White. Very exciting. The next picture was the fifth episode of *The Black Box* with Francis Ford and Grace Cunard. Very thrilling. The third picture was The Secret Cask with Francis X. Bushman and Beverley Bayne. Tremendously exciting. Ninth episode.

Then the lights went up and revealed the peeling paint, the worn plush seats, the bare stage and the hot audience.

Mr. Goncourt came out on the stage and everyone cheered. He was followed by several helpers carrying hams, eggs, muslin and so forth. At the end, two men pushed an excellent upright piano onto the stage. Mr. Goncourt removed his hat and the numbers were placed in it.

One by one numbers were drawn out and, one by one, lucky persons arose to the stage, shouting joyfully and receiving comments from neighbors and friends. At length we arrived at the piano. A tension gripped the audience. It was more exciting than *The Perils of Pauline*. It was real.

Slowly Mr. Goncourt's fat hand went into the hat and slowly it came out. You could have heard a fly breathe. Carefully and cautiously, Mr. Goncourt regarded the number, his diamond rings sparkling in the spotlight.

"My friends, the lucky number is 772. *Sept . . . sept . . . deux.*"

Everyone looked at his neighbor. No one moved. Suddenly a thin woman jumped up and shrieked . . *"C'est moi!* Ah, no . . . no . . . 727 . . . not 772." She sank back into her seat.

"Someone must have 772," Mr. Goncourt said nervously.

I sighed and put my hand in my pocket for a candy wafer, the sort I always carried with me. My hand felt a small piece of cardboard and I removed it. I nearly fainted to see the number, 772. It was the cardboard Mr. Goncourt had given me and I had forgotten in the excitement of Francis Ford and Pearl White.

"Me! Me! 772!" I shouted, my voice breaking. I clambered over legs, fell on my face in the aisle, scrambled, finally, onto the stage, beaming and perspiring.

"Aaaaaaahhhhhhh!" said Mr. Goncourt joyfully. *"Bien.* Let me see, please, the ticket."

I held the card up high so all could see it. Everyone applauded. I picked out a note or two on the piano and there were cheers. . . .

When the show was over I went backstage and Mr. Goncourt was waiting with a smile. "Here," he said, "is your fifty cents. Thank you very much. Not a word now."

I put the fifty cents safely in my pocket. Then I said, loudly, "When do you deliver the piano?"

"My small friend, the piano goes back to the store tomorrow. Do you believe I can afford to give away pianos? I can hardly pay the rent."

"I won the piano! I want the piano!" I said. "I have witnesses."

Mr. Goncourt took me by the back of the neck and threw me out in the alley.

FOR three days I brooded. I went, finally, to my Uncle William, the policeman, and told him the story.

"I want to make it a present to *Maman* for her birthday. Never have I had the money for a good present. This time I want to give her a piano."

"Ah," said William.

"Mr. Goncourt never gives anything away. Everyone must bring it back. They are all his friends. It is against the law. You are the law, no?"

"I am the law," William agreed with dignity. "But I do not like trouble."

"I will tell everyone you took from M. Rideau fifty dollars for permitting him to serve wine after hours."

William glared at me. "All right," he agreed. "I will go with you. But I do not like trouble."

There was, in fact, no trouble. Mr. Goncourt, who had probably been worried for several days, nearly had apoplexy when he saw me with a policeman. "I cannot afford a piano," he said.

"We will attach the theater. I understand you plan to sell it for many thousands," said William.

"No. No—" begged Mr. Goncourt. "Wait! The boy did not win the piano! I gave him the ticket! I placed the other end in the hat myself and made sure to draw it out from inside the band. It was dishonest. How can I give a piano to a dishonest boy?"

"Oh, scoundrel!" said my uncle, waving his club. "It is bad enough to cheat this small, helpless one, but yet you must smear his character, dirty the name of the family and drag his small heart through the mud of false accusations!" He rapped Mr. Goncourt on the head with the club.

The next day the piano was delivered to our house. My mother was overcome with joy. I was let off from sifting ashes for a month, and was given five dollars to spend.

Only my Uncle Louis was not impressed. "A piano acquired without earning it will do you no good," he said.

I did not pay much attention to him. I was too excited. But he was, alas, right. In three months I was taking piano lessons—and in four I was wishing I had never won a prize. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY KATHERINE WIGGINS

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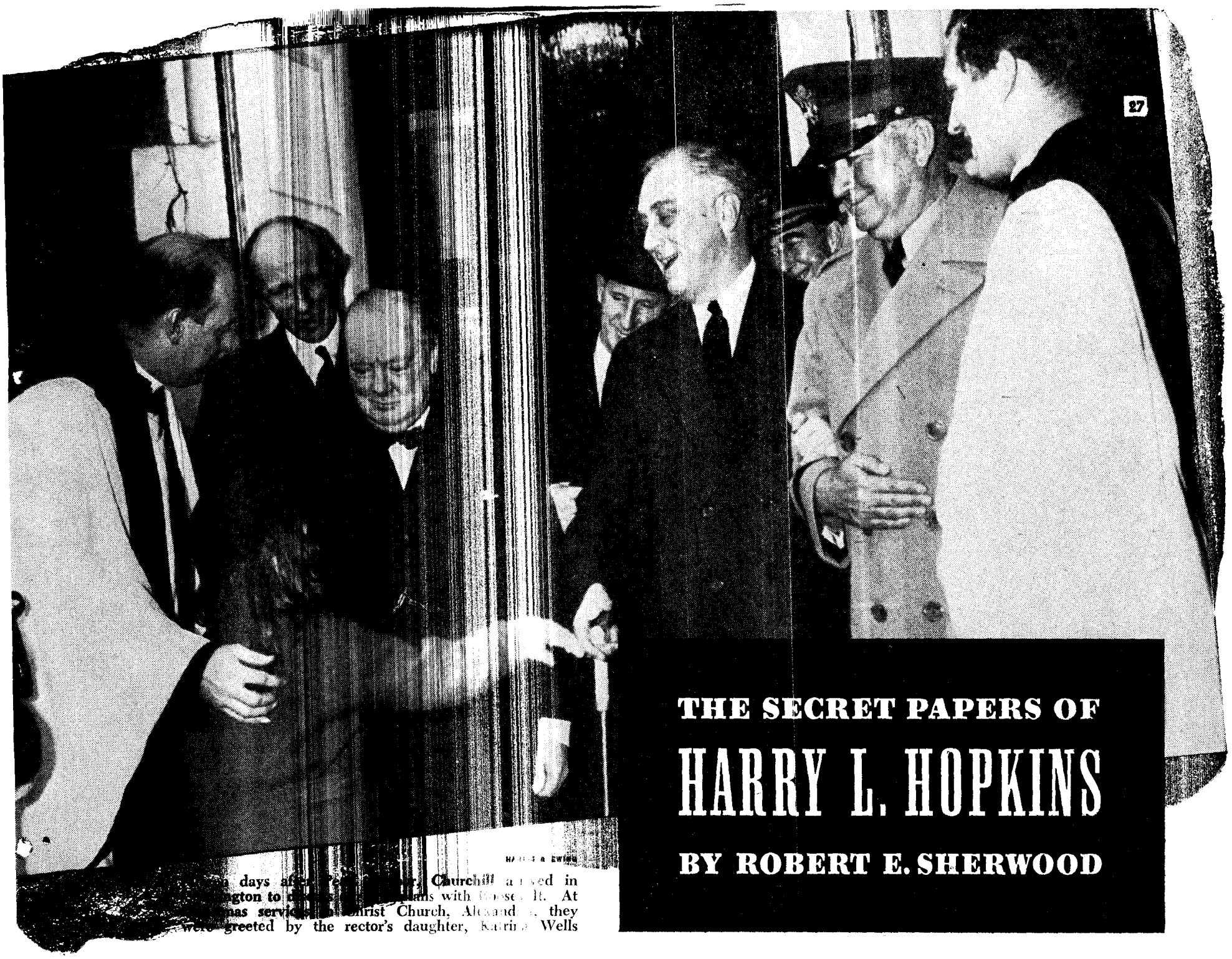

days af... Churchill a...ved in ...gton to d... ...ams with ...se...lt. At ...as servic... ...hrist Church, Alexand... they ... greeted by the rector's daughter, Katrin... Wells

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Great decisions of the war were fought out in Washington soon after Pearl Harbor—and Roosevelt won most of them in sometimes bitter disagreements with Churchill

PART VII—THE GREAT COALITION

BOTH Ambassador Winant and Averell Harriman were at dinner with Winston Churchill at Chequers on Sunday evening, December 7, 1941. The $15 American radio that Harry L. Hopkins had given the Prime Minister was on the dining table, and from it came the measured, emotionless tones of the B.B.C. newscaster, announcing that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor. Churchill wanted to declare war on Japan at once but Winant pointed out that he could hardly do that on the strength of a radio broadcast—even from the B.B.C.—and he suggested that perhaps the Prime Minister should telephone the White House for confirmation. Churchill did and Roosevelt immediately agreed that Churchill should come to Washington with his Chiefs of Staff as soon as possible.

The Prime Minister arrived in Washington with his entourage on December 22d for the series of conferences which were known under the code name Arcadia. He was installed in the big bedroom across the hall from Hopkins' room, and as the two of them walked back and forth to visit each other they had to pick their way through great piles of Christmas parcels.

That upstairs hall in the White House underwent an extraordinary change. Ordinarily quiet and usually deserted, it was now the headquarters of the British Empire, and various dignitaries and staff officers and secretaries were continually hurrying back and forth carrying the old, red-leather dispatch cases which make British officials look really official.

The food in the White House was always better when Churchill was there and, of course, the wine flowed more freely. Since Churchill knew of Roosevelt's habits of going to bed early, he made a pretense of retiring himself at a fairly reasonable hour; but Roosevelt knew that his tireless guest and Hopkins would go on talking and he did not want to miss any of it so he stayed up much later than usual. Churchill was one of the few people to whom Roosevelt cared to listen, and vice versa.

Hopkins told many times a story of Roosevelt being wheeled to his guest's room, and, as he entered, Churchill emerged from the bathroom stark naked and gleaming pink from his bath. Roosevelt started to apologize and started to leave, but Churchill protested it was quite all right. "The Prime Minister of Great Britain," he said, "has nothing to conceal from the President of the United States."

I asked Churchill if this story was factual. He replied firmly that it was nonsense—that he never received the President without at least a bath towel wrapped around him. And, he said, "I could not possibly have made such a statement as that. The President himself would have been well aware that it was not true."

From a Historian's Viewpoint

Churchill was in the White House because he was the King's First Minister, but he could not forget that he was also a professional historian who was most sensitive to the radiations of the past. He looked questioningly at the portraits of the Presidents and undoubtedly had more than a nodding acquaintance with all of them that mattered. After his return to London, he cabled Roosevelt, "I was terribly sorry to have to leave you and, what is more than those can say whose pictures are on the walls, there is not a moment of it that I did not enjoy."

During the fourteen days that Churchill was in the White House he and Roosevelt and Hopkins had lunch and dinner together every day but one. It was at the lunches that most of the major problems were thrashed out, so that when the President and the Prime Minister went into the full-dress meetings they were often already in agreement.

When the British gathered for the Arcadia Conference, they were fearful that Pearl Harbor might have produced a complete upheaval in American military thinking; it seemed probable that the previously agreed principle of "Germany first" might have been discarded in favor of all-out United States effort against Japan, leaving the British and Russians to handle the German enemy in Europe.

However, British apprehensions

(Continued on page 37)

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SCANDALS in VETERANS' HOUSING

BY ALBERT Q. MAISEL

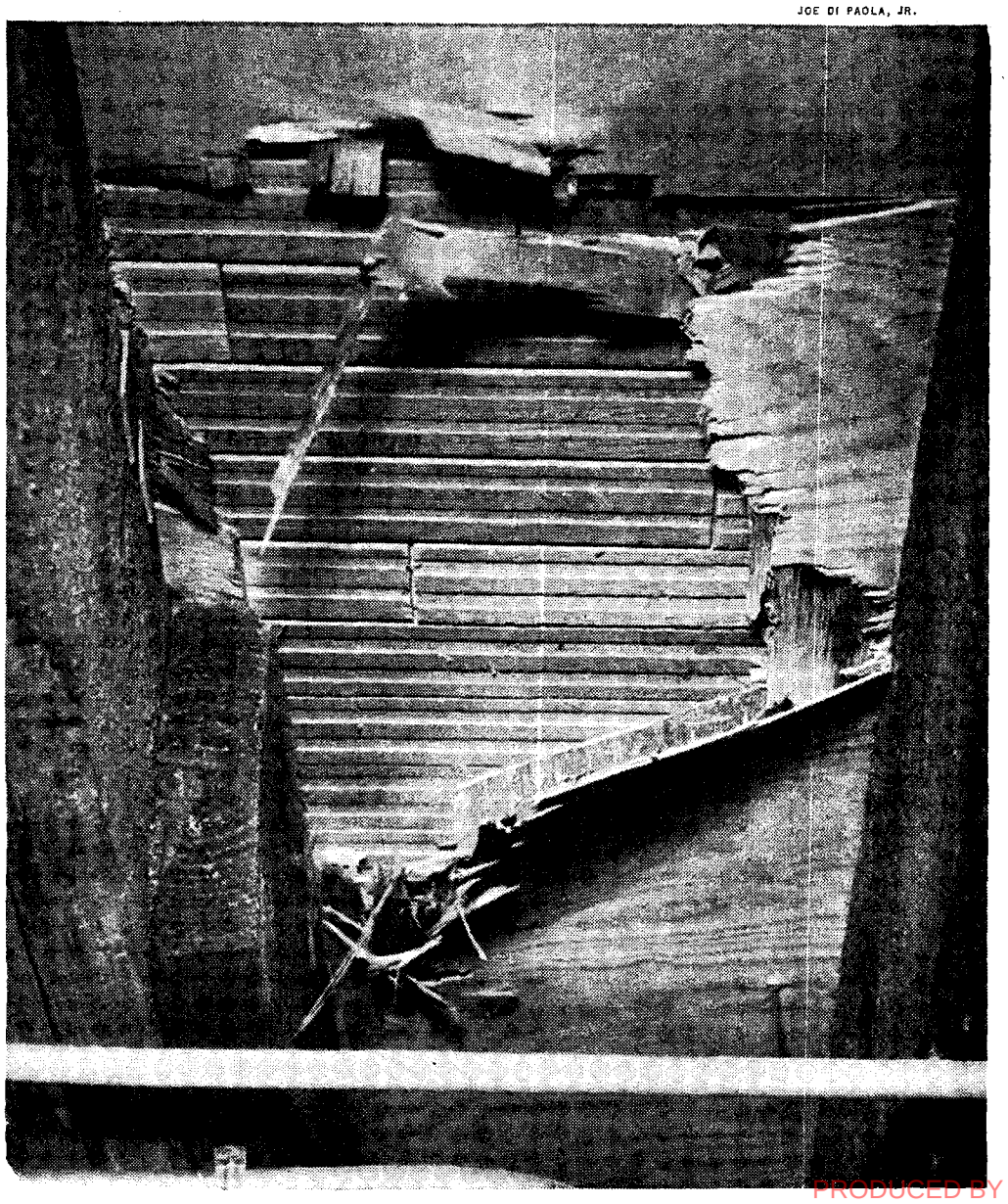
HANS KNOPF

Willy Muth, left, leader of Baltimore veterans fighting shoddy construction of houses. Newsmen Bill Pyne, center, and Tom O'Donnell, have aided him

Most federal agencies have failed the veteran in obtaining redress for his jerry-built homes. The best present means of getting definite action seems to lie in the local field. A tough-minded ex-lieutenant is leading the way in Baltimore

Shortly after this Baltimore house was occupied the subflooring buckled and began to break. It was quarter-inch plywood, not one-inch pine as specified

JOE DI PAOLA, JR.



THROUGHOUT the country tens of thousands of veterans have seen their postwar dream cottages turn to nightmarish cracker-boxes in a few months of occupancy. Jerry-built homes have opened at the seams, sagged at the ends and warped on their meager foundations. Federal agencies that were supposed to have helped have largely failed them. Funds for the Office of the Housing Expediter, for instance, were slashed to a fraction of the requested sum so that 15 field investigators instead of the original staff of 600 must suffice to serve the flood of complaints.

Twenty-six veterans bought houses in the Calhoun Lane Subdivision of Billings, Montana, for $8,000 apiece only to discover endless defects and omissions. They started complaining in September of 1947. They enlisted the help of their Veterans of Foreign Wars post which, in turn, rallied all the V.F.W. posts in Montana. The Legion and the Amvets, the Eagles and the Billings Trades and Labor Assembly joined in pushing their cause.

The first step was to seek an adjustment through the Federal Housing Authority. Effective results: none. Then they appealed to the Veterans Administration. Effective results: again, none.

In November the protesters wrote Montana's senators and representatives, asking them to try to spur someone into action. A few days later James J. Rudden, head of the Housing Expediter's regional office in San Francisco, telephoned, but all he could say was that since Billings is 850 miles from San Francisco he just did not have anyone to send up. He suggested seeing the U.S. Attorney.

By February the veterans in Billings were still seeking redress. Endless series of conferences had been held with Ben S. Hill, chief of the Montana branch of FHA, and with John McLaughlin, headman in Montana for the V.A. They had written and wired Tom Clark, U.S. Attorney General. Nothing was happening.

Finally, late in March the FHA sent S. L. Berg out from Helena to inspect the development. Here are just a few of the deviations from plans and specifications cited in Berg's report:

"All ribbon-type concrete driveways varied in width over the ribbons from six feet seven inches to six feet ten inches with center area between these ribbons subsequently filled in with concrete. The plans indicate eight feet wide solid concrete driveways.

"Furthermore, approximately six properties . . . have their driveways level with the bottom of the street gutter, which permits street drainage into the front yards . . .

"The foundation footing under all houses extends approximately six inches to eight inches below grade line instead of three feet as the plans indicate.

"Many of the houses have asphalt roof shingles . . . of considerably less weight per square than the type specified of the 210-pound weight.

"The detached garages have no foundation whatsoever and the frame sill has one bolt on each side, but a nut has never been applied. Many have no wind bracing and show evidence of leaning out of plumb.

"The private concrete walks were specified to extend from the street to the front entrance, but we were obliged to accept the walk to the concrete driveway only."

Berg's comments on defects in individual houses include the following: No storm windows. Asphalt floor tile breaking up along exterior walls. No hall light or switch. No towel closet or light switch in the bathroom. The gas range not vented through the roof. Door badly warped. Electric wall outlets not installed. Rafters 24 inches apart instead of 16 inches. No attic bracing. Attic insulation one inch thick instead of 2 inches as required. Soil washing away from garage floor exposing under part of slab—no footings. One electrical outlet in kitchen instead of two; no rear doorbell. No swinging door between kitchen and dining room. Only one electric wall outlet, instead of three, in dining room. Front-porch floor settling away from

(Continued on page 54)

There have been abuses in the construction of homes for veterans, and it is concerning these only that Collier's is publishing this article, the second of two on the subject. This article, and the one in last week's Collier's, must not be regarded as a criticism of the entire home-building industry.

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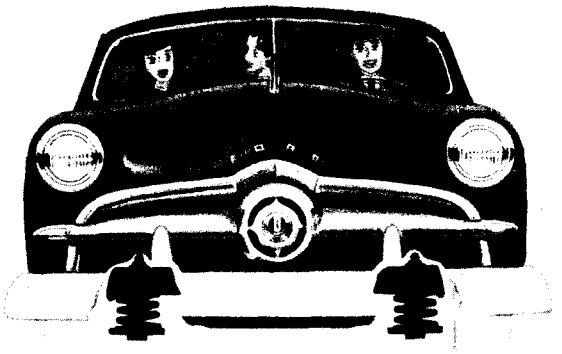
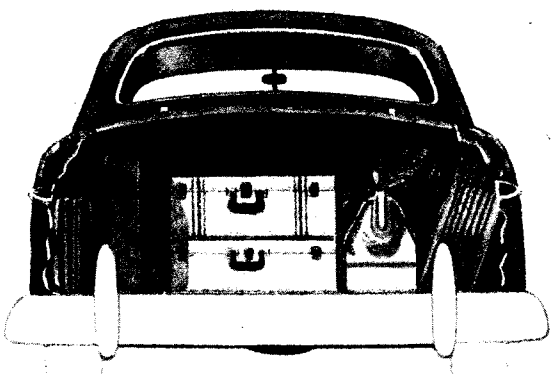
Cutaway views to show "Mid Ship" Ride . . .



. . ."Hydra-Coil" Springs . . .

Any way you look... inside and out...it's The Car of the Year!

We think you'll agree the '49 Ford has "the look of the year"! Many people say: "It looks like a custom-built automobile!" But the *inside* will thrill you, too! Seats are sofa-wide! Big "Picture Windows" all around! 57% more luggage space. Two *new* engines...V-8 and Six! Gasoline savings up to 10% . . . with new Overdrive, optional at extra cost up to 25%. 59% more rigid "Lifeguard" Body. New "Hydra-Coil" Springs. New "Mid Ship" Ride. See the new Ford. It's "the car of the year." At your Ford Dealer's now.



. . ."Deep Deck" Luggage Locker

White side wall tires available at extra cost.

'49 Ford

See it today at your Ford Dealers!

There's a New Ford in your future!

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MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MURDER

Continued from page 17

after ten o'clock—or at any other time during the night. That was it.

Garland wouldn't give up. "And you can't remember what happened to your gun?"

"We've been over all that," I reminded him. "I haven't noticed that gun for years. I didn't know it was gone until the police discovered that there had been a .38 registered to me long ago, and that I didn't have it when they nabbed me. Of course, if that gun were used to kill Nulty—the murderer took it. But when or how, I don't know."

Brian said thoughtfully, "I'll make a point of that, of course. Nulty was killed with a .38. Lots of people own .38s. Unless they have the gun, they can't do anything with ballistics."

"Pretty weak, isn't it?"

"Yes . . ." He shrugged. "I wish I could be more encouraging, Steve. But we haven't a thing to go on."

I got up. I said, "All right, Brian. Let me do the worrying. Tomorrow you can tell the judge that you haven't any witnesses. Maybe by tomorrow night the formalities will be over and the verdict in. No matter what it is, it'll be better than this strain."

He said good night, advised me to keep a stiff upper lip, repeated his hope that a miracle might happen, and walked out. They took me back to my cell.

I SURPRISED myself by sleeping well. I ate a breakfast that wasn't too bad, smoked several cigarettes and fixed myself up as well as I could under the circumstances. I understood the importance of looking innocent. I had a moment of regret that I wasn't a pretty boy. Football and boxing in college hadn't enhanced my beauty. I looked rugged enough to have done what I was accused of doing.

When they took me down to the superior court room where I was being tried, I caught a glimpse of the crowds in the hall. Some of my friends would be there, but mostly the spectators would be strangers, attracted by the somewhat natural, somewhat ghoulish desire to be in at the final curtain of a drama involving human life. My life.

The courtroom was humming when they took me in. Every seat was occupied. The press was there in force. George Walderson, the tall, distinguished, politically smooth district attorney, gave me a brief, impersonal glance. I felt no animosity. His job was to prove people guilty if they were guilty. In this case he'd stepped out of bounds; he'd done a hell of a job of proving the guilt of an innocent man. But I believed he had been conscientious.

Brian Garland was not among those present. I wasn't too concerned. He'd probably been up most of the night trying to pull an impossible rabbit out of a nonexistent hat. The jury filed in, looking worried. They weren't half as worried as I was. Then the judge appeared and everybody stood up while he settled himself.

The door at the back of the room opened and all heads turned in that direction. Brian Garland rushed up the aisle, through the little gate, and apologized to the court for being late. Judge Gaston magnanimously forgave him.

Something had happened to Brian. His pink cheeks were bright, his eyes were shining, and he oozed confidence. The court asked the defense to get under way, and so Brian had opportunity for only a few words. And those words amazed me: They brought the first faint hope I'd had since mid-October.

"It's happened," he said.

"What?"

"The miracle."

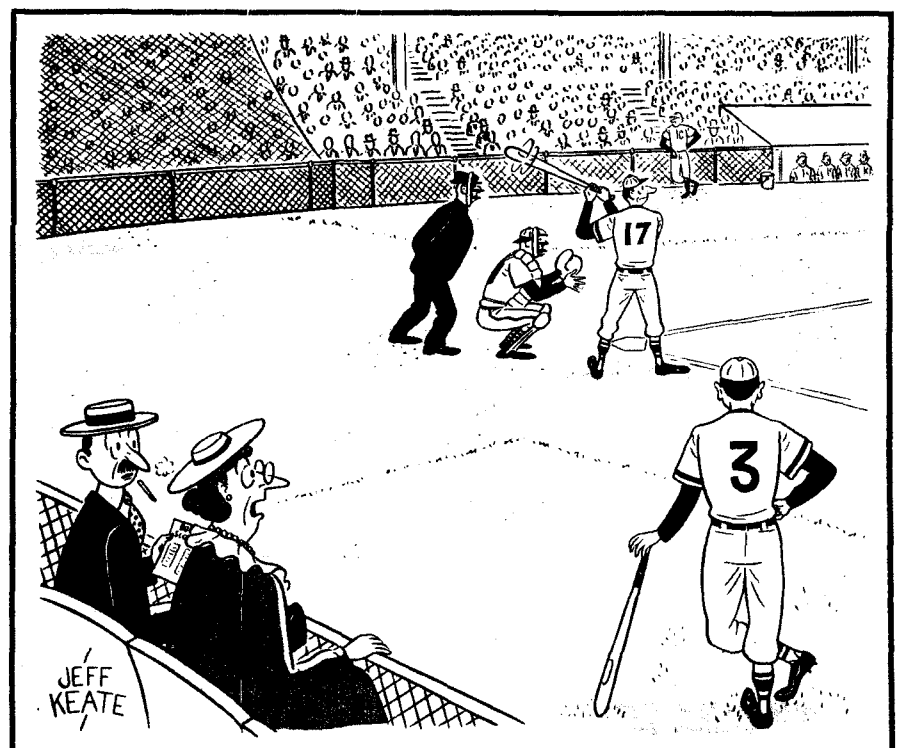
Judge Gaston's icy voice said, "If the defense will begin . . ." It was an order.

Garland was as easy to read as a neon sign. Last night I had known he was in the depths. This morning everything was different. I hadn't the faintest idea what it was all about, but I was willing to bet it was good.

He faced the bench. "The first witness for the defense," he said in a voice which was far from steady. "Will you please call Mrs. Patricia Kingsley."

THERE was another craning of necks. This time I turned, too. Walking slowly and steadily toward the witness stand was one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen.

This was a moment of drama. And Brian Garland was making the most of it. I wasn't fooled by his cherubic countenance and baby-blue eyes. I knew he was right on the ball. He was standing beside me, beaming at the gentlemen and ladies of the jury with a wait-until-you-hear-this expression.



"I hate to seem stupid about baseball, Fred, but shouldn't they give that pinch hitter an intentional pass, loading the bags, and play for a squeeze play at the plate?" JEFF KEATE

COLLIER'S

Mrs. Patricia Kingsley seated herself in the witness box. She seemed under a strain, but that was natural. Otherwise, she looked like someone it would be a pleasure to dream about.

She was in her early twenties. She had soft brown hair and hazel eyes. She was about five three and slender, but not so slender that you'd doubt she was a woman. She was wearing just the right amount of make-up—not too much, not too little. She had on a simple gray suit with a maroon scarf wrapped around her throat and tucked in at the right place. Her hat was maroon in color and simple in design. It looked inexpensive and probably had cost fifty dollars. Her legs were good.

I stared at her, naturally. She rang a bell. But only faintly. I knew I had seen her somewhere, but I couldn't remember where or when. I knew it must have been a casual meeting because I wouldn't forget something like that if I'd ever said more than a dozen words to it.

I touched Brian's sleeve and said, "Who is she?"

He gave me a reproving look, as though I'd cracked a joke at the wrong time. He said, "Don't be that way, Steve."

"Don't be what way?"

He said sternly, "You should have told me."

That made considerably less than no sense. I opened my lips to ask another question, but Brian had moved away from me. I had earned his disapproval in some unaccountable way, but he was still busting out all over with triumph.

In the witness box, Mrs. Kingsley was being required to swear that she would tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Silence settled over the room. Brian let it hold for a moment, then spoke in a gentle, reassuring voice which had an appealing, boyish quality.

"Your name?" he asked.

"Patricia Maxwell Kingsley."

I heard a sharp intake of breath from the spectators. I saw the reporters grow tense. The name meant plenty to almost everybody in the room. It meant something to me. It even made me remember where I had met the young lady.

I had met her in my own apartment on Saturday, October 4th. I was host at a cocktail party in my apartment. A couple of caterer's men were handling it, and I was paying off a handful of social obligations in one fell swoop. I had invited about twenty people. Knowing Hollywood, I had prepared for twice that number. I was right. Friends brought their friends. Wade Ramsay had brought Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley. Ramsay wasn't a particularly close friend—he was a good ten years older than I—but he owned a swanky apartment house where I'd been trying to get an apartment, and inviting him seemed like a smart move.

I vaguely remembered shaking hands with him and having him introduce me to somebody named Pat Kingsley. There were too many people milling around in crowded quarters for her to register very strongly. I met Mr. Kingsley, too, but what he looked like, I didn't remember. I had been too busy playing host.

I did remember that my chance of chatting with Mrs. Kingsley was cut short by the intrusion of a big, bull-like man with a granite face who already had had too many drinks. Ramsay mentioned that the man was Jeff Nulty.

Jeff Nulty didn't look as though he belonged at anybody's cocktail party. Yet he was probably the most famous person in that room; it was something that could happen only in southern California. He was manager of a classy night club, the Casa Linda, which was on the ground floor of the ultra-ultra Casa Linda Apartments. Wade Ramsay owned both the apartment house and the club. I was surprised that he had brought Jeff Nulty along, because the reason Nulty was famous was that everybody knew he was an ex-convict.

I still couldn't figure where Pat Kingsley fitted in as a witness. I didn't know her—hadn't remembered her until she'd given her full name on the witness stand. It was the middle name, Maxwell, that did the work. It told all of us that she was the daughter of Carey Maxwell, who was Mr. Real Estate around Los Angeles. He was a dozen firms, all big, all important. He was supposed to be worth millions. The afternoon of my cocktail party no one had told me that Mrs. Kingsley had once been Miss Maxwell.

Brian Garland let the witness' words sink in—the simple but startling statement: "Patricia Maxwell Kingsley." Then he asked, "Miss or Mrs.?"

"Mrs."

"Your husband's name?"

"Rex Kingsley."

"May I ask his profession?"

"He was a dancer. He is now manager of a night club. The Casa Linda."

Her voice was steady, but it was pitched low, and she kept it focused on Brian Garland. You couldn't mistake the fact that she didn't enjoy what she was doing, that she hated the publicity.

"Where do you live, Mrs. Kingsley?"

"In the Casa Linda Apartments. Number 7-A."

"With your husband?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been married?"

"Rex and I were married in 1944."

Brian paused before the next question.

"Mrs. Kingsley, can you remember the afternoon of Saturday, October 4th?"

"Yes."

"May I ask where you were at approximately six o'clock that afternoon?"

"At a cocktail party in Steve Blake's apartment."

"Can you tell me where his apartment was?"

"On Franklin Avenue, east of Fairfax. It is called The Collins."

"Did you attend the party alone?"

"No. I went with my husband and Mr. Wade Ramsay and Jeff Nulty."

A MURMUR ran through the crowd. Brian repeated, "Jeff Nulty? The deceased?"

"Yes."

"He was a friend of yours?"

"An acquaintance. He was manager of the Club Casa Linda. My husband was at that time his assistant."

"And your husband became manager after Mr. Nulty's death?"

"Yes."

Brian glanced at some notes. It was an unnecessary gesture calculated merely to kill time, to let things sink in. He said, "There is no sense wasting the time of this court. With the permission of the district attorney, I will put my next question this way . . ." He paused long enough to glance at Walderson, as though for encouragement. "There has been considerable testimony about what went on at that party, Mrs. Kingsley: that Jeff Nulty got drunk, that attempts were made to get him out of Mr. Blake's apartment, that eventually there was a fight between Nulty and the defendant. Were you there when that happened?"

"Yes."

"You saw the fight?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Kingsley—what did you do immediately after the fight?"

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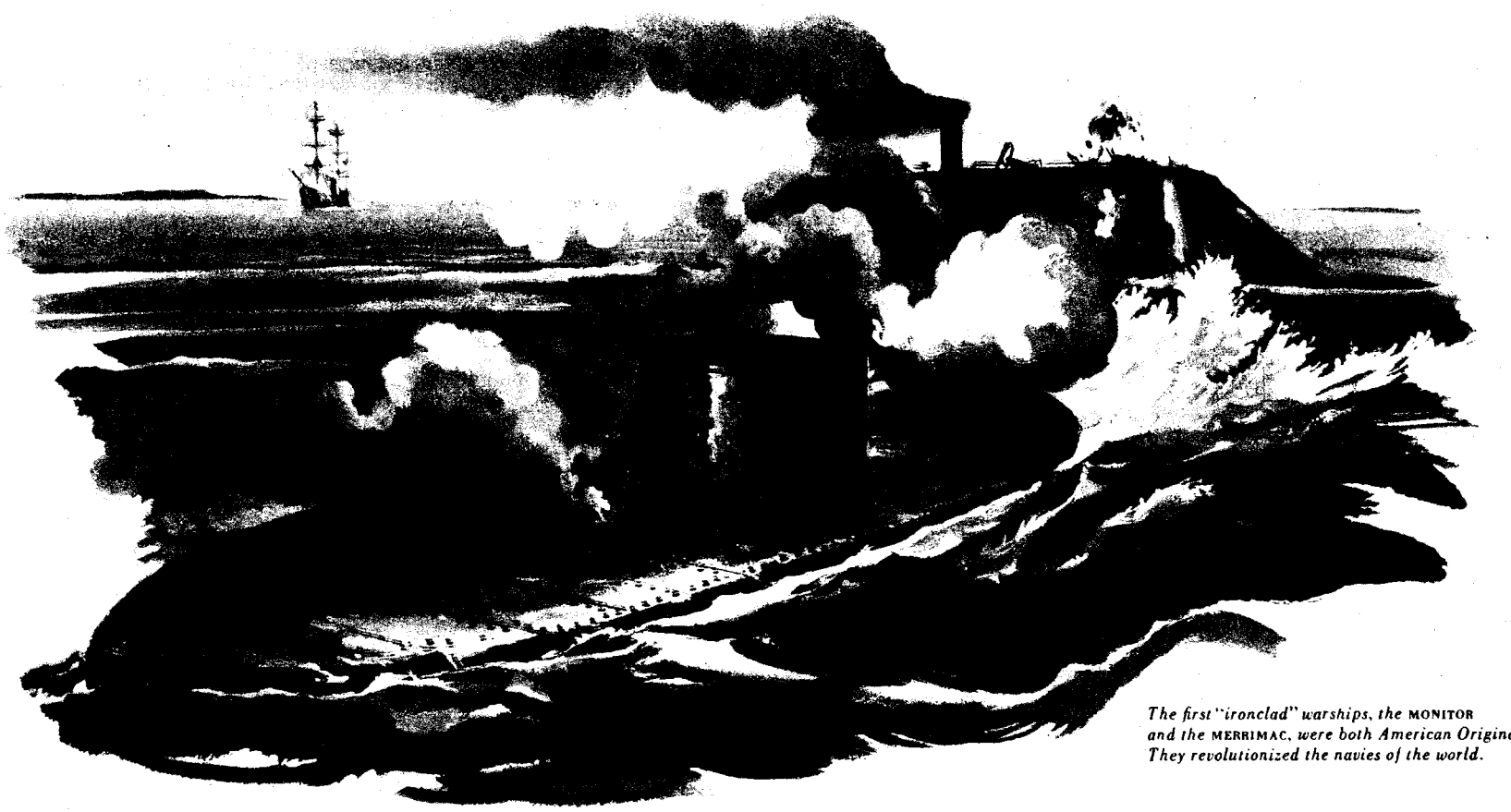

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"I went home."

"With whom?"

"My husband and Mr. Ramsay."

"I see . . ." Brian paused again. This had all been build-up to something. I knew it. The judge knew it and so did the district attorney. Now the time had come for the sixty-four-dollar question.

Brian's voice was soft as silk. He said, "I ask you to think carefully, Mrs. Kingsley. Can you state definitely where you were that night—that same night of October 4th—at nine o'clock?"

"Yes . . ." I saw spots of color appear on Pat Kingsley's cheeks. "Yes," she repeated, "I can."

"Where were you?"

"In Mr. Blake's apartment."

I blinked.

"The same apartment where the cocktail party had been held that afternoon, and where Mr. Blake and Jeff Nulty fought?"

"Yes."

"You were *in* Mr. Blake's apartment at nine o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Who was with you?"

"No one."

"Did Mr. Blake come in later?"

"Yes."

"At what time?"

"Nine twenty."

"What makes you so sure?"

"I had been watching the clock, waiting for him."

I started to get up, then thought better of it. My head was whirling. The girl on the witness stand was lying. She hadn't been there when I had returned at nine twenty. She hadn't been there at all that night. No one had.

I didn't like what was happening. This was perjury, pure and simple. It occurred to me that Brian Garland—believing in my innocence—had framed this thing. But something was wrong there. I had known Brian all my life. He wasn't the sort of man who would pull a fast one—even for a friend. I knew that he believed the witness.

He was continuing smoothly: "Mr. Blake came into his apartment at nine twenty. You were waiting there for him. No one else was there?"

"That's right."

"What time did you leave that apartment, Mrs. Kingsley?"

Her voice was scarcely more than a whisper, but it carried to every corner of the courtroom.

Pat Kingsley said, "About three o'clock in the morning."

A HUM rose from the spectators. The members of the press were writing like mad. A bailiff shouted for order.

I didn't get it. Lies were piling on lies; perjury on perjury. I should have felt elated, but I didn't. This was something I couldn't understand.

Garland resumed his questioning: "In other words, Mrs. Kingsley, you were with the defendant, Steve Blake, from 9:20 P.M., October 4th, until 3 A.M., October 5th?"

"Yes."

"Specifically—and this is of vital importance, Mrs. Kingsley—were you with Steve Blake in his apartment at ten o'clock that night, October 4th?"

"Yes."

"Of your own certain knowledge, did Mr. Blake leave that apartment at any time between 9:20 P.M. and 3 A.M.?"

"No."

"Another question, Mrs. Kingsley. You stated that you entered his apartment alone at nine o'clock, before he returned from his admitted visit to Jeff Nulty's apartment. How did you get into Mr. Blake's apartment?"

"With a key he had given me."

"When?"

"About two months previously."

"Were you in the habit of visiting him alone at night?"

"Yes."

"I regret having to embarrass you, Mrs. Kingsley—but a man's life is at stake. I must therefore ask this question: Am I correct in assuming that you were Mr. Blake's mistress?"

The spectators were seething. Pat Kingsley was nervously twisting a handkerchief between long, slender fingers.

"Yes," she said. "I was."

THERE it was: the perfect alibi, all tied up with pink ribbon, and handed to me on a golden platter. Only one thing was wrong with the picture. It wasn't true.

This was too fast and too bewildering for me. It wasn't as though my lawyer had picked a floozie out of a hat in a desperate attempt to clear me of a false murder charge; he'd come up with a gal who rated tops in the Los Angeles social world, whose father was prominent, wealthy and influential, whose face had been made familiar to millions through the society columns of the local papers.

By all outward appearances, this Pat Kingsley was a nice girl. She looked like a lady—even while she was telling the world that she was my mistress. She was properly embarrassed, properly brave. What I couldn't understand was the why of it. Why was she doing this? Why was she lying?

Some semblance of order had been restored in the courtroom. The judge made a little speech. In precise, judicial language he informed the spectators that if there were any further disorder, they'd all be pitched out on their ears. Then he motioned Brian to proceed.

Garland said, "Mrs. Kingsley. May I ask you to tell the jury whether I sought you as a witness, or whether you came to me?"

She did not look up. "I went to you."

"Voluntarily?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I knew Steve was innocent. I had been with him at the time Jeff Nulty was killed. I waited and waited, hoping that someone else could and would clear him, hoping that my appearance here wouldn't be necessary. When I went to you, I asked first whether you had any such witness, and you said no. So I decided to tell the truth."

"Which I'm sure everyone here appreciates. And you had no reason other than that you did not want to see an innocent man convicted?"

"That was all. I didn't come forward before because . . . well, because what I've done has been rather difficult."

"I understand . . ." Brian turned to the prosecuting attorney. "Your witness," he said.

George Walderson went into a huddle with his two assistants. He was perhaps remembering one of the fundamental rules of cross-examination: "Unless it is necessary, don't!" He looked at Judge Gaston and said, "No questions."

So that was that. Walderson was letting bad enough alone. It was a smart move. Every person present knew that questioning would fail to shake the girl's story. Brian sat down beside me, and mopped his forehead. He said, "We got 'em, kid; we got 'em."

I'm human. My first reaction was one of infinite relief. For some unfathomable reason, a young and lovely girl had come forward with a lie which seemed certain to save my life. That meant a lot to me. It would mean a lot to anybody.

To be punished for a crime of which you're guilty is right and just. To be branded a felon and executed for a crime which you haven't committed is appallingly different. If you're about to drown, you grab at a straw, at anything, which offers you a chance. You don't question where the straw comes from or why it is there.

The trouble with me is that I'm too addicted to thinking. I reach a satisfactory conclusion and keep right on going. That isn't always so good. Brian looked at me and asked, "What's eating on you, Steve?"

I said, frankly, "I don't know."

"You don't know *what?*"

"Whether or not I like it."

"Good Lord!" He was confused, almost as confused as I was. "Maybe you've taken too much of a beating. You're not thinking straight. This girl is saving your life."

"I realize that. But . . ."

"But what?"

"I don't understand it."

He made a gesture of impatience. "What is there to understand, kid? She's done a courageous thing . . ."

"Granted. But she's lying."

"Don't give me that."

"I tell you, she is. And I'm not sure I want it this way."

MY OWN words gave direction to my thoughts. I wasn't sure I liked it—not sure at all. To be acquitted on perjured testimony added up all wrong. I wanted the acquittal, all right, but I didn't want it on those terms. The case wasn't supposed to be decided on such evidence as this. I felt grateful to the girl—whatever her reason—but that didn't mean I had to approve of her method.

The more I thought, the more certain it seemed to me that this court was entitled to the truth. Up to now, my trial had been fair. This development wasn't fair.

It came to me suddenly what I was going to do—what I must do, to retain my own self-respect. I spoke on impulse, but the impulse was right. I said, "Brian, I want to take the stand."

He stared at me incredulously. He said, "Are you crazy?"

"I don't know. But that's what I want."

Brian was losing his temper. "You'll ruin everything."

"Maybe. But I still want to take the stand."

The judge glanced inquiringly at Brian. My attorney asked for a brief recess. The judge instructed the jury to retire for a few minutes. The jury filed out. No one else left the room. Brian and I went into whispered conference.

It wasn't a pleasant conference. The more he argued against my taking the stand, the more it seemed to me to be the only right and decent thing to do. He insisted that I was being guided by a false sense of decency; that method didn't matter so long as the result was right. He argued that snap judgment was worse than no judgment at all.

I tried to see it his way. I conceded the logic of his points, but that didn't change the way I felt. I wasn't trying to be noble. According to Brian, I was acting like a full-fledged dope. Perhaps I was. But I became more and more certain that my initial impulse was right, that—no matter what the consequences—it was the way I wanted things, the only way I could know any peace of mind. I was stubborn.

Brian Garland was downright angry. His normally pink cheeks were brick red. Nothing I could say made him see things my way. Finally he whispered tensely, "Do this insane thing, and you can count me out."

I knew him better than that. He was

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trying to beat me down for my own sake; he was too firm a friend to desert me. I said, "I'm sorry—but I've got to play it my way."

He said, bitterly, "You're on your own, Steve."

Now that I'd reached a decision, I was no longer confused. I got up. Instantly, there was a dead silence in the big, formal room. I said, "Your Honor. . . ."

The judge looked at me as though he didn't like what he saw. I was stepping out of line, and that is something which is frowned on in superior court.

He shifted his gaze from me to Brian Garland, asking, without words, for the meaning of my outburst. Brian said, "My client is insisting on doing something against my advice, Your Honor."

I said quietly, "I wish to take the stand in my own defense."

"Your counsel is able," the judge said. "He has conducted this case competently. You would be well advised to do whatever he suggests."

I shook my head. I said, "I believe the law gives any defendant the right to testify in his own behalf, doesn't it?"

"Yes. But . . ." Judge Gaston was reluctant to go even that far.

"That's the way I want it, sir."

Judge Gaston said, "This court cannot prevent you from taking the stand. But if you do, it will be under oath, and it is only fair to warn you that you will be subject to cross-examination."

I caught a glimpse of the D. A. and his staff. They were trying not to look smug. I was opening new vistas for them. They'd won the case, then lost it, and now here I was, leading with my chin.

I wouldn't have blamed Brian if he had walked out. He'd done a heroic job. He had worried almost as much as I had. And now I was busting everything wide open, and heading myself straight toward San Quentin.

THE judge rapped for order, and instructed that the jury be returned. They settled themselves, but not so comfortably that they failed to show surprise when I walked toward the stand.

I was sworn in. I was a witness. The chips were down. The dice were rolling.

I looked at Judge Gaston, and he nodded. He had a fine forehead and there was a little frown on it now, as though he might be worried about me. Well, that made the judge and myself all even.

I said, "I'm not a lawyer. I don't know the rules of evidence. I have taken the stand voluntarily to tell my own story. I hope the district attorney will be tolerant.

"My name is Steven Blake. I am thirty-one years of age. Single. I am an aeronautical engineer. I do research work and aircraft designing for the Varney-Wilson Corporation. I have no war record. I did the same work I'm doing now all through the war. That was at the request of the government. My job is a good one, and I'm in comfortable financial circumstances.

"Most of what I am about to tell you, you have heard from a parade of witnesses. With one exception, I believe they all have told the truth as they remember it. There are certain details, however, which could not be known to anyone except myself. I felt that you were entitled to hear those details.

"I have a two-room apartment in The Collins, on Franklin Avenue. That is about four blocks from the Casa Linda Apartments where Jeff Nulty was killed. I have dined frequently at the Casa Linda. For some time I've been trying to get an apartment there. In other words, I know the physical setup of the building, and also of the night club which is on the street floor.

"On Saturday afternoon, October 4th, I gave a cocktail party in my own place. As frequently happens at such affairs, people that I had invited brought friends along. One person who brought friends has already testified. That was Mr. Wade Ramsay, who owns the Casa Linda. He has been a casual friend of mine for years, although not an intimate. He brought with him Mr. and Mrs. Rex Kingsley and Jeff Nulty. As you know, Nulty was manager of the Club Casa Linda.

"I had met Nulty, but did not actually know him. I had met him only as any patron of a club might meet the manager. We had nothing in common and no other contacts.

"As host, I was worried about Jeff Nulty. He was loud, profane and obnoxious. I asked Mr. Ramsay why he had brought the man, and Ramsay said Nulty had just trailed along. I asked him to get Nulty out of there, and he said he had tried already but without any luck.

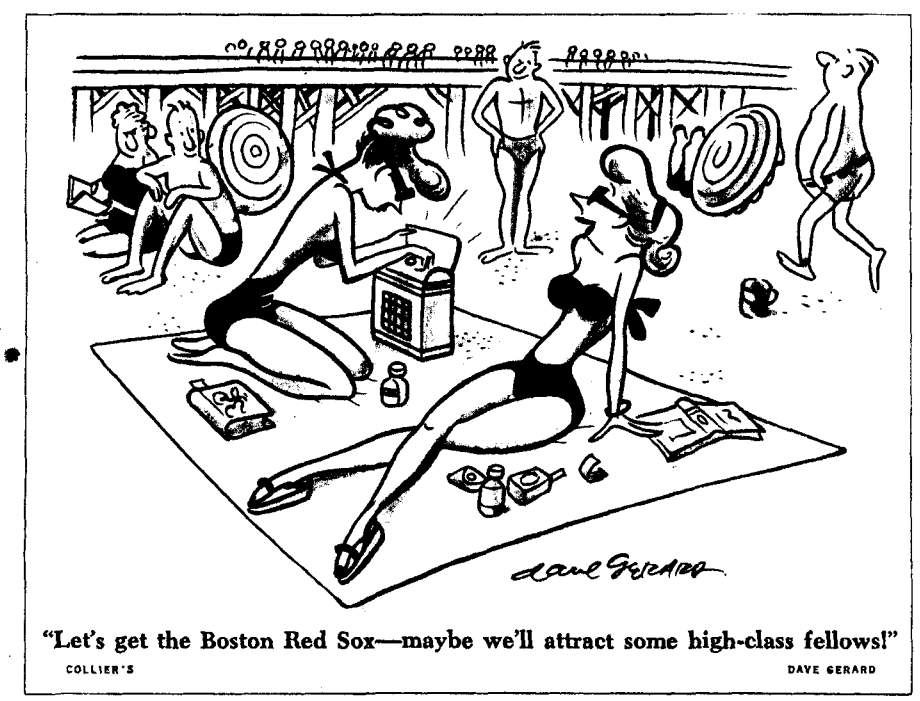
"Nulty got more and more boisterous. He was annoying the guests, particularly some of the ladies. Several of them left. I felt responsible for what was going on.

"I went to Nulty—that was a little after six o'clock—and asked him to leave. By that time he was thoroughly drunk and thoroughly nasty. He said he'd leave when he got damned good and ready. I insisted that he leave right then. I believe I called him a drunken bum.

"He swung at me. I don't remember whether or not his blow landed. I know mine did. I had had no idea of brawling in my own home with a drunken, uninvited guest—but lots of things happen that can't be foreseen.

"Nulty hit me then. Hard. I went down. He kicked me in the face, twice. A half-dozen men pulled him off.

"I was violently angry, as any man



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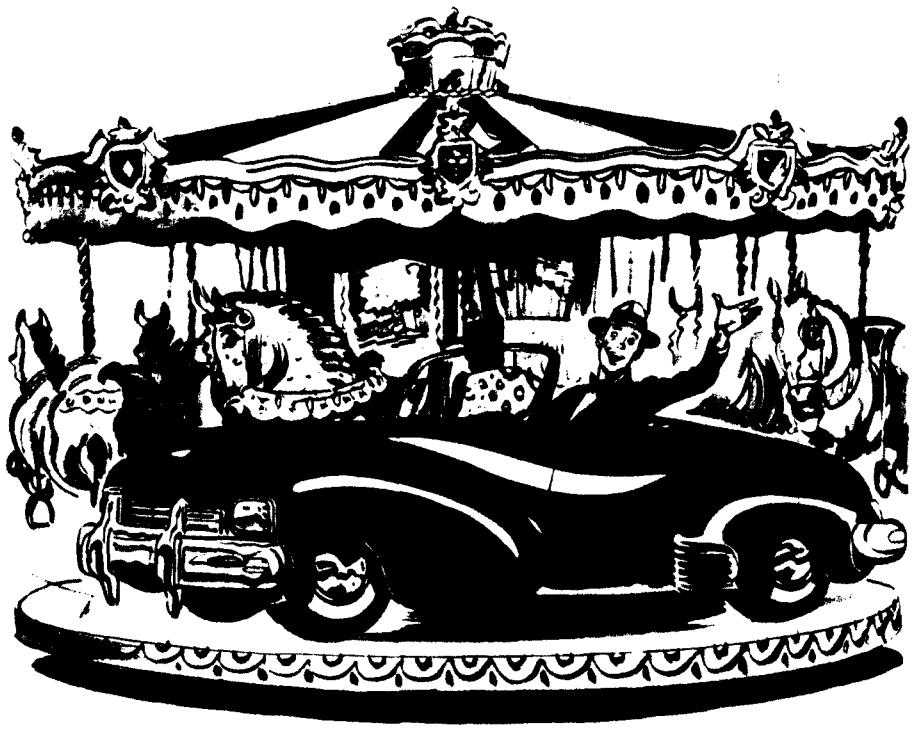

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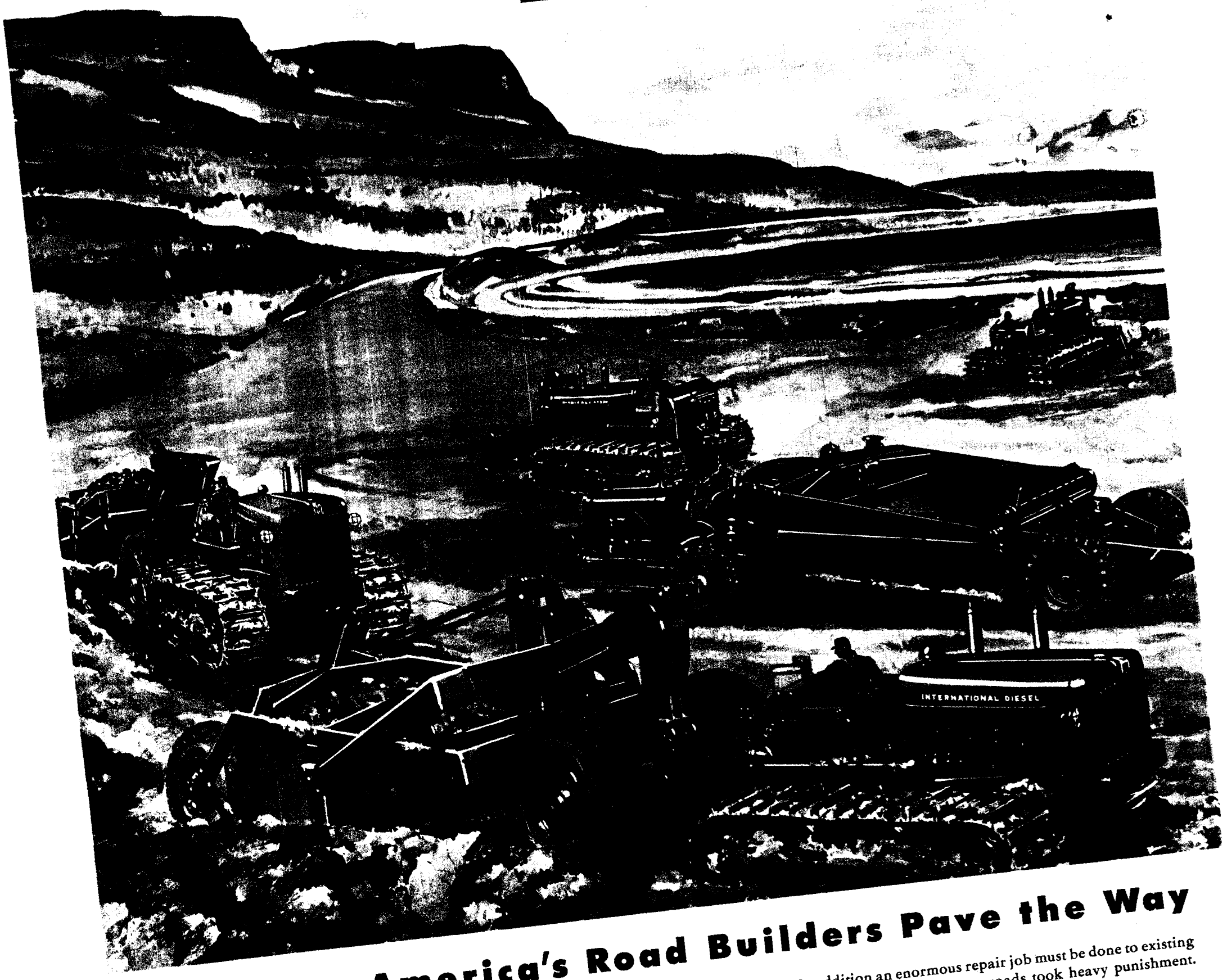

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would be. I am not, as you can see, a weakling. I got up—bleeding. My friends were holding me, too. It was then that I said I'd kill him. I don't remember the exact words—I was too mad to remember. But you may accept as fact that I did say I'd kill him. If I'd had a chance right then, I probably would have. But I didn't have that chance. They hustled him out of the apartment.

"The party broke up pretty soon after that," I went on. "Several people offered to stay with me, but I wasn't having any. I was still mad. When everyone had gone, I took a shower and changed my clothes.

"A little before eight o'clock that night I decided to see Nulty. I couldn't forget that he had kicked me in the face when I was down. I didn't like the idea of having things end there. I cannot truthfully tell you what I had in mind except that I did not intend to kill him. You have every right to believe that I went there looking for trouble.

"Nulty lived in a little apartment on the mezzanine floor of the Casa Linda, right over the club. I went through the lobby and walked up the stairs to his office. I did not carry a gun.

"The door of his apartment was unlocked. I walked in. Nulty was sitting in an easy chair. He looked as though he was in the throes of a bad hang-over.

"He looked up at me and said, 'So it's you. I know why you've come. Well, I don't blame you. If you want to take a poke at me, go ahead. I acted like a louse, and I've got it coming.'

"That took the wind out of my sails. I cooled off pretty fast. I still didn't like him, and I still resented what had happened at my apartment. But his attitude tied my hands. I told him a few things, and he took them all.

"There was no fight. There wasn't even a quarrel. I certainly did not kill him. By that time I was feeling rather silly. I left him, and walked out through the lobby. I didn't see anybody and don't know whether anyone saw me. However, I did notice the lobby clock. It was exactly nine.

"I did not go straight home. My head was beginning to clear and I wanted to give it a chance. At about nine twenty I got back to my apartment."

And now I had come to the important part—to the thing which had impelled me to take the stand. I was trembling.

I said, "I did not kill Jeff Nulty. I want to be acquitted. I want it more than I've ever wanted anything else in my life. But because it is so important, I'd rather not have it the wrong way. I want to be acquitted because you believe I'm innocent, and not on the strength of false testimony.

"The testimony you have just heard—the testimony of Mrs. Patricia Maxwell Kingsley—is not true. The only part of it that is true is that she came to my cocktail party with Mr. Ramsay and her husband.

"That was the first and only time I ever met the young lady. She was not in my apartment when I got home at nine twenty. She was not there at any time that night. There is not, and never has been, any love affair between us. She is not my mistress."

GEORGE WALDERSON, the district attorney, got up. He took his time doing it. He looked at me with a glance that was almost affectionate, just about the way a cat would look at a mouse which had been tricked into a bad strategic position.

He was a nice-looking man. Distinguished. His clothes were a trifle too well tailored, his shave a little too close, the faint suggestion of wave in his iron-gray hair a bit too calculated. He had a state-wide reputation as a shrewd prosecutor. His record was impressive. He was politically ambitious. He was kind—oh, exceedingly kind—to reporters.

He moved closer to where I was sitting. He took the spotlight right away from me. Well, I wished him luck. He could have it.

Mr. Walderson's voice was smooth as butter. I was probably the friendliest defendant he'd ever tried to send to the gas chamber. His smile was intended to show me that he had nothing against me, personally. I was a case, nothing more nor less. He appreciated my co-operation. I'd made it probable that he'd win a case which had collapsed under him.

He said, in a tone almost apologetic, "Just a few questions, Mr. Blake . . ."

I didn't say anything. I waited for him to clear his throat and flirt with the newspapermen.

"Mr. Blake," he asked, "have you ever owned a gun?"

I said, "Yes."

"What caliber?"

"Thirty-eight Special."

"Is there anything about that gun—except the serial number, of course—which would enable you to identify it?"

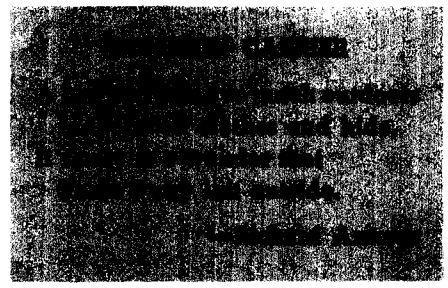
"Yes," I answered. "A small triangular piece was broken out of the grip."

"How long have you owned it, Mr. Blake?"

"Several years."

"Where is that gun now?"

"I don't know."



"Would you mind explaining that statement?"

"Not at all. I've never had any occasion to use the gun. I kept it in a dresser drawer. The last time I looked for it, it wasn't there."

"And when was the last time you looked for it?"

"When the detectives who were investigating Jeff Nulty's death asked me where it was."

"When was that?"

"The morning of October 5th, the day after Nulty's death."

"Did they tell you why they were interested?"

"They said they had established that a .38 revolver was registered to me. They said that Nulty had been killed with a .38. They wanted to make a comparison test."

"Did they?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because the gun wasn't where I thought it was."

"How long since you had seen the gun in your dresser drawer?"

"I don't know. It may have been gone for a matter of hours or months."

"Isn't it a fact, Mr. Blake, that you took that gun with you when you went to call on Jeff Nulty on the night of October 4th?"

"No."

"Isn't it a fact that Nulty had beaten you up that afternoon, that you had threatened to kill him, and that you actually took that gun with you with the intention of killing him?"

"No."

"Isn't it a fact that you entered his room and actually did kill him?"

"No."

"What did you do with the gun after that, Mr. Blake?"

"I had no gun with me."

"You planned to kill him with your bare hands?"

"I had no idea of killing him."

"Why did you go to his apartment?"

"To settle accounts."

"You are a man of violent temper, are you not?"

"I get mad occasionally."

"You had been brutally beaten and kicked in the face by Nulty, hadn't you?"

"Yes."

"You had stated that you intended to kill him?"

"Not the way you make it sound. I was fighting mad. I said I'd kill the so-and-so."

THE district attorney shrugged. "Same thing. Did you know that Jeff Nulty was an ex-convict?"

"I had heard it."

"From whom?"

"From a dozen persons. Hollywood is full of screwy characters. Nulty was apparently one of them. A graduate of San Quentin running a fashionable night club doesn't seem quite as incongruous around here as it might in some other parts of the country. I believe that he made no effort to keep his record a secret."

"He even helped publicize it, didn't he?"

"So I've heard."

"Now then, Mr. Blake—it appears that you were bitterly angry with a man who had beaten and kicked you. You knew he was an ex-convict. You owned a .38-caliber revolver. You visited this ex-convict. He was killed with a .38-caliber revolver. Your gun has fortuitously disappeared. Have I stated the facts correctly?"

"The facts, yes. The adjectives were your own idea."

He said, "Your attorney may object at any time."

"I'd rather he didn't, Mr. Walderson. Though it was my understanding of legal procedure that you were supposed to ask questions and not to testify."

Two or three of the jurymen smiled. Someone in the courtroom snickered audibly. Walderson didn't like it.

He said, "You're a pretty shrewd young man, aren't you, Mr. Blake?"

I let that one ride. He continued: "You're certainly smart enough to have disposed of the gun with which you killed Jeff Nulty, aren't you?"

I said, "I didn't kill Nulty."

"Naturally, you'd say that . . ." Brian Garland was on his feet this time, about to voice an objection, but Walderson didn't give him a chance. He said, "That will be all, Mr. Blake."

That was all. He was through with me. No questions about Patricia Maxwell Kingsley. No gilding that lily. My respect for Mr. Walderson rose again. I had been his best witness. He didn't propose to take the edge off my testimony.

Brian put in a few seconds of concentrated thinking. Then he said, "Defense rests." Judge Gaston called a recess for lunch. Brian asked whether I wanted to talk with him and I said no. I told him I was sorry I had upset his applecart and he said it was my funeral. We shook hands and I went to my cell.

I wasn't sorry I'd played it that way. I didn't even do too much speculating about what would happen. Somehow my thoughts stayed with Mrs. Patricia Maxwell Kingsley and her startingly false testimony.

Hers had been no altruistic gesture, nor could it be regarded as the move of a publicity fanatic. She wasn't the type to court the public gaze; she hadn't grown up in that sort of environment. She had looked like the kind of girl a young man would like to know provided she were still single and not the only child of a father who owned too many millions.

The more I thought, the foggier it became. She had done a heroic thing . . . or rather, it would have been heroic had it been true. Actually, it added up to absurdity—except for that insistent idea that there was desperate calculation behind her move.

(To be continued next week)

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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 27

were quickly dispelled. When the Chiefs of Staff first sat down together, General Marshall and Admiral Stark immediately presented a basic statement saying: "... our view remains that Germany is still the prime enemy and her defeat is the key to victory. Once Germany is defeated, the collapse of Italy and the defeat of Japan must follow."

The accusation has been made, particularly by officers who were attached to General MacArthur, that Churchill wheedled and cajoled Roosevelt into adopting the Germany-first policy when the President should have dedicated himself to the conquest of America's real enemy, Japan; but this assumption gives far too much credit to Churchill and too little to Marshall, Stark and the American staff planners, including Dwight D. Eisenhower who had only recently been promoted from temporary colonel to brigadier general.

The President and the Prime Minister selected as their first main business the formation of the grand coalition of the Allies. By Christmas Eve, each had prepared and blended together a draft of a Declaration of the "Associated Powers."

Urges Religious-Freedom Clause

Hopkins' comments on the draft, communicated to Roosevelt in a memorandum on December 27th, remarked that "if possible, you should make every effort to get religious freedom in this document. I believe it will be necessary for you to talk to Litvinov this noon about this."

That day Litvinov lunched with the President, Churchill and Hopkins at the White House. Roosevelt urged on him the importance of including a reference to religious freedom. (It will be remembered that the omission of this from the Atlantic Charter had brought down a great deal of criticism on that document and Roosevelt wanted to be sure to have it in this one.)

Litvinov felt that his government, to which he had already cabled the text of the declaration, would not look with favor on this suggested change. He said that the Kremlin might possibly agree to the phrase "freedom of conscience" but Roosevelt assured him, and asked him to deliver this assurance to the Kremlin, that it was precisely the same thing. I do not know how Litvinov managed to convey this to Stalin, but the fact remains that the words "religious freedom" appeared in the final declaration.

Churchill asked that another change in wording be made. After the word "governments" in the phrase "the governments signatory hereto"—he wished to add the word "authorities." The purpose of this was to permit the inclusion either immediately or subsequently of the Free French. On this discussion Hopkins has written:

The President and Churchill both tried to get Litvinov to accept the amendment which had been urged by the British Cabinet so that the Free French might subscribe to the document.

Litvinov, however, told the President and Churchill that he had no power to agree. Churchill tried to argue that the change was inconsequential but it was perfectly clear that Litvinov did not believe this. . . .

At this point Churchill became quite angry and told Litvinov in effect that he wasn't much of an ambassador if he didn't have the power even to add a word like this; that we were in a war and there was no time for long-winded negotiations. He said that we had agreed to every change in the text that the Russians wanted and it seemed to him they could agree to this.

Litvinov stuck by his point, however, and the declaration was issued without the word "authorities."

Later I learned that Litvinov had cabled for approval to include the word "authorities" and his government had given it to him.

However, this agreement must have

TRANSPOSAGRAM

BY ALAN MURRAY

Precisely at ten every Thursday night Franz Knight entered some public place in the metropolis, checked his gray hat, danced, dined, had a drink or two, retrieved his hat and went home. At about the same time the courier, whom Franz knew but to whom he never spoke, did about the same thing. During the evening Franz and the courier passed each other and secretly exchanged hat checks and the courier retrieved Franz's hat, which contained in an inner lining Franz's report for the week. Each Thursday morning he found his instructions in the personals column of the want-ad sections of the leading local newspaper. Here is one of the messages:

●

BALL CHAMPION TOO FEEBLE YET

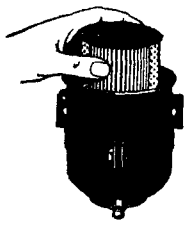
	E		■	I	N	■	O	B						
		■		A	L	A		■		T	E			

Instructions: When transposed, the letters of the Transposagram above form a message in one complete sentence. Change the order of the letters and insert them in the empty boxes to form the sentence. A number of letters have already been inserted in their correct boxes. The empty spaces show the length of the words in the message.

(Solution to Transposagram on page 70)

the modern plastic filter that replaces the cotton-waste filter

The sensational new Purolator *Micronic* Oil Filter was designed to save you more money by keeping your car engine free from the damaging wear caused by sludge and abrasives. If your car is *not* equipped with a Purolator *Micronic* Oil Filter, have one installed today. If it *is* equipped with an ordinary oil filter, make certain to change the filter element to a *genuine* Purolator *Micronic* Filter Element.



The sensational new Purolator *Micronic* Oil Filter was originally designed, developed and tested by Purolator engineers. The results of test after test were so amazing that our engineers knew at last they had developed a filtering material that proved superior to our cotton waste.

The new Purolator *Micronic* Filter employs a plastic filtering material which operates efficiently with mineral or additive oils. The special accordion pleated design provides 8 times more filtering area and, in fact, will trap 200% more dirt, dust, grime and abrasives than the old style cotton-waste type filter. This sensational filter is heat-proof, warp-proof, water-proof and unaffected by crankcase acids. Only Purolator makes the Purolator *Micronic* Oil Filter.

25 PUROLATOR 1923–1948

PUROLATOR PRODUCTS, INC., NEWARK 2, N. J.
AND WINDSOR, ONTARIO, CANADA

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COOL HINT:—

P.S. Schenley's 94.8 Gin is back!

Now, you can enjoy its liqueur quality in your gin drinks. Always specify Schenley 94.8 gin. It's a worthy companion to America's most famous whiskey.

Distilled London Dry Gin, 94.8 proof, distilled from 100% grai spirits.

• Now available in the distinctive decanter as well as the familiar round bottle. In both, traditional Schenley quality.

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Summertime is SCHENLEY *time...too!*

... because Sunny Morning Flavor makes your favorite summer drinks taste better

SCHENLEY COLLINS
Put juice of ½ large lemon, 1 tsp. powdered sugar and 1 generous jigger of mellow Schenley in shaker. Add ice and shake. Pour into tall glass, add soda. If you can put off sipping, trim with fruit. If not—mmm—just enjoy it!
SCHENLEY MINT SOUR
Put juice of ½ lime, ¼ lemon and 1 tsp. powdered sugar in a sour glass. Add 2 dashes grenadine and 1 jigger—you guessed it!—of Schenley. Add 2 dashes carbonated water, fill glasses with crushed ice. Stir. It's deee-licious!
SCHENLEY HIGHBALL
America's most enjoyable highball starts with 1 generous jigger of Schenley—naturally!—in a tall, tall glass. Add 3 cubes ice—or amount of ice to suit your taste — and fill with carbonated water. Stir gently, enjoy greatly.
SCHENLEY MINT JULEP
Crush 4 sprigs fresh, dewy mint with ½ tsp. powdered sugar. Put half of mint in tall glass. Partly fill with crushed ice. Add remaining mint and sugar. Fill with ice. Add 1½ jiggers of Schenley. Stir till frosted — and sip!

A Schenley Mark of Merit Whiskey

Summer just isn't *official* until you've enjoyed one of these magnificent Schenley summer coolers . . . each one Mellow as a Sunny Morning! For greater luxury . . . enjoy the rare pre-war quality of today's Schenley.

Rare Pre-War Quality Blended Whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Copr. 1948, Schenley Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C.

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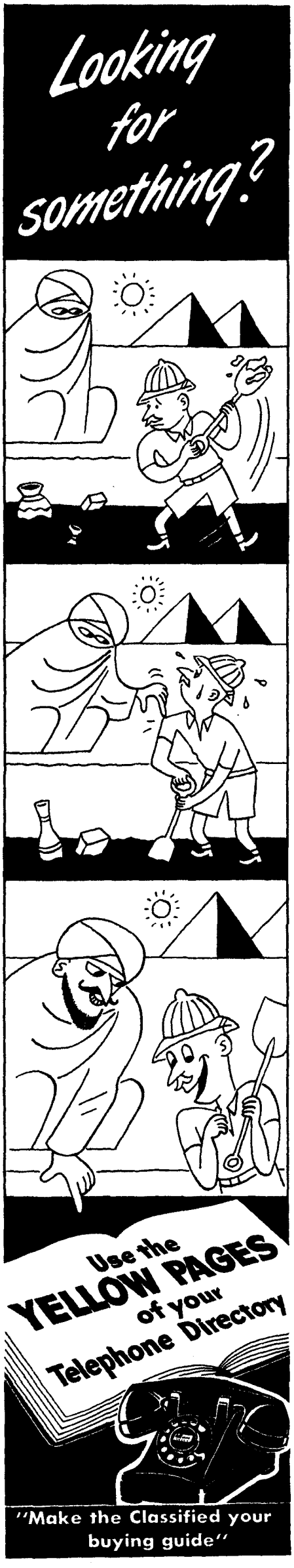

come too late as the change did not appear. The changes in the text requested by the Kremlin were actually negligible. They were all due to Russian reluctance to indicate any commitment to join the war against Japan. All of the Russian revisions were accepted and Roosevelt wrote them on the draft in his own hand.

On New Year's Day, 1942, the representatives of 26 countries gathered in the White House and signed the document which gave birth to the United Nations.

It must be remembered that this prelude to a new world symphony was being composed against the reverberations of shocking defeats in the Pacific. The Japanese were sweeping ahead and American prestige was sinking rapidly.

Japan's Conquests Inspire Fear

It had been assumed, when the grand strategy was laid down, that the Japanese could be contained within the line bounded by the Aleutian and Hawaiian Islands, Samoa, Fiji, the Solomon Islands, the East Indies, Singapore, Thailand, and the maritime provinces of Siberia. Now it was becoming evident that they could not be thus contained, that they might sweep southward over the East Indies to Australia and westward through Burma into India and even on to the Middle East.

A new theater of war was accordingly and hastily established, known as the ABDA Area, the initials standing for American, British, Dutch, Australian. This covered the huge, confused area from the Bay of Bengal to Australasia. It was during the first discussion of this problem at a meeting of the British and American Chiefs of Staff on the afternoon of Christmas Day, that General Marshall made a proposal which was to assume utmost importance in the conduct of the second World War. These are his words as directly quoted in the official minutes:

I express these as my personal views and not those as a result of consultation with the Navy or with my own War Plans Division. As a result of what I saw in France and from following our own experience, I feel very strongly that the most important consideration is the question of unity of command. . . . I am convinced that there must be one man in command of the entire theater—air, ground and ships. We cannot manage by co-operation.

There was plenty of disagreement with that proposal. At a major meeting in the White House on December 26th, Roosevelt expressed his approval but Churchill took issue with it. The Prime Minister said that unity of command was all very well when there was a continuous line of battle, but that in the Far East some of the Allied forces were separated from each other by a thousand miles or more. He believed that these various forces, Army, Navy and Air, representing four different countries, should operate on their own with the individual commanders responsible only to the Supreme Command in Washington.

At this point, Beaverbrook jotted down a note on a White House memo pad and passed it to Hopkins. It read: "You should work on Churchill. He is being advised. He is open-minded and needs discussion." As a result of this, Hopkins arranged for a private meeting between Churchill and Marshall at which the latter was able to convince the Prime Minister of the soundness of his proposal and to gain his agreement to it. This was a demonstration of the peculiar role played by Hopkins at all the major conferences of the next three years. There were many more notes passed to Hopkins under conference tables and many more examples of his effective, off-the-record action. He was rarely confined by the customary "channels."

When the principle of unified command was accepted, Roosevelt suggested that General Sir Archibald Wavell be named for the unenviable post of Supreme Commander of the ABDA Area. The British Chiefs of Staff were vehement in their opposition. Suspecting that this was a Roosevelt trick to shift the ugly responsibility, they felt that the British delegation should insist that an American commander be given the post (and the blame).

Lord Halifax agreed with them, but when this attitude was conveyed to Churchill he exploded that this suspicious attitude implied doubt of the motives of the President of the United States and he would not stand for it. So far as he was concerned, Roosevelt's gesture was a friendly and a generous one. But Wavell never was given a chance to exercise this command.

The situation had gone to pieces before any forces could be assembled let alone deployed.

The records of the Arcadia Conference are too voluminous to be reproduced here but part of the minutes of one meeting held on January 12th gives an idea of the complexity of the problems. After a general discussion of plans to invade North Africa, General Marshall explained plans for:

. . . 21,800 American troops to sail from the East Coast on January 20th, to arrive in the ABDA Area approximately February 14th. This convoy to consist of 10,000 ground troops for New Caledonia, which with the artillery brigade now in Australia would furnish approximately a division for New Caledonia. . . .

General Marshall stated that a serious consideration was the fact that the proposed ABDA convoy would result in a 30 per cent reduction of Lend-Lease to Russia for a period of four months, and would also reduce the Lend-Lease matériel going to Basra. (This was due to transfer of shipping to the South Pacific convoy.)

The President stated that the plan sounded good. . . .

Mr. Churchill observed that the plan as prepared would result in some confusion, that a fact to be given consideration was the delay of shipments to Russia; that the Russians would undoubtedly be disappointed.

He asked if the plan had been the subject of joint discussion between the Chiefs of Staff.

General Marshall stated that it had. The President asked, if the occupation of New Caledonia was eliminated, could we carry out our Russian promises?

General Marshall stated that he could not be sure, but if anything was to be pared, the New Caledonia portion should be the first reduction.

Mr. Hopkins observed that 30 per cent of the shipping to Russia involves only seven ships, and that we should be able to find seven ships, even if it involved stopping the shipment of some reserve materials to England; that with the 1,200 merchant ships we have available, locating seven should not be too difficult.

Admiral Stark stated that the primary question was which was of the greater importance—the 30 per cent reduction of Lend-Lease to Russia or immediate reinforcements for the Far East.

Mr. Churchill observed that the fighting in the Far East and the fighting the Russians are doing should take priority over other things.

The President stated that he liked General Marshall's program (for invasion of North Africa) if only some means could be found to take care of the Russians. . . .

Mr. Hopkins suggested that the President and the Prime Minister take the responsibility of getting Lend-Lease material to Russia, and not hold up General Marshall's plan on this account.

The President asked Mr. Hopkins if he could get enough ships to take care of the Russians.

Mr. Hopkins stated that if the President would get Admiral Land and Sir Arthur Salter in and tell them the situation, he was sure it could be done. . . .

The President then stated, we approve General Marshall's plan. We will make Beaverbrook and Hopkins find ships and will work on Super-Gymnast (North Africa) at the earliest possible date.

From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: Hopkins wrote: "This war can't be won with men who won't take great and bold risks, and Roosevelt has got a hatful of them in the Army and Navy that will have to be liquidated."

The seven ships that Hopkins argued should be kept on the supply routes to Russia seem like a negligible quantity in a war of such dimensions; yet, when this meeting was held, for all anyone could tell, those seven ships and their cargoes might mean the difference to the Soviet Union between continuing the war or making a separate peace.

On December 28th, Churchill sent a cable to the Lord Privy Seal containing the following paragraph:

It is intended that General Wavell should have a staff in the sort of proportion as Foch's High Control staff was to the great staffs of the British and French armies in France. He would receive his orders from an appropriate joint body, who will be responsible to me as Minister of Defense and to the President of the United States, who is also commander in chief of all United States forces.

The Lord Privy Seal, on behalf of the War Cabinet, replied, saying, "Since you and your advisers in Washington are convinced that scheme is a war winner, the Cabinet thought it right to accept scheme in principle . . . the point which has given us most difficulty is composition of joint body referred to . . ."

Two Sides to a Controversy

On December 29th, the Chiefs of Staff drew up an outline of the system of command. This was sent to the White House in the evening, and Roosevelt and Hopkins worked over it. The Chiefs of Staff had recommended "that no special body should be set up for this purpose because it would tend to clog the machine" and that "existing machinery should be used."

Roosevelt's revision of this was drastic. The same passages as he rendered them proposed "that a special body be set up for this purpose in Washington."

The following day, December 30th, Hopkins noted:

The suggestion of an "appropriate joint body" has kicked up a hell of a row.

As a matter of fact I suggested the words to the Prime Minister when I found he was getting all set to issue all the directions himself. It seemed to me so essential to get the unity of command through in the southwest Pacific that rather than try to define what the "appropriate body" would be, I urged both the Prime Minister and the President to send it along and decide the make-up of the "appropriate joint body" later.

It now develops that everybody and his grandmother want to be on the joint body and it now looks as if it would end by having the joint British and American staffs assist the President. At any rate they will run it.

The "appropriate joint body" was the organization which became known as the

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Combined Chiefs of Staff and the reference to "everybody and his grandmother" reflected the desire of other Allied nations to be represented on it—and not merely "for consultation and advisory purposes."

When the Combined Chiefs of Staff had been agreed on, it was logical to proceed to the establishment of combined boards for all war activities: Munitions Assignment, Shipping Adjustment, Raw Materials, Food, Production and Resources. The first of these was by all odds the most important, and the only individual upon whom all elements could agree as bearer of final responsible authority was Harry Hopkins.

There were long arguments over Munitions Assignment, for it was obvious that decisions affecting the distribution of supplies as between one ally and another, or one neutral and another, might assume considerable diplomatic significance. This was one of the few subjects on which a division appeared on nationalistic lines as between British and Americans, and it was never closed. For a time it seemed as if no agreement could be reached and the final resolution reached by Roosevelt was accepted by the British only on a temporary, trial basis.

Lieutenant General G. N. Macready, Assistant Chief of the British Imperial General Staff, had proposed a system of suballocation whereby the world would be divided in effect into two spheres of influence, with the U.S. and Britain "each caring for the needs of the Allies for whom it has accepted responsibility." This proposal, which was strongly backed by the British Chiefs of Staff, was not well received by the Americans, including Hopkins. It would mean that all allocation of American-produced matériel for Europe, Africa, and the Middle East would be directed from London.

When it was presented at the Combined Chiefs meeting on the next to last day of the conference, the Americans struck it out; they stated that this was a matter for decision on the highest level. Shortly before the final formal session of the Arcadia Conference in the White House, the President read to General Marshall the statement which he and presumably Churchill and Lord Beaverbrook had prepared concerning the make-up of the Munitions Assignment Board.

The board was to be divided into two coequal parts, one in Washington, headed by Hopkins, and the other in London, headed by Beaverbrook. Hopkins and Beaverbrook were to report directly to the President and the Prime Minister and thus be on a level with and independent of the Combined Chiefs of Staff. Marshall insisted that the MAB must be under the authority of the Combined Chiefs of Staff.

Marshall felt so strongly on this subject that he informed the President that unless the conditions as he stated them were accepted he could not continue to assume the responsibilities of Chief of Staff. He advanced the unanswerable argument that neither he nor any other Chief of Staff could plan military operations and carry them through if some other authority, over which he had no control, could refuse to allocate the matériel required for such operations.

When Marshall completed the brief but vigorous and clear statement of his views, Roosevelt turned to Hopkins and asked for his opinion. Marshall assumed that Hopkins had participated in the arrangement as Roosevelt had stated it and would therefore oppose him, but, to his surprise, Hopkins supported him vociferously, even stating that if the organization were not established as Marshall said it should be, he could not assume any responsibility for or in it, either.

Pride Bows to Expediency

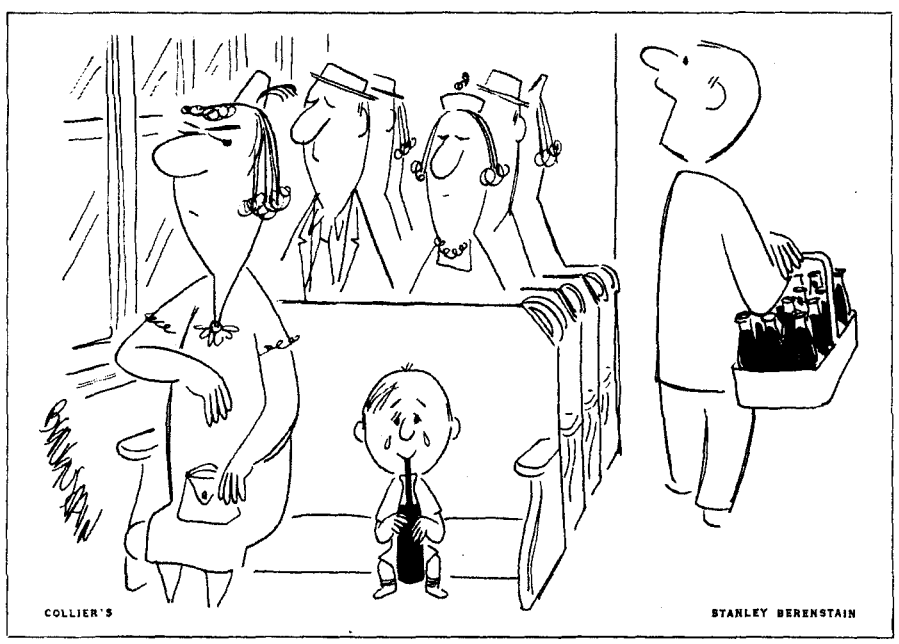
At this point Churchill, Beaverbrook, Stimson, Knox and the staffs arrived for the meeting, in the course of which Marshall again stated his positive opinions and Hopkins again supported them with vehemence. The formal records of this session give little indication of the tension and even embarrassment that prevailed; the historian must read a great deal between the lines to appreciate the fact that herein was the serving of notice on such proud men as Churchill and Beaverbrook that Roosevelt was the boss and Washington the headquarters of the joint war effort.

Hopkins became the head of the Munitions Assignment Board, but he himself at this meeting described the M.A.B. as a "subcommittee" of the Combined Chiefs of Staff who, if they "do not like the subcommittee's recommendations, can alter them or throw them out."

Both Churchill and Beaverbrook argued the point, but Roosevelt made it clear that he supported Marshall and Hopkins.

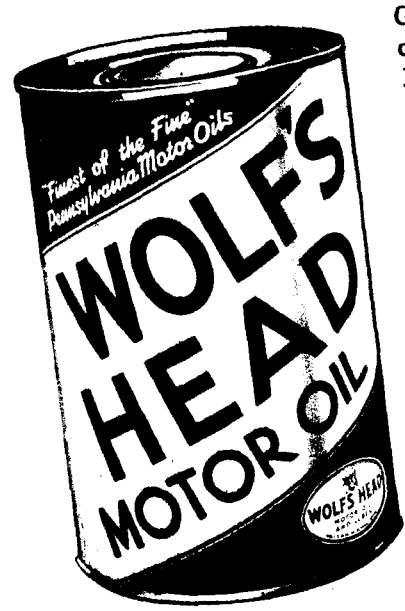
The war production goals announced in part by Roosevelt in his message to Congress early in 1942 were so astronomic that they were greeted with derision and, in some cases, despair by military and civilian authorities alike.

Some officers in the War Department were passing the remark, "The President has gone in for the 'numbers racket'!" Others could see nothing humorous in these impossible figures; believing that the goals could not possibly be realized, they foresaw grave criticism and probable injury to public morale when the failures became evident. Hopkins was freely blamed for deluding Roosevelt into propagating this dangerous fantasy. It was assumed that Hopkins, a notori-



CRASH!..
..due to poor lubrication
Connecting rod bearing seizes, throws a rod
WARNING!
GOOD LUBRICATION VITAL TO SAFETY
CRASH!..
due to poor lubrication
Front wheel bearing seizes, breaks, and locks one wheel
CRASH!..
due to poor lubrication
Differential locks up tight, slides rear wheels

Heed this warning NOW . . . it may be too late on the highway. *Poor lubrication is the direct cause of mechanical failure. Mechanical failure may result in . . . crash! . . . and only too often tragedy.* The story is familiar to safety officials.



Good lubrication . . . especially the unexcelled lubrication of Wolf's Head Oil and Lubes . . . is an obligation you owe to yourself and the rest of the driving public. The difference in cost is so slight, it is false economy and unwise to use anything less than the best.

The refining process of Wolf's Head . . . a superior refinement of only the finest 100% Pennsylvania crude has been carried *three steps further* than that of ordinary oils. Wolf's Head gives you complete and economical protection against unnecessary wear . . . provides you with greater driving safety. Wolf's Head Oil Refining Co., Inc., Oil City, Pa., New York 17, N. Y.

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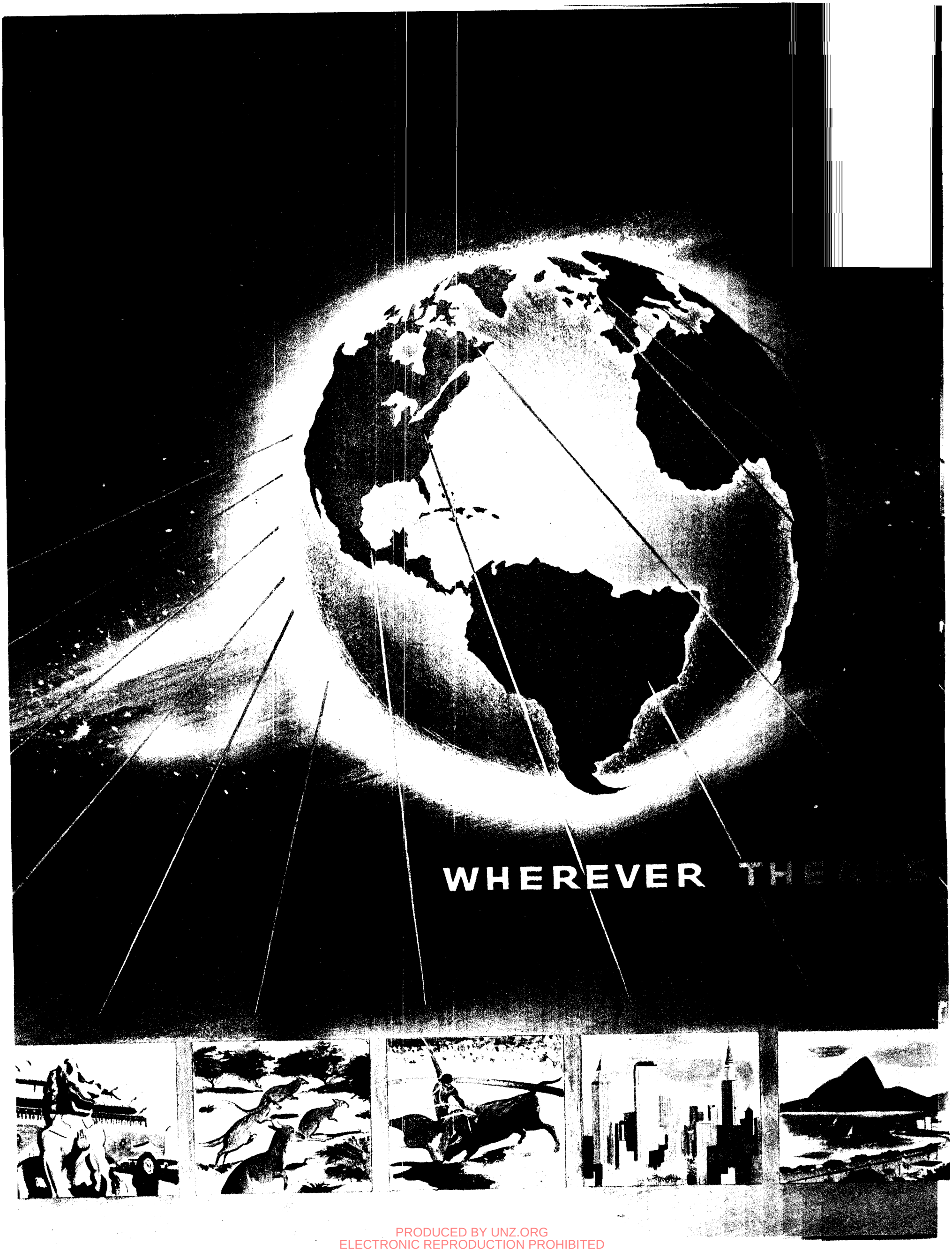

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For the "bookkeeping" of business is a vast operation. Sales, wages, purchases must be recorded and accounted for, income and outgo checked and balanced, every transaction figured to provide a record of today—and a guide for tomorrow.

In every part of the world, Burroughs business machines help accomplish this highly important function. Business turns to Burroughs because Burroughs machines are fast and dependable; because the Burroughs line is broad and flexible, meeting every figuring, accounting and statistical need; because Burroughs experience assures the most effective application of machines to meet requirements; and because Burroughs service maintains Burroughs machines at peak operating condition.

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ously free spender, had been misled by Beaverbrook and the reckless New Dealers.

However, Hopkins was no Svengali, and Roosevelt was in no trance when he proclaimed the Victory Program of production. It was in Roosevelt's nature to believe that the surest way to capture the imagination of the American people was to give them the greatest possible challenge. The total cost in money bothered him not at all; he always believed that it was far better to squander the taxpayers' money than to squander the taxpayers.

As a matter of fact Roosevelt arbitrarily revised some of the figures upward on the eve of his speech to Congress. When Hopkins questioned him on this, Roosevelt said, "Oh—they can do it if they *really* try."

Two sets of figures tell the story of the raising of the sights:

Pre-Pearl Harbor Estimates for 1942		Post-Pearl Harbor 1942
Operational Aircraft	*28,600*	*45,000*
Tanks	20,400	45,000
Antiaircraft guns	6,300	20,000
Merchant ships (deadweight tons)	6,000,000	8,000,000
Antitank guns	7,000	14,900
Ground and tank machine guns	168,000	500,000
Airplane bombs (long tons)	84,000	720,000

When Churchill, who was in Washington, saw those final figures, he transmitted them to London in an exultant cable. He informed the War Cabinet that Beaverbrook had been "magnificent" and Hopkins a "godsend."

Notes on the Start of WPB

Roosevelt also announced at this time the formation of the War Production Board and the appointment of Donald Nelson as its chairman. This was described by Hopkins in notes, written January 14, 1942:

It was necessary to ask Henry Wallace to resign as Chairman of Supply Priorities and Allocations Board because the President had made up his mind to change the name of SPAB to the War Production Board and, hence, Wallace had to be seen prior to the announcement. The President decided to talk to none of the other interested parties.

The amusing part of the whole business was that everybody was a candidate. Wallace, I am sure, hoped the President would ask him. A great many of my friends were pushing Bill Douglas. Henry Morgenthau wanted it worse than anything in the world. So did Jesse Jones and, of course, Knudsen.

The hullabaloo in the press was in reality an attack on the President. The President's enemies wanted him really to give up being President and let somebody else exercise the power to which the people had elected him. . . . The Army and Navy have been shortsighted and Congress has never seen the need of all-out production.

Two days later, Hopkins added this:

In my conversation with Don Nelson immediately prior to his appointment (January 13th) and, indeed, over a period of weeks when it became clear that Knudsen was not the man to run production during the war . . . it had occurred to me that the way to handle Knudsen, who had great standing with the American people and, indeed, great abilities, was to put him in the Army.

I felt the President was not in his best form in dealing with Knudsen, although he was very kind and generous in his comments to Knudsen.

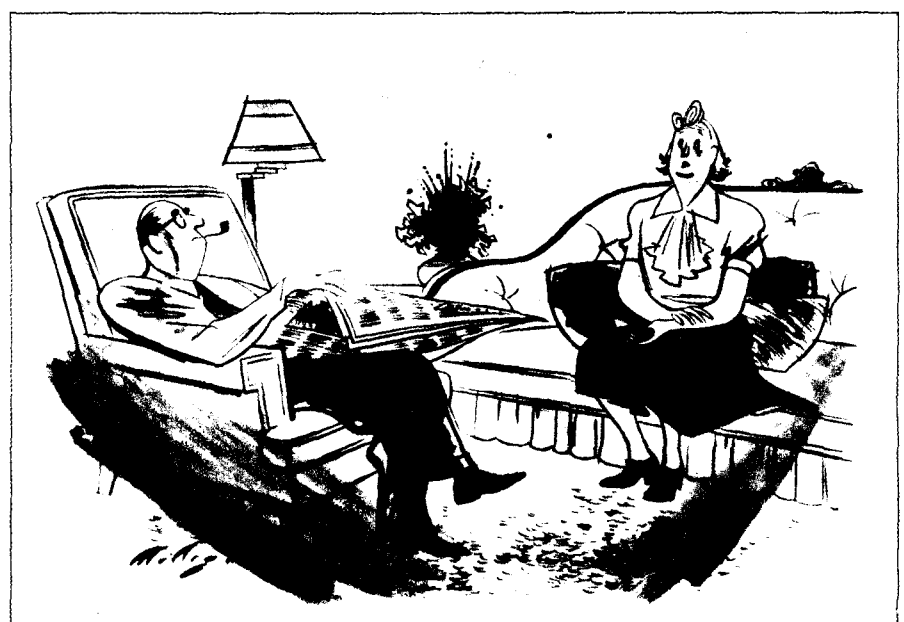
It had been arranged that the President would offer him a job either as an officer or as a civilian. Knudsen said he thought he could work more effectively as an officer. There was a good deal of banter about Knudsen in a uniform but the luncheon ended with Knudsen saying he would do anything that the President wanted and accepting the appointment as lieutenant general in the Army, in charge of production, to work under Patterson.

When Churchill left the White House to return home on January 14, 1942, he knew that he must face some hostile criticism in Parliament for having stayed away so long at a time when the British Empire seemed to be falling to pieces in the Far East. Roosevelt and Hopkins drove with him to the train to see him off. Hopkins sent a letter to Mrs. Churchill, saying:

You would have been quite proud of your husband on this trip. First because he was ever so good natured. I didn't see him take anybody's head off and he eats and drinks with his customary vigor, and still dislikes the same people. If he had half as good a time here as the President did having him about the White House he surely will carry pleasant memories of the past three weeks.

The day after Churchill's departure, Hopkins went into the Naval Hospital for a period of rest and rigorous treatment to restore some semblance of vitality to his frail frame. His supply of strength was strictly limited, and there were no reserves behind it, and when that was exhausted he appeared to be a dying man.

(Next Week: We prepare for a second front.)



"Davey doesn't seem like the same little boy since he was in the war and finished college and got married and had two children"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

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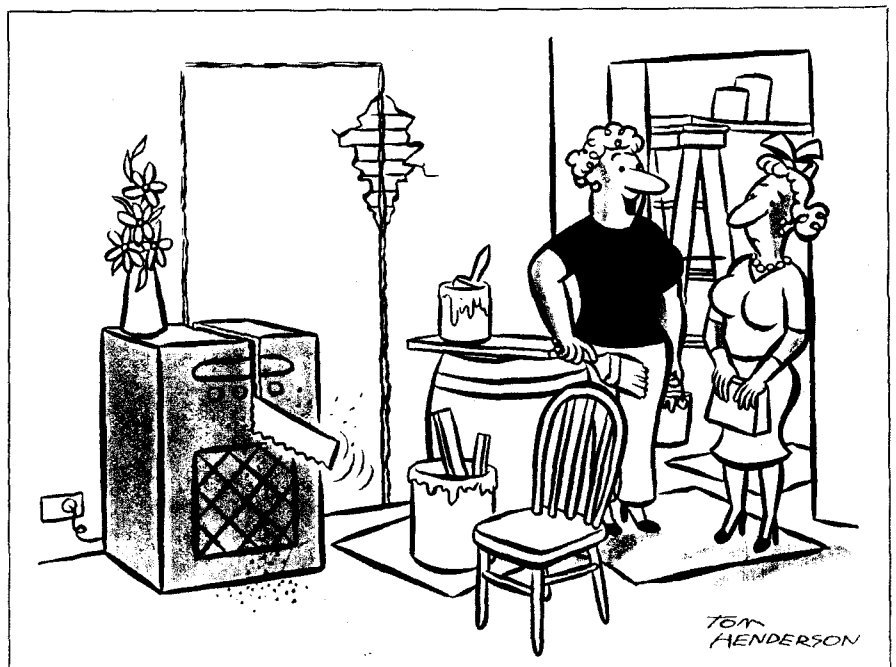

"So, rather than pay the high prices carpenters are asking, we decided to remodel the house ourselves"

COLLIER'S TOM HENDERSON

BARRY GO BRAGH!

Continued from page 23

I could hardly understand him." On the other hand, he knows he lays it on for the screen. When a producer told him his next role had been carefully written in Irish dialect, he said, "You could have written it in Scandinavian, and it would still come out Irish."

He is an extremely quiet, dignified, humble man at the studio. Everyone, even his bosses, calls him Mr. Fitzgerald. Only Crosby calls him Pop.

Barry Fitzgerald's actual circle of friends is limited. In the house, besides Dorothy, his part-time blond secretary whom he's employed for three years, and the colored maid who comes in to clean house twice a week, there's only Gus Tallon. Paramount originally hired Gus to serve as Barry's stand-in. Eventually Gus moved in with Barry, and today, in return for room and board, serves up bacon and eggs for breakfast and watches over Beau Barry's wardrobe of seven old caps, two suits, eleven pairs of overalls, three pairs of pajamas (loud), one brown- and red-checked topcoat (which looks like the last blanket off Seabiscuit's back).

It was after Gus had been with him several months that Barry learned his mate was an Iroquois. Barry was shaken. As he told a friend, "I had read they were a bloodthirsty people given to all forms and kinds of torture." When it became evident that Gus would not even tomahawk a fly, Barry relaxed.

Brothers Can't Act in Same Film

Barry is closest to his actor-brother, Arthur Shields, who calls him Will and whom he calls Boss. Barry dines almost every evening with his brother, his brother's wife, an Irish actress named Una, and their two children aged seventeen and two. Barry once appeared in a picture with his brother. It was called Easy Come, Easy Go. It was their first and last movie together. Their last because their voices are almost identical. When Barry phones his brother's wife, she invariably thinks it is her husband. Now brother Arthur works alone.

Last year, Barry persuaded his older sister, sixty-five-year-old Biddie Mortished, to leave Ireland for the first time and fly to Los Angeles. Biddie, who looks like Barry with curls, proved to be quite a character. When a friend asked Barry how his sister took to his stardom, Barry shook his head. "As you well know, a prophet is never honored in his own family. She thinks it was all a mistake, leaving my pension."

One afternoon Barry had an engagement at Gregory Peck's house, and he asked his sister if she would like to accompany him to Peck's. She said she certainly would. Barry and Gregory Peck talked for an hour, while the old girl sat munching crackers and occasionally smiling at Peck. When it was time to go, she turned to Peck. "You know, young man," she said, "I've seen you somewhere before."

Gregory Peck is one of Barry's few movie friends. Two others are Pat O'Brien and Alexander Knox. Barry never associates with Bing Crosby outside the studio. But he has great admiration for the groaner. "Crosby is really a unique person," Barry says. "He has a freak sense of co-ordination. I watched him one day on the set, hitting a baseball. Extraordinary control. I think it accounts for his ability to ad-lib."

Outside of Hollywood, Barry's best friend is John O'Leary, nicknamed Sir John. O'Leary is one of the rich men in Dublin, with money in British magazines, the Shannon Airport, sewing machines, penicillin. When Barry was last in Ireland he lived on O'Leary's yacht. However, since O'Leary is in Hollywood only infrequently, Barry will often have his next-door neighbor, a retired banker named Kelly, in for a quick snort. Or he will have a spontaneous stag. At the last one several weeks ago, Pat O'Brien brought over Jack Dempsey, Lawson Little, Gene Fowler and Grantland Rice. "It was enriching," Barry recalls. "Dempsey told about the battles of his youth, grand old stories, related without vanity."

Barry Fitzgerald is a less disciplined conversationalist. Once, stretched out on the sofa after dinner, he loosened his belt, unbuttoned his trouser waist, and began telling his guests a story. So engrossed did he become with the climactic scene, that he leaped to his feet to act it out. His trousers immediately fell to his ankles. Barry didn't even notice. He finished his story standing in the middle of the room in his shorts.

About women, Barry Fitzgerald is full of praise. But he has been a bachelor for sixty years and he expects to remain one to the end. When a studio press agent approached him about dating a delicious blond starlet, just for the pub-

I'm All Burned Up— In More Ways Than One!
EVER SINCE CONNIE GOT HERE, I'VE BEEN LEFT HIGH AND DRY. EVEN BILL'S JOINED HER COLLECTION OF SAND MEN!
MAYBE BILL HAD OTHER REASONS FOR DRIFTING, SUE. IF I WERE YOU, I'D SEE MY DENTIST ABOUT—ABOUT BAD BREATH, HONEY!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
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SINCE SHE'S ON THE COLGATE TRACK SUE HAS WON SWEET WILLIAM BACK!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
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Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

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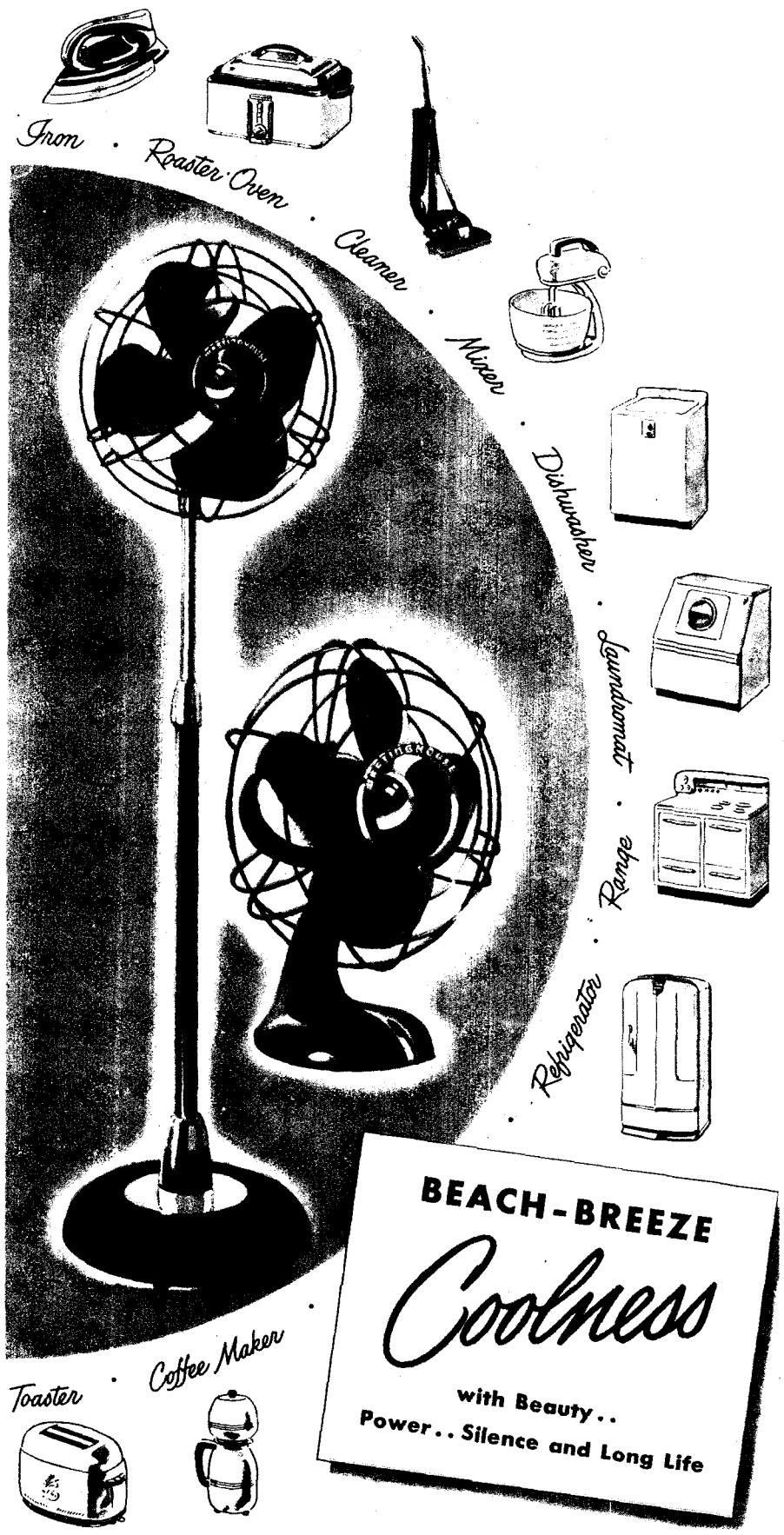

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licity, Barry almost burst a blood vessel. Undaunted, the press agent suggested Barry start escorting a character closer his own age.

"I'm not the type for such shenanigans!" Barry cried. "Go away and let me age in peace!"

This resistance was not unusual. At an earlier date, the night of the Academy Award, when even the most reluctant hermits put on their bibs and come out for air, the studio tactfully suggested to Barry that he appear with a date. It would look good in the roto sections. Barry made sounds like a wounded grebe, and said he would forfeit an Oscar rather than subject himself to female chatter and public gossip for an entire evening. Barry won.

Alibi of a Perennial Bachelor

As a matter of fact, he has nothing against the opposite sex. Asked to name his favorite glamor gal, he lighted up and replied, "Ah, my lad, they're all grand." Then why hadn't he married until now? "In Ireland there were many times I was almost wed. Every six months or so. Several times I barely got out of it. But perhaps it was that I admired the ladies so much in general that I could never settle down to one in particular. Anyway, bachelorhood was more common in Ireland than in America, and more accepted than here. Besides, there was the time element. Don't forget that until I was forty-two I was doing two men's jobs, which left little time for thinking seriously about women."

But while Barry Fitzgerald reveres bachelorhood, there is ample underground evidence that he is by no means in the same class with the 4,000 monks of the Grecian Mount Athos monastery who have not permitted a female on their premises since 1345 A.D. There is the story of Barry's recent location jaunt to Manhattan.

Instead of the bright lights, Barry happily amused himself evening after evening exchanging anecdotes and gin with two studio technicians who came up to his hotel rooms. One evening, at the last moment, Barry phoned these gentlemen and asked to be excused. "Headache," he complained. "I'm going right to sleep." Worried, the two studio technicians decided to look in on Barry anyway. Without announcement, they burst into his room, and found him with a harem of two women. Closer scrutiny proved both sirens were a half century beyond the age of consent. However, there were evidences of orgy—a decanter of celery tonic on the bureau.

Barry, his face a sunset, tried to make the introductions. "These women, these women are friends," he gurgled, "from Ireland, friends of my sister Biddie." But what astonished the two studio technicians then, and continues to amaze them to this day, was Barry's shyness, which would not allow him to say women would be up in his suite, even though the women were friends of his sister's who had surely seen Victoria's jubilee.

Beyond such pleasures, Barry Fitzgerald has three varied forms of relaxation —piano, golf and motorcycle. At the piano he was strictly chopsticks until the age of fifty-two, when he took his first lesson. He continued taking a lesson a week until he was fifty-five. Today, when he isn't working, he practices three hours daily. Recently friends surprised him at the instrument, and found him off the stool, completely over the keyboard, his eyes a half inch from the notes. After a moment, he looked up. "Just relaxing," he explained sheepishly.

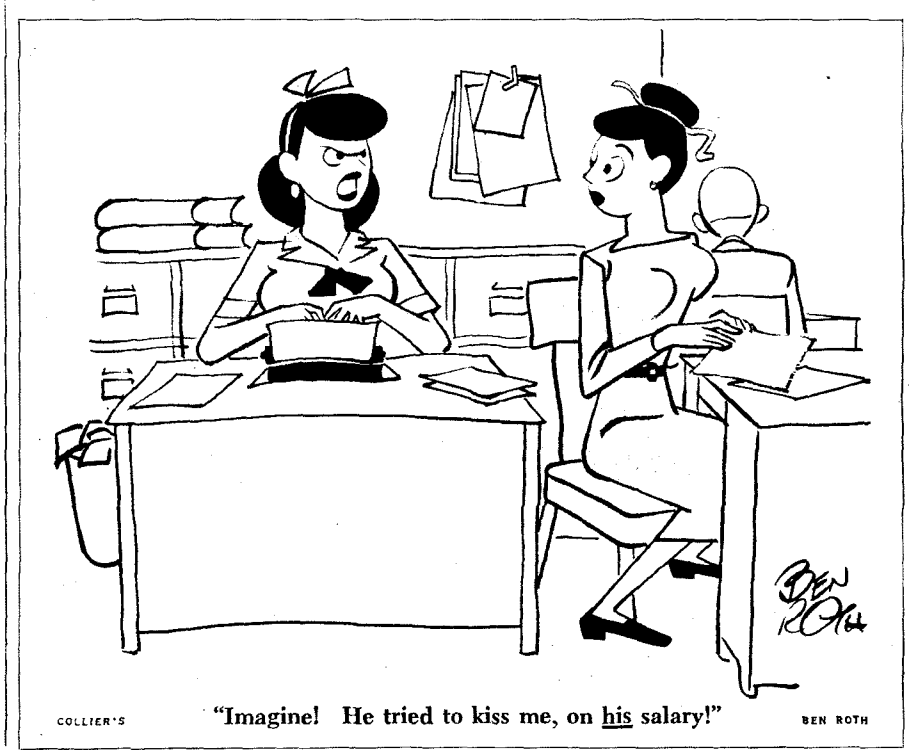
His golf is an even more serious matter. He has been playing since his youth, when he saw Ray and Vardon in action. He goes at it three times a week, not at a swank country club but at a public course. Besides himself, his foursome consists of an assistant director, a retired businessman, and Stubby Kruger, an ex-swimming great who now doubles for Johnny Weissmuller. Before matches, Barry practices putting on his living-room rug, which now has a rut down the middle. Barry shoots a grim, battling eighteen holes in 90, and is third best in his foursome.

When people ask if he has ever played golf against Bing Crosby, Barry shakes his head. "Heavens, no! He's *good*."

His other relaxation is an English-made motorcycle, which he calls a motor bike. Recently, Barry and his brother took the motorcycle apart for repairs, and when the parts were scattered, they couldn't put them together again. Barry's secretary suggested that this was a good excuse for getting rid of the infernal machine. "All right," he reluctantly agreed, "I'll sell it. Call a dealer and have him come over tomorrow." Several days later, when the secretary came to work, she found the remnants of the old motorcycle gone—and a shining new one in its place.

When Hollywood big shots bother him to appear at functions, to grab publicity, to let himself be seen, he likes to retreat deeper into his sofa with a book and a mixed gin drink. The phone rings and rings, and Barry Fitzgerald is the star who doesn't answer it. "Why can't they leave an old man alone?" he asks, taking one more gulp of the good stuff.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Imagine! He tried to kiss me, on his salary!" BEN ROTH

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WASHINGTON
★ ★ ★ ★ PARTY LINE ★ ★ ★ ★

TWO sure bets on what will happen at the approaching Democratic convention: (1) President Truman will not get a majority of the 1,234 votes on the first ballot, and (2) if, in the end, he is nominated, it will not be by acclamation.

WHILE Democratic chiefs carefully don't talk about the matter out loud, their anguish over the bleak state of party finances is second only to that on party unity. The Democratic treasury is at its lowest ebb since the defeat of the late Al Smith in 1928. Until recently, the National Committee was without a full-time treasurer for more than a year, and for months its expenses have exceeded income.

Worse, the prospects are very dim for the kind of sizable contributions necessary for the forthcoming national campaign. Truman, simply, has not attracted that kind of money—particularly from New York, California and Texas, the principal fund producers under Roosevelt.

Behind the scenes, this hard-boiled reality is one of the toughest factors the President has had to buck in lining up local leaders. Aside from any other grievances they may hold against him, the politicos have been bluntly asking where the money is coming from to electioneer under his banner.

THE convention will mark the passing of two local party chiefs who have long played stellar roles in national Democratic affairs. They are Edward J. Kelly, ex-mayor of Chicago and Illinois National Committeeman, and Edward J. Flynn, Bronx boss and New York National Committeeman. Both will disappear from the National Committee; Flynn voluntarily, and Kelly by defeat. Unlike Flynn, the former Cook County boss wants to retain his committeeship, but probably hasn't the votes to win.

ON HIS recent sixty-fourth birthday, the President received a gift containing the following card, written by Major General Harry H. Vaughan, bulky White House military aide, "From your stupid but very loyal staff."

UNLIKE his three immediate predecessors, Coolidge, Hoover and Roosevelt, who rarely dined out, President Truman does a lot of it. He is particularly fond of intimate dinner parties . . . General Eisenhower's chief relaxation is bridge. He is an ardent devotee of the game and an expert player . . . Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas has a complete collection of original autographs of every President of the United States . . . Wyoming's Senator Joe O'Mahoney, leading Democratic Vice-Presidential possibility, and his wife once were newspaper reporters. O'Mahoney is rated as the leading authority on antitrust laws in Congress . . . Southern liberals are booming Georgia's former Governor Ellis Arnall for second place on a Truman ticket. Another eager Southern aspirant is dapper Senator Claude Pepper of Florida . . . As a result of the Southern revolt, this year's Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner netted the Democratic National Committee only $300,000 as compared to $750,000 in previous years.

C.I.O. strategists are quietly making some significant changes in Operation Dixie, their big Southern organizing campaign. Results of the first two years of the drive were only fair. Van A. Bittner, director of the campaign, claims 400.000 new members in 13 states, but admits this is far below expectations. As a result, plans are being revamped. Efforts will be more concentrated, tougher. Chief target will be the textile industry. So far, only about 20 per cent of Southern textile workers are unionized.

INTELLIGENCE reports from behind the Iron Curtain reveal a new squeeze is being put on Russian farmers. They have already had two jolts. The first was the drastic currency devaluation, which descended hardest on the growers. The second was the outlawing of homemade vodka. The latest squeeze is on livestock. Farmers are being required to give up a proportion of their cattle.

Reason for the levy is that while livestock on state and collective farms dropped off considerably last year, the number of privately owned cattle increased more than 20 per cent. To the Kremlin, that sort of enterprise called for a confiscatory crack-down.

FORMER Governor Coke Stevenson has the inside track in Texas' hot July 24th primary for the seat of ebullient Senator "Pappy" O'Daniel. But while leading, Stevenson may have to go through a runoff to nail down his claim. With other strong candidates in the race, an outright majority may be unobtainable in the primary. One significant aspect of the campaign is that none of the aspirants are running as Truman Democrats. All are carefully avoiding any mention of the President.

PROFOUND observation by Representative Max Schwabe of Missouri during a committee hearing on a bill to extend Social Security benefits: "Every man should try to stand on his own bottom."

SOME things *are* different on Capitol Hill. Time was when lower Pennsylvania Avenue was lined with saloons, and the flowing cup was the accepted adjunct of members of Congress. But no more. The day before Congress adjourned, a clerk dashed out of a meeting of the Senate Appropriations Committee and, rushing up to a guard, demanded, "Where can I get some candy, quick? One of my senators wants some gumdrops, and another a chocolate bar."

OUR Secretary of State George Marshall usually lunches at his desk on an apple and a bottle of milk . . . Odd capital hobbies: U.S. Solicitor General Philip Perlman (Baltimore) raises goldfish; and Representative Frank W. Boykin rescues dogs from the D. C. pound. The Alabaman has found homes for over 100 pooches . . . Washington now has 74 foreign diplomatic missions, the highest number in the history of the U.S. . . . Mrs. Parker West, capital social leader, is claimant of a unique distinction. She has entertained every Army Chief of Staff since World War I. . . . Ben Cohen, famed New Deal brain truster and counselor of the State Department under former Secretary James Byrnes, is assisting in the drafting of the constitution for the new Jewish State of Israel . . . The Army and Navy are giving Russian language courses to 200 handpicked young officers . . . Mrs. Clark W. Thompson, wife of Galveston's (Texas) congressman, has set a new record for social calls. Since January, 1947, she has made over 1,400 such visits. . . .

ROBERT S. ALLEN

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Absorbine Jr.

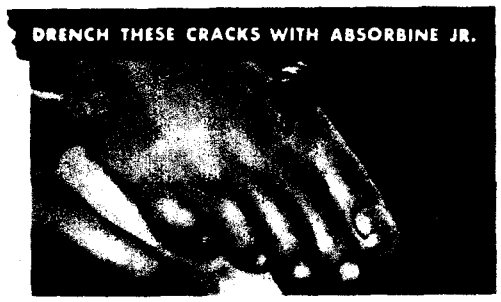
• To kill laboratory cultures of the organisms which cause painful Athlete's Foot is one thing. But to kill them on the *living tissues* of human feet is far more difficult. Because in some cases the organisms burrow so deeply under the skin that medication doesn't *reach* them!

When famous Absorbine Jr. was tested—under strictest clinical control!—3 out of 4 sufferers tested got relief from the painful symptoms of this stubborn skin condition!

Also, in addition to *killing the Athlete's Foot organisms that it contacts*, Absorbine Jr. benefits you 4 *other* important ways:

1. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot organisms thrive. 2. It dries the skin between the toes, discouraging recurrent attacks of Athlete's Foot. 3. It relieves Athlete's Foot itching and pain. 4. It helps heal broken tissue.

Examine the skin between your toes tonight! Is it cracked, raw? These signs often mean that your feet have been infected with the organisms that cause Athlete's Foot. Get busy!



Pour it on, full strength, night and morning. Guard against reinfection. Boil socks at least 15 minutes. Don't share towels or bath mats. In abnormally severe cases, consult your doctor. Get Absorbine Jr. at all drugstores, $1.25.

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Play Safe! Daily Hygiene!

Help ward off Athlete's Foot by applying Absorbine Jr. to your feet every day! It's also wonderfully cooling and refreshing after bathing.

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"AROUND THE SWIMMING POOL," by John Gannam. Number 18 in the series "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

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MR. SPOFFORD ISN'T IN

Continued from page 13

Morgan resigned and came home. Ten months later found him sitting in the green-and-gold office on the Sunset Strip in Hollywood, California. He was still writing sensational stuff, and still suffering from his old malady of the disappearing buck.

He was sole owner and perpetrator of a magazine called Today. He had acquired something of a name locally as an aggressive young publisher and man about town, and his week ends were usually spent at Toyen Bay. But he had developed a curious custom of leaping slightly whenever his office door opened. This with his blond crew haircut and tortured expression gave him the look of someone plunging downward rapidly in a roller coaster. He was on first-name terms with several collectors, with whom he matched coins several times a week, and who liked him so much they could not bear to dun him.

IN a peculiar way, the phone call from the redhead gave him a sense of fate closing in.

He decided to act. For the next hour or so, between spasms of hitting his typewriter, he paused to pick up the phone and dial a number.

On the fourth try he got through to his man, the president of a bank controlling a billion in assets.

"Mr. Abernathy? This is Morgan Anders," Morgan said. "Do you remember me? Toyen Bay, two weeks ago. The Knox boat—"

"Certainly I remember," Mr. Abernathy came back cordially. "Are you engaged to Madge yet?"

"Not exactly engaged—"

"It won't be long," Mr. Abernathy said. "She's decided on you. She comes of a very determined female line. Her dear mother nearly had me roped to the finish line before I eloped with her dear sister. But what am I saying? How's that interesting little publication of yours coming on?"

Morgan took a firmer grasp on the receiver. "That's what I want to talk to you about, Mr. Abernathy."

"Drop in Thursday at one," Mr. Abernathy said finally. "You'll have to eat lunch off the desk with me."

Morgan set down the phone, feeling cheered. Sam, his photographer, came out of the back room looking worried, which was his only expression. He was small and low slung.

"Are we going to make the night-club circuit tonight, boss?" Sam asked. "We need a few glamor shots for the next issue."

"I'll tell you later."

"I don't like to leave it till too late," Sam said worriedly. "You never know when you're going to catch the wrong wife with the wrong husband, and have to do it over."

The phone rang, causing Morgan to start slightly. It was Madge's voice.

"Morgan?" she said. "Your phone's been busy for hours. Some woman?"

"Perish the thought, sugar!" Morgan said. "I have been devoting myself to ways of becoming rich enough to court you."

"Never mind that," Madge said. "Just give up that magazine so you'll be free to travel. That's all I ask."

"Honey, I hate traveling," Morgan said. "I like it here in California. I want to throw down a tap root."

"That's because you've got that magazine on your mind. Which do you want most, it or me?"

"Sugar pie," Morgan said sincerely, "you know I love you devotedly, but—"

"But nothing," Madge said firmly. "Look at yourself. You're no businessman. You weren't cut out for it. By the end of the month you'll be flat broke. But you're a very decorative man. You'll look wonderful in blue shorts and dark glasses on the beach at Monte Carlo. When do I see you?"

Morgan sighed. "I am waiting to be wooed," he said. "How about taking me to lunch at Serge's?"

"I'll pick you up in an hour. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing a lobster amadine won't cure," Morgan said gloomily.

"You must have been talking to someone who has a depressive effect on you," Madge said. "Who was that on the phone?"

"Mr. Abernathy."

"Uncle Clement? Are you kidding? What would he want with you?"

"He took a fancy to me, sugar. Does that surprise you?"

"Profoundly. Listen, that man doesn't know how to carry on a conversation without figures in it. He isn't giving you a loan, is he?"

"Honey, I'm hungry," Morgan said. "If you know the way to a man's stomach, hop into something ravishing and hustle over here."

When he set down the phone the look of distress on his face was so acute that Sam, coming from the back room, pulled up.

"All this woman trouble ain't good for your work, boss," Sam said. "You narrow it down to one, it gets you nervous."

He was interrupted by the opening of the street door. A girl came in. She had red hair. She wore a bolero dress, and tortoise-rim glasses that gave her face a high-cheeked look. She was straight, slim and queenly. Except for the glasses, an uncompromising hair-do and a decidedly unfriendly manner, she might have been gorgeous. Morgan stood up.

"Good morning, honey," he said pleasantly. "May I help you?"

"I want to see Hiram O. Spofford," the redhead stated tersely.

Morgan regarded her with a blank face. "Undoubtedly you refer to Hiram Ogden Spofford," he said, "of our circulation department."

"Undoubtedly," the redhead replied, "if that's the jerk who's been writing me charming letters instead of remitting my refund to your defunct publication."

"Not defunct, honey. It's merely—"

"Please," the redhead interrupted. "My time is valuable. I've written six letters requesting my money, and phoned several times. I've received only evasions. This is a trifling financial adjustment which should be made without the slightest difficulty. I wouldn't bother with it at all except that it annoys me to have any account, however small, out of order."

"I see your point," Morgan said. "Unfortunately, Hiram Ogden Spofford isn't in. I'm Morgan Anders. Could I have your name, honey?"

The girl seemed to take Morgan in for the first time. She saw a huge, engaging young man wearing a brown-and-white hound's-tooth jacket, lemon-colored slacks, and a green-and-gold plaid shirt open at the neck. She seemed impressed.

"Edwina Grant," Edwina Grant said. "C. P. A."

"Well, well, well," Morgan said, looking impressed also. "C. P. A., eh, Red?"

Miss Grant resisted the invitation to chattiness. "I took over my father's business administration firm when he died," she stated.

"Maybe you'd like to go over my setup here," Morgan suggested. "Honest, Red, it's a mess."

"I'm afraid not," Miss Grant replied. "We handle only large corporations on a contract basis."

"Suit yourself, Red," Morgan said. "I thought I might toss you a little business. But come to think of it, all those figures must look pretty dull to a girl."

"On the contrary," Miss Grant said. "As a child, instead of playing with dolls, I used to amuse myself analyzing my father's confidential reports on ailing corporations. I could set up a trial balance sheet before I was ten."

"I'll be darned!" Morgan said. "What did you do with your nights, Red?"

Miss Grant flushed. Her beautiful green eyes regarded him coldly. "Do you always talk to strange women this way?"

"Red," Morgan sighed. "I apologize. Frankly, I thought that getup was a blind. I still look upon it as a crime against nature. But skip it. I will meet you on your own terms. We will talk man to man. Red, how can I help you?"

"You can refund my three dollars."

"Didn't you like the magazine?"

"I liked it very much," Miss Grant said. "You write wonderfully. Your coverage and analysis of current events were brilliant. But when the magazine skipped an issue it showed itself to be an unsound business enterprise. I prefer to have nothing to do with unsound business enterprises."

"Well," Morgan said. "I'm sorry you can't see your way to helping us out here, Red. Owing to my inability to hang onto a buck I seem destined to end a bum, unless I can find some rich dame. If you were me, and had a chance to marry money, would you do it?"

"If I were you, I would jump at it."

"Thank you for your prompt and candid opinion," Morgan said. "Sit down while I write you a check."

Somewhat reluctantly Edwina Grant moved to a chair and sat down. While Morgan wrote the check she watched him with a puzzled expression. When Morgan finished writing the check he found Edwina watching him fixedly. She made no move to take it.

"There's no such person as Hiram Ogden Spofford, is there?" she said.

Morgan's face got redder than its natural sunburn. "Honey," he said, "I don't like to hog the masthead."

"You wrote those letters yourself. Why?"

"Let me make amends," Morgan said. "Let me take you to lunch."

Miss Grant studied Morgan as if he were something under glass. "I suppose you wrote that article on deep-sea fishing signed by Wilbur Pritchett Schnee," she said. "And the one on postwar Roman society by Amadeo Umberto Lunit. And the summary of Egyptian—"

"I bow my head," Morgan said.

"They were very good," Miss Grant said. She was silent a moment. "I've changed my mind," she said suddenly. "If you still want me to analyze your business problems here, I will do it."

"I don't know if I can afford you."

"Please don't worry about that," Edwina said. "I will, of course, have to delve into every angle of your business."

"Delve?" Morgan said. "Oh, by all means. In the meantime, there's nothing like a Martini and a plate of half shells to take one's mind off the sordid side."

"That would be an unnecessary load on your expense account."

"It's my own swindle sheet, honey. Who's going to complain?"

"I am," Miss Grant said.

"No," Morgan said. "I feel we can work much more closely together with food in front of us."

AS HE led the beautiful brain toward the door, it swung open. The girl who came in had dark hair, a pale skin and gray eyes. A fur jacket hung from her shoulders. She was tall and darkly beautiful. Morgan pulled up, the smile frozen on his face.

The girl seemed to draw poise from Morgan's guilty confusion. She could scarcely have missed it, or the color which surged up from his collar and suffused his stricken features.

"Did you forget our luncheon date, Morgan?"

"Surely you jest, sugar," he protested. "Red and I were merely—"

"Merely nothing," Madge said. "It's written all over you."

Morgan swallowed dryly. "Miss Grant, C. P. A.," he said. "Red, Madge Knox."

"Hello," Madge said.

"Hello," Miss Grant said. "And quit calling me Red."

"A matter of business has come up, sugar," Morgan said. "I know you will be delighted if Red—Miss Grant, I mean—joins us."

"I couldn't be more delighted," Madge said. "Under the circumstances I know you'll excuse me."

"No, no, honey," Morgan said. "I assure you—"

"Thanks," Madge said, "but I just remembered I have a previous engagement doing something I'll think of in a minute."

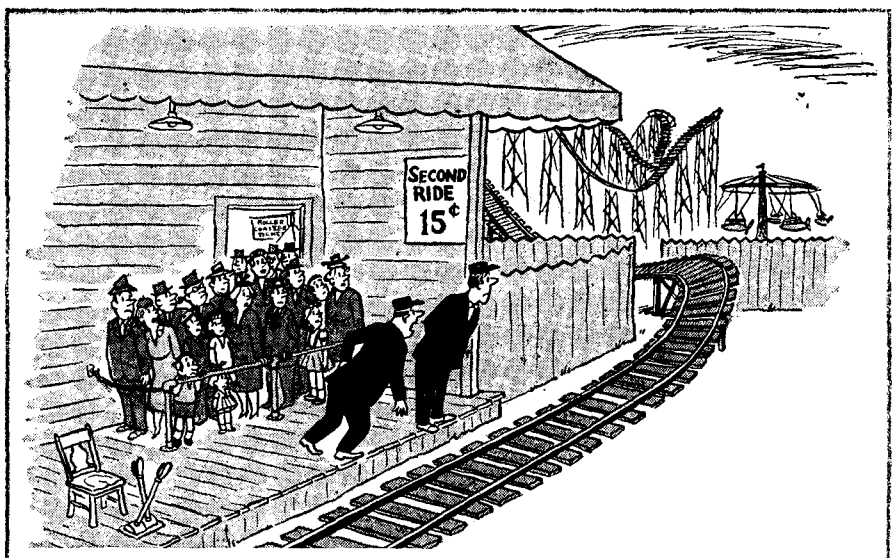
"Please don't let me interfere with your luncheon date," Miss Grant said. "Mr. Anders and I can go into his affairs some other time."

"Not at all," Madge said. "You two must run along. Give me a ring sometime, Morgan, if I haven't left for Alaska." . . .

In the expensive gloom of a restaurant on Rodeo Drive, Morgan and Miss Grant regarded each other soberly over glasses of chilled pale amber stuff.

Miss Grant looked at him across the top of her cocktail glass. "That's it, isn't it?" Miss Grant said. "The rich dame."

"Yes," Morgan said. "She's good-looking too, isn't she?"



COLLIER'S "Another five minutes, and I'll really start worrying" GEORGE RECKAS

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"And I've spoiled it," Edwina said. "Perhaps if I explained to her—"

"No," Morgan said. "You don't understand. Madge hates the magazine. And if I don't make a go of the magazine I can't ask her to marry me. She wants to travel and I want to settle down. I'm in a quandary, Red."

"That's an understatement," Edwina said.

"I've got to have a buck before I ask her to link her fate with mine," Morgan said. "Otherwise I'll be just a bum living on handouts from a rich wife."

"Perhaps she wouldn't mind."

"Well, I would," Morgan said. He stared at her with a queer, touching intensity. "Do you believe in destiny, Red?" he said. "Are you heaven-sent? Can you change the leopard's spots? In short, can you make a man of means of me?"

"I'll study the situation," Edwina said, "and give you a report, with recommendations, in due time."

"Bless you," Morgan said gratefully. "If financing is needed, I think I know where I can lay hands on some quick dough."

When they left the restaurant he tipped the waiter and the parking attendant far too much, and drove his old roadster into the street with an air of happy abandon. Edwina, frowning slightly, was pensive and silent beside him.

MORGAN parted from her in front of his office, where her car, a new black coupé, was parked. She gave him her card and promised to return on the morrow to launch her investigation.

Morgan marched jauntily into his office, sat down at his desk and phoned Madge.

"How was the lunch?" she asked in a chilly voice.

"First-rate," Morgan said. "You should have been there, sugar. Honest, the sherry sauce—"

"She's very attractive."

"Oh. Yes, she is, isn't she?" Morgan said. "I feel like celebrating tonight. How about picking me up at eight and taking me to a night club?"

"Sorry. I have a date."

"You'll never win a courtship that way, hon," Morgan said. "However, suit yourself. I'll see you around."

As he pensively set down the phone, Sam came in with a cut of a beach scene, showing a model with blowing blond hair, standing in the surf clad in a couple of wispies.

Sam laid the cut on the desk. "She's some tomato," he said.

"Yes, she is," Morgan said absently.

"The redhead," Sam said.

"Oh," Morgan said. "Yes." His joy had evaporated.

"You ought to get your mind off dames, boss," Sam said. "We ought to do the spots tonight and get them pictures."

For a minute Morgan seemed not to hear. Then he sat bolt upright, with an air of returning interest in life.

"Sam," he said, "you are right." He took a card out of his pocket, picked up the phone and dialed a number. After identifying himself to a couple of male secretaries, he was informed that Miss Grant had not yet returned.

She called him back an hour later.

"Red?" Morgan said. "Hurry home tonight, jump into something lovely, and stand by for eight bells."

"Why?"

"We cover the glamor front," Morgan said.

"Is that necessary?"

"Absolutely," Morgan said. "You wish to study every phase of my business. Getting pictures of the glitter trade is part of it."

"I'll be ready at eight," Miss Grant said.

"By the way, Red," Morgan said. "What would happen if you left your glasses at home? Would your teeth chatter?"

"No," Edwina said. "I don't need glasses. My eyes are perfect. I wear them to discourage fresh guys in business." . . .

At the appointed hour he left Sam and his camera in the car while he went to the door to pick up the business analyst. Miss Grant lived in a rather old-fashioned frame house on a lovely palm-lined street in Beverly Hills. A Swedish housekeeper opened the door and showed Morgan into an early American room with a fireplace.

Presently Miss Grant swam into his line of vision from the hall. Morgan stared, and hastily readjusted his sights. She was without glasses. She was also in a long black gown without straps. She had done something with her hair; it looked classic rather than severe.

"I should have brought you a white orchid," Morgan said.

"That would have been an unnecessary expense," Edwina said. "But thank you anyway."

Morgan summoned the waiter and ordered more drinks.

"All this is very interesting from an analytical point of view," Edwina said. "Obviously your work brings you in contact with glamorous personalities and a fascinating world of trivialities. However, this complicates your problem. To one in your situation it is the worst possible environment."

"Have you figured out why I'm always broke?" Morgan asked.

"You spend more than you've got."

"How can I overcome this, ma'am?"

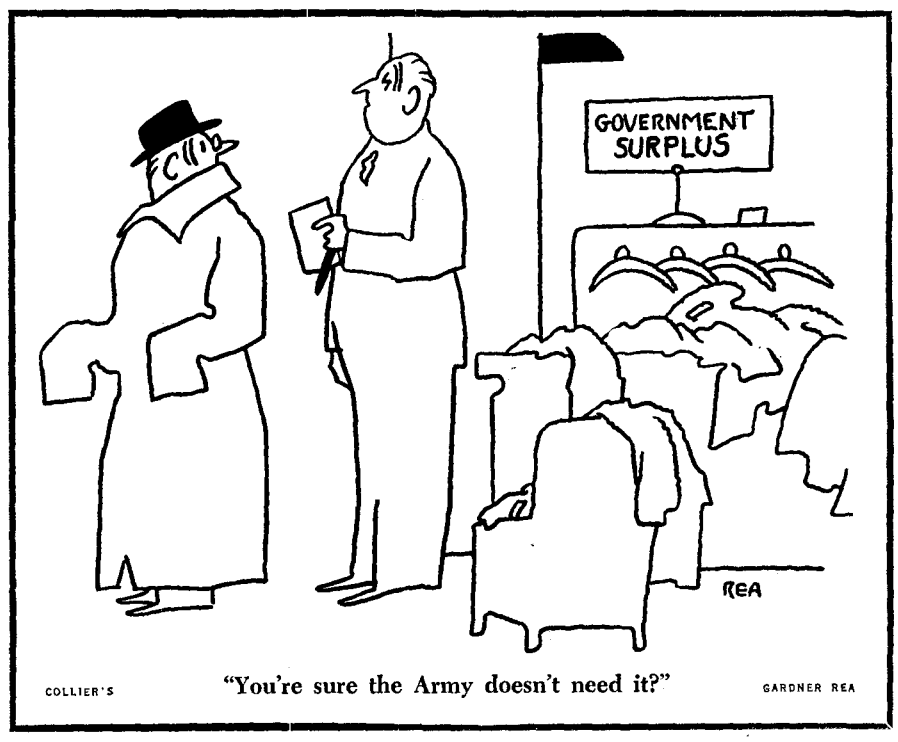
"I'll make my recommendations at the proper time," Edwina said. "Your case may not be hopeless, though it's far from encouraging."

"I'll try not to give up before I know the worst," Morgan said.

From the way in which Morgan studied Miss Grant it was obvious that her case worried him.

"Have you ever thought of the future, Red?" he asked.

"Naturally," Miss Grant said. "My future is well secured with a variety



COLLIER'S "You're sure the Army doesn't need it?" GARDNER REA

of investments and old-age annuities."

"I mean," Morgan said, "has it occurred to you that someday you may want a home, a husband, and a cluster of little C.P.A.s clinging to your skirts?"

"I'm afraid I could only love a man who is my equal in business ability," Miss Grant said. "So far I haven't found one who isn't also bald, bulging or married. Since the days when my father used to take me camping as a child, and we spent fascinating hours discussing trends, futures and peak years, mere boyish males have seemed silly."

"I see," Morgan said. "Shall we have a dance while we brood on each other's shortcomings?"

The music was soothing. Edwina's head fitted nicely beneath Morgan's chin. He closed his eyes and gave himself up to the pleasant task of steering the light-footed financial wizard around the floor. Presently he opened them, and found himself looking across her shoulder into a familiar pair of gray eyes. He stiffened slightly, and lifted his chin off Miss Grant's head.

"Hello, chick," Morgan said. "Is this the long arm of coincidence or are you following me?"

"Sure you aren't following me?"

"I'm here on business, sugar," Morgan said. "You remember Miss Grant. Won't you join us at our table?"

Madge's dark good looks were set off with a white evening gown and a few jewels, and she was with a pale boy named Theodore. Somewhat grudgingly she accompanied them to their table.

Morgan ordered drinks for everybody, and almost at once asked Madge to dance. She seemed curiously unyielding in his arms.

"Is this your idea of work?" she inquired, as soon as they were alone. "Dancing with beautiful redheaded bookkeepers?"

Morgan looked appreciatively toward the table where Edwina was sitting with Theodore. "Yes, she is, isn't she?" he said. "I wasn't absolutely sure until I saw her tonight without her cheaters. And if she's as smart as I think, sugar, in a few days you can pop the question, confident I'll make you the happiest girl on earth."

"What makes you think I want to pop the question?"

Morgan grinned innocently. "Go on, Knox, you're nuts about me."

"Aren't you a little confused? Isn't it you who hopes to marry me?"

"I'd be a chump not to," Morgan said. "You'll be a beautiful, diamond-studded ball and chain."

"You're insufferable. And anything but subtle. If you think you can make me give in about the magazine by making me jealous of that redhead, you're crazy. It will take a lot of money to keep you happy—more than she's got."

The dance ended unsatisfactorily. When they returned to their table Madge was in an irritable mood. She said rather abruptly that she was tired and wanted to go home. Morgan picked up the check.

"I'll take Red home too," he said. "I have to make sure she gets her sleep, to have a clear head for figures in the morning."

He took Edwina home in his rather air-conditioned open job, and kissed her good night outside her door. The elements had blown some of her hair loose, and her lips felt warm and surprised under his.

"I am looking forward to our further association, Red," Morgan said. "If anyone can make a substantial citizen of one who is by nature a bum, you can."

"There are some jobs too hot to handle," Edwina said unsteadily. "This may be one of them. Good night."

SHE appeared promptly at ten next morning and went directly to work. The ledgers were piled on a table at the wall. It saddened Morgan to note that her loveliness had again been dimmed behind the breastwork of the glasses, and the uncompromising hair-do was again in force. Throughout the morning he pecked away desultorily at an article in his typewriter, and Sam came out of the rear oftener than was necessary with cuts, layouts and caption suggestions. Miss Grant apparently took no notice of either of them.

"She photographs like a million, boss," Sam said. "Just look at this shot of her at the table with you. Why can't I do a cover portrait of her and—"

"Miss Grant lives by her brain," Morgan said. "I'm surprised at you, Sam. What you suggest is painfully trivial in connection with an intellect like hers."

"I'm sorry, boss. I only thought—"

"Your superficiality distresses me," Morgan said. "What is a beautiful face, after all? You must learn to look for deeper values."

"Yes, boss," Sam said worriedly, and departed.

Shortly before noon Madge appeared. She was groomed to radiant perfection. She crossed to Morgan's desk with a possessive and invincible sweep.

"You're in luck today, Morgan," she said. "I'm going to let you take me to lunch."

Morgan stood up, smiling. "Thanks, sugar. But I'm afraid Miss Grant and I—"

"Miss Grant," Edwina said, closing the ledgers and rising, "has to leave. I'm afraid I can't spare you any more time today, Mr. Anders." She opened a

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drawer and took out her purse and gloves. She looked fairly grim.

"Are you getting anywhere, Red?" Morgan said.

"I believe I am making satisfactory progress," Edwina said. "Although it may be only an optical illusion."

"Don't hoist the white flag, honey," Morgan said. "I'll see you tomorrow."

Instead of taking him to a near-by restaurant, Madge drove Morgan out Sunset Boulevard in the direction of the ocean. She kept her eyes on the road and seemed preoccupied and rather on edge.

"If we keep this up, sugar," Morgan remarked presently, "we can be in Santa Barbara by teatime. Not that I mind, but—"

Madge's foot pressed down on the accelerator. "What are you up to, Morgan?" she said, frowning a little. "To begin with, why are you having lunch with Uncle Clement on Thursday? If you think he's the man to risk a loan on a wildcat operator like you, you're mistaken."

"I'm not counting on anything," Morgan said. "Maybe I'll match him out of a few bucks after lunch."

"You'll lose. How long is that redhead going to be around your office?"

"I'm not sure. You can't hurry an expert."

"Expert, my eye!" she said viciously.

They ended up at a Santa Monica café, and had hamburgers with onions and no conversation.

From THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS next week: Roosevelt to Churchill: "This will be very disheartening to Hitler in my opinion."

The following day, Wednesday, Madge appeared again at the office and took Morgan to lunch. She seemed to have recovered her amiable mood, and looked handsome in a blue wool outfit. Morgan looked her over appreciatively.

"Are you pursuing me, Knox?"

"Brazenly."

"If you hope to take me to lunch you'll have to mend your ways," Morgan said. "I refuse to be courted exclusively in hamburger stands."

"I'll take you to The Terrace."

They were still on good terms when Madge dropped Morgan at the office at two thirty, and she kissed him goodby.

"Take a taxi tomorrow, Morgan," she said. "I'll be waiting outside Uncle's office to pick you up after lunch."

NEXT morning Morgan arrived at his place of business wearing a conservative tie, a blue shirt, and a suit which suggested a substantial citizen rather than a brass band approaching. He found Edwina at work, and her air of industry suggested that she had been there since an early hour. He ordered a taxi, and looked up to find Edwina standing in front of the window.

"I'm through with the preliminaries here," she said.

"What's the verdict, Red?"

"You have no system for collecting on due subscriptions, and no method for securing new circulation. A lot of your advertising bills are unpaid. You have no adequate means of collection, and you've been giving space on credit or word-of-mouth agreements. Your rent and printing bills are unpaid. Your bookkeeping system is in chaos. And besides, there's you."

"Me?"

"From a business standpoint you are your own worst enemy," Edwina said. "You value ideas. Money as such simply isn't important to you. Therefore you will always be broke."

"What's the answer, Red?"

"Marry money," Edwina said grimly. "The sooner the better."

Morgan's face looked troubled under his peculiar short haircut. "Look," he said. "I'm having lunch with a banker—"

"You might as well skip it," Edwina said. "If you get a loan it will make your lady friend sore. Why should you run the risk with Fort—Miss, I mean—Knox practically waiting at the altar?"

They looked at each other. "Red—" Morgan said.

A taxi drew up at the curb outside. They went on looking at each other. "Oh, go on," Edwina said. "Do you want to be late?"

AT TWO o'clock Morgan emerged from Mr. Abernathy's office. He blinked against the hot sun after the churchlike dim of the banker's paneled suite. Madge's new tan roadster waited at the curb. Morgan got in beside her, his face blank.

"I know how you feel, Morgan," Madge said, when they were rolling down Beverly Drive. "But believe me, it's best this way. I told Uncle Clement not to give you the loan. It's much better for you to go broke now. We can get married right away and be in Cannes by May. You'll love Cannes in May. Are you happy, Morgan?"

"Yes," Morgan said. "Would you mind dropping me at my office, sugar? I have to clear up a couple of things."

Madge stopped the car in front of his office and put her arms around his neck. "I'll notify the papers. Kiss me, Morgan."

"It's a public place," Morgan protested.

"Good!" Madge kissed him. . . .

He found Edwina rummaging in a drawer. Somehow he wasn't surprised. "Hello, Red," he said. "Do you believe in gambling?"

"I forgot my compact," Edwina said. "Definitely not."

"Listen," he said. "A funny thing has happened to me—"

"Me too," Edwina said, "and it isn't funny."

"I love you," Morgan said.

"Shut up," Edwina said. "Darn you! I saw your farewell to golden girl just now. You didn't get the loan, and I can hear wedding bells. There's no fool like a redheaded fool."

"I'm not going to marry her," Morgan said. "That was just—"

"That's worse," Edwina said. "You're a menace. You've done something to me, and it scares me. I don't care if I never balance another book. I'd let you bribe the headwaiter with my last five bucks. You've upset a lifetime of intelligent planning, caution and foresight. You—"

"My gosh!" Morgan said. "Listen, Red—"

"Go away," Edwina said. "You are the worst business risk I ever met in my life, but I can't forget how I felt when you kissed me. When my dad warned me against unsound business propositions that's one angle he forgot to mention."

"For gracious sakes!" Morgan said. "Listen, Red—"

"Go away," she said.

He didn't, and they didn't speak for quite a while.

"I'm not experienced in handling lady C.P.A.s," Morgan said eventually; "and I got the loan. I told Mr. Abernathy I wasn't going to marry his niece—"

"Oh," Edwina said.

"It gave us something in common. He was broke too when he decided not to marry Madge's mother. Do you think you can curb my spending without making me too unhappy?"

"No," Edwina said.

"We'll probably be terribly happy," Morgan said. "How soon can we get married? There's a little church not far from where I live that seems to be run on a good sound business basis."

THE END

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THE DAY IT ALMOST HAPPENED

BY AMY PORTER

A frightening near-accident convinces the Bates family that the time to repair a car is before it fails. Now they're completely sold on the value of preventive service

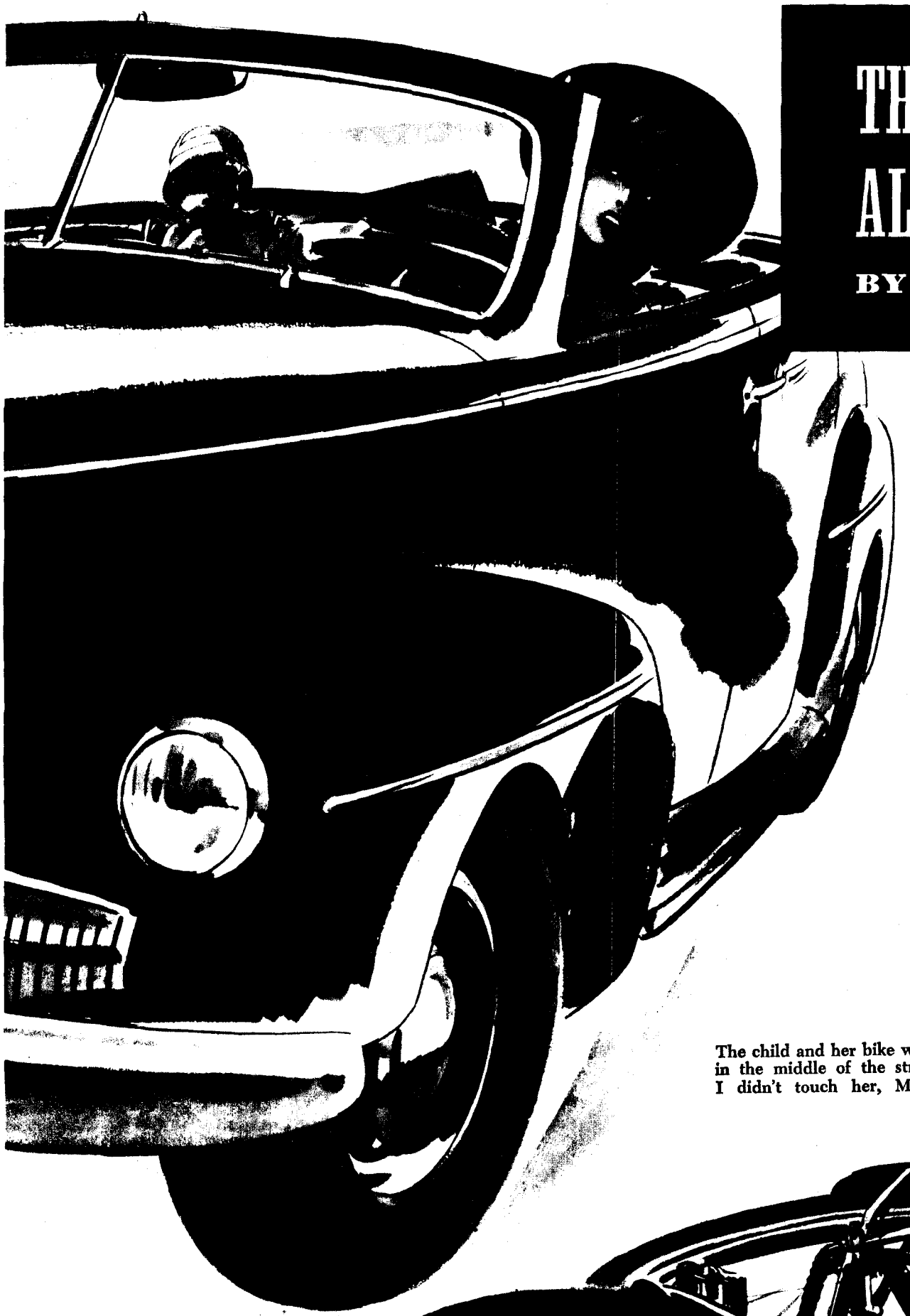
THAT day, which was to be remembered in the Bates family as The Day It Almost Happened, Mrs. Bates had been downtown all afternoon shopping.

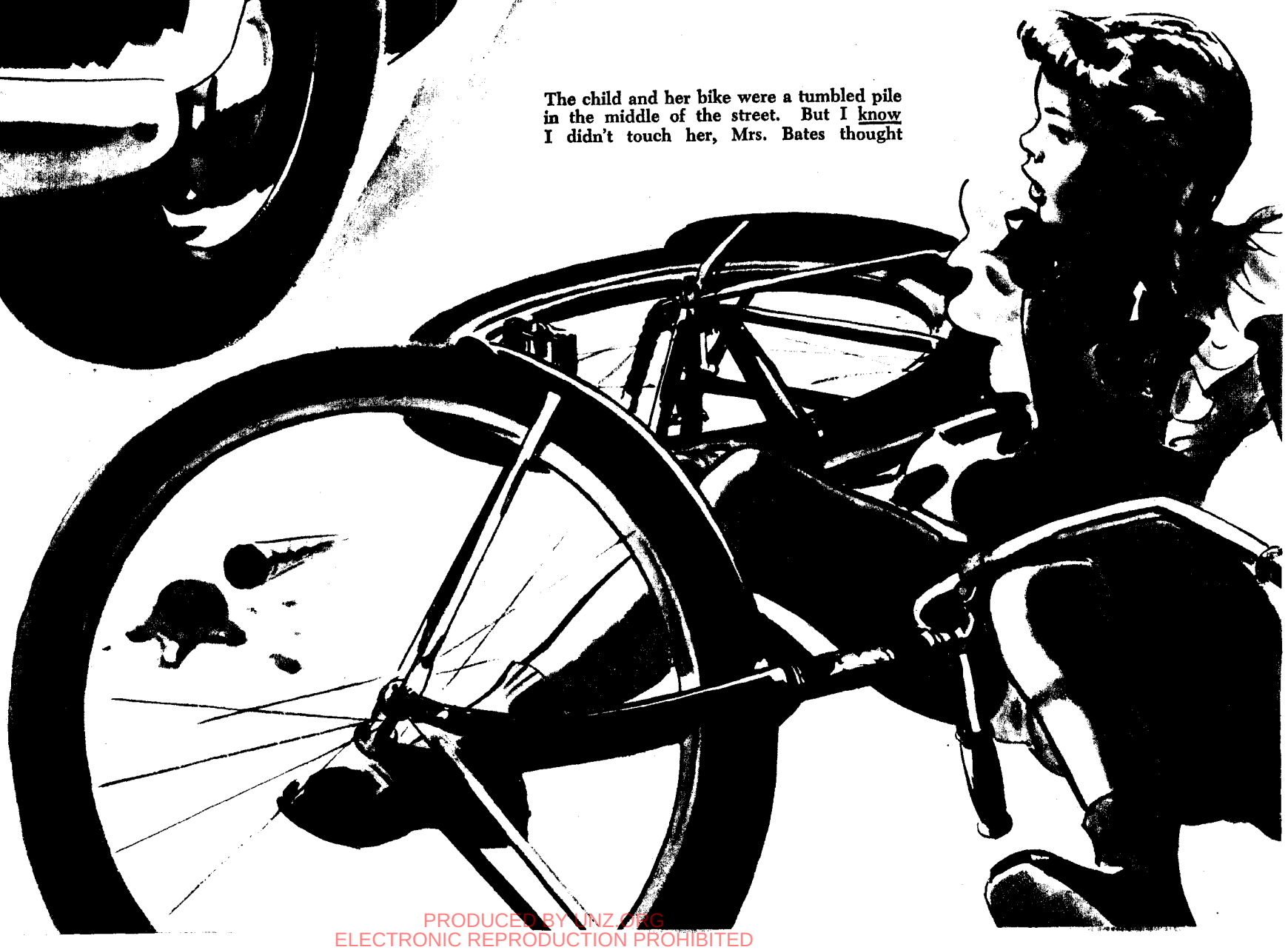
She dumped her bundles into the back seat of the car. That was everything, wasn't it? New sneakers for little Jack, the mended fishing boots for Father, two dozen cans of baby food, her own new slack suit, the restrung tennis rackets . . .

She stood at the curb for a moment, dug around in her handbag for a handkerchief and wiped her sticky face. This first summer heat wave had plenty of heat behind it. It was good to think of starting out tomorrow for the cool of the mountains and an oversized, special three-week vacation. Tomorrow morning, very early, the Bates family would be heading due north.

She slid under the wheel, said, "Hello, sugar," to the baby in the little sling chair in the front seat and headed the car for home. Tonight she wouldn't have to meet her husband's train; another commuter was giving him a ride. Her day's chores were almost done.

As she turned into the block their house was on, she slowed to about 18 miles. She always did, this being a big baby block.





The child and her bike were a tumbled pile in the middle of the street. But I know I didn't touch her, Mrs. Bates thought

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On the sidewalk to her right she could see the little Harrison girl riding her new bicycle. She's getting good at it, Mrs. Bates thought, smiling at the cocky way the child steered the bike with one hand and held an ice-cream cone in the other.

Then, all in a second, things happened. Somewhere a boy shouted, "Hey, Susie, come on over!" and the little Harrison girl yelled back, "Coming. Watch me!" and she and her bike plunged off the curb into the street, and the bike wobbled, and wobbled into the path of Mrs. Bates' car.

Mrs. Bates slammed on the brakes —but nothing happened, the brakes didn't take hold. She couldn't swerve left—there was a car coming toward her there. She swerved right, smacked into the curb with her right front wheel and came to a shuddering stop. The Harrison child and her bike were a tumbled pile in the middle of the street. But I *know* I didn't touch her, Mrs. Bates thought in frantic fear as she jumped out and ran over to her.

"Are you all right, Susan?" she said, as she helped her up. "Tell me, are you all right?"

"I lost my ice-cream cone," and Susan started to cry. And Mrs. Harrison came running out of her house, and the man driving the car on the other side of the street stopped and got out, and the Bates baby cried and a dog barked and Mrs. Bates trembled all over, and the strange man said to her, "Why didn't you use your brakes?" and she said, "I did," and he tried the brake pedal and said, "Oh, I see your brakes are no good—"

Three hours later, with dinner over and the children in bed, Mrs. Bates said to her husband, "My knees are still weak . . ."

"Oh, it wasn't that bad," Jack said. "After all, nobody was hurt."

"But you can't imagine the awful feeling: To step on the brakes and find you have no brakes."

"What do you mean, no brakes?" said Mr. Bates. "The brakes are all right if you work them right. You just have to pump the pedal a couple of times. I guess in your excitement, you forgot that."

"There wasn't *time* for pedal pumping." Mrs. Bates' voice was rising. "*You* wouldn't have had time. And what if . . ."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," said Mr. Bates. "I *said* I'd go down to Mike's in the morning and have him fix the brakes. Of course, that'll delay us a couple of hours, but we'll do it to ease your mind."

"And what if—" Mrs. Bates couldn't be stopped. "What if there'd been a car parked there? What if . . ."

An Interview with Mike

The next morning Mr. Bates was the first customer at Mike's service station. "My wife claims the brakes need fixing," he said.

"Probably," said Mike, "and so do those of half the cars now on the road. They found that out in a survey."

"Oh, they did, did they? Well, don't give me surveys, not now. Just check the brakes quick, won't you? We want to get going. Hate a late start on a trip. Ought to be in Poughkeepsie by now. Would be, if this thing hadn't happened."

"What thing?"

He told Mike about the almost accident and then was sorry he'd told him, because Mike quit poking around at the car and stood back leisurely, and lighted a cigarette and said, "Mr. Bates, you shouldn't start your trip today at all. After a bump like that, there's more than brakes that ought to be looked at."

Mr. Bates went to get a cup of coffee while Mike took a look.

Besides faulty brakes, Mike found that the front wheels were out of alignment—the direct result of Mrs. Bates' encounter with the curb. "You're sure?" said Bates. "They look all right to me."

Mike showed him what he meant with his wheel-aligning test equipment, said, "You drive with them this way and you can't steer right, and besides you wear out your front tires."

The brakes were ailing, Mike said, because a bad check valve in the master cylinder had let air get into the line where only fluid should be—hence the need for pumping the pedal. The treatment: removal and overhauling of the master cylinder of the hydraulic system.

Anything else? Mike hoped not, but wouldn't know for sure till he took off the wheels and checked the brake lining. "And I want to look at the inside of that front right tire. A bump like that lots of times breaks the cords inside, even when you can't see anything outside, and that means that pretty soon you get a flat, or maybe a blowout."

Mr. Bates groaned. How much would it cost? How long would it take? To get his answers, Mr. Bates had to wait while Mike's helper pulled the wheels and checked the lining and the front tire.

"You get off easy," Mike announced. The brake job, including new brake fluid, bleeding the line and adjusting the brakes, would be $6, and the realignment $9, and the car would be ready that evening. Oh, and 50 cents apiece for pulling the wheels.

Mr. Bates brightened considerably. Seventeen dollars wouldn't be bad.

As he was leaving, Mike said, "Oh, Mr. Bates, maybe this isn't the time to mention it, you being in such a hurry, but if you'll let me suggest something, next time you're planning a trip why don't you bring the car around the week before and let us give her the works—inspection, lubrication, tune-up? Cheaper in the long run." He handed Mr. Bates a leaflet entitled Preventive Service.

On the way home on the bus, Mr. Bates read about the five steps to safety—check-up and adjustment of brakes, steering, tires, lights, visibility —recommended after every 5,000 miles of driving, and especially before long summer trips, when high mileage, fast driving and heat put an extra strain on a car. "Take care of the little things and the big things won't happen"—that was the theme.

"Well, of course it makes sense," Mr. Bates mused. "That little Harrison girl. What if . . ."

His wife met him with a bright, "All set? When do we leave?"

And he replied with some solemnity, "I think you take these things rather lightly. After all you almost killed a child. And your kind of near-accident isn't the only kind. A lot of what we call 'accidents' aren't accidents at all, but the direct result of neglect."

"This," said his wife, "from you."

Mr. Bates believed he'd call up Mike and ask for the works, no matter how long it delayed the vacation. "What kind of vacation can you have without peace of mind?" he asked.

"Now you're going too far," said his wife. "If the brakes are fixed, that's the main thing. That's all I ask."

"The trouble with drivers," said Mr. Bates, assuming his chairman-of-the-luncheon-club stance, "is they don't take the trouble to understand the mechanics of a car. It costs only $1 to aim your headlight, but do you know why that's important? Do you know that a leaky exhaust system can make you sick and sleepy? Do you know that the worst months for accidents are July and August? Remember last summer, when we still had the old car? Remember that steep hill just before you get to our place?"

He had pulled out of line to pass a car ahead, with what seemed to be time enough to get back into line before an oncoming car reached them. He'd stepped on the gas, but their car, instead of picking up speed, limped along, and to avoid a collision he had had to force his way back into the spot he'd left—a close one, that was.

"It doesn't do to take it for granted that a car has the same power it had six months ago. That kind of wishful thinking can land you in an accident."

The crisis in the Bates household was resolved by a phone call to Mike.

"We've already done most of the things it talks about on that list, do 'em automatically," said Mike, "and your car is in pretty good shape. Windshield wipers, door locks, headlights, all okay. Steering okay. The brakes will be. But you shouldn't start without a lubrication and tune-up job."

"Okay," said Bates. "How long will that tie me up?"

"I'll get it out today," Mike said.

To his wife, Bates said, "We can't start on our vacation till tomorrow."

So, early the next day, the Bateses headed for Moon Lake. They'd lost one day, but as Mr. Bates put it, "It was worth it. Now when I step on the brakes I know the car will stop. And when I need a sudden spurt of power I know it's there." They even made up part of the lost day, for Mr. Bates found that, confident of his car, he could drive more steadily, and without taking chances either. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

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- **CHECK BRAKE-FLUID LINES**
- **CHECK STEERING AND WHEEL ALIGNMENT**
- **HAVE TIRES INSPECTED**
- **CHECK VISIBILITY—LIGHTS, WINDSHIELD WIPERS**

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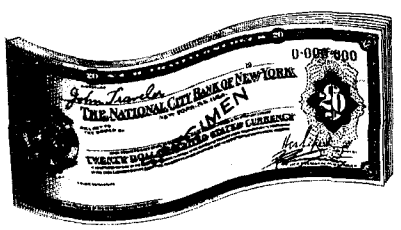

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SCANDALS IN VETERANS' HOUSING

Continued from page 28

house. Exterior stucco cracked in many places. Asphalt tile base falling from walls. Garage leaning out of plumb. Concrete steps crumbling. Fireplace vent extends into attic only instead of through the roof.

What the Billings veterans went through can best be described by quoting a news story which appeared in the Billings Herald under the headline "Vet Clears Up a Phenomenon."

Flowers Grew Through Floors

"Several weeks ago during a cold winter Sunday the owner of one of the veterans' homes in Calhoun Lane Subdivision decided to take a shovel and see what kind of a foundation his home actually had under it. Since morning-glory vines were pushing through the floors of his home, and his neighbors' homes, he wanted to investigate the phenomenon.

"He was surprised that it was easy to dig in the soil around his home as the soil out in his yard was frozen. He was still more surprised to dig up fishworms with the soil. (The day was so cold that the worms soon froze stiff.) His next surprise was to find that the foundation of his $8,000 home was resting on top of the soil.

"The fact that the foundation was resting on top of the soil soon cleared up the phenomena. The houses were heated with radiant-heat pipes set in the concrete floors. The heat from the floors keep the ground under and near the houses at summer temperature. This kept summer plant and worm life active.

"The grass was also green all winter for several feet around each of the 27 veterans' homes, according to the owners. Many of the Calhoun Lane Homes had morning-glory vines trailing through their rooms the past winter; a novel feature which was not specified in the approved plans."

Some weeks after the Berg inspection confirmed the existence of deviations from the plans and specifications that secured the V.A. and FHA "guarantees" for the Calhoun Lane houses, the Billings veterans had still achieved no redress.

As it has been in Billings so has it been in many another community throughout the country. The majority of veterans who have bought new homes or had them built are satisfied. Most builders, reputable and anxious to do service to the veterans and to their own reputations, have, in spite of material and labor shortages, followed the specifications upon which priorities and sales prices have been based. Under government regulations, builders were given priorities on materials, provided they agreed to preset, government-approved prices for homes veterans are to buy.

Federal officials who want to do a job for the veteran, as the men at OHE want to do, find themselves hamstrung by lack of personnel and money. Other agencies —the Veterans Administration and the Federal Housing Administration in instance after documented instance—seem less interested in helping the home-buying veterans.

The Department of Justice has a spotty record. In a relatively few cases U.S. attorneys have sought indictments or brought civil suits. In all too many jurisdictions, however, the branch offices of the Department of Justice have either done nothing or else contented themselves with pronouncements to the newspapers.

Yet some veterans have, in recent months, begun to obtain at least a measure of justice. The best present means of getting definite action seems to lie in the local field. Many a veterans' group, bogged down by red tape, might profitably study the experiences of veterans on a number of home-building projects in Baltimore.

Like war veterans all over the nation these men found themselves, in 1946 and 1947, in a mad scramble to buy whatever houses were offered them. Faced with the choice of continued doubling-up with in-laws, they usually bought houses from plans before the buildings were erected.

The vast majority who did so in Baltimore—some 40,000—either found no reason to complain or else were able amicably to settle their relatively minor complaints by negotiation with the builders from whom they bought.

But about 10 per cent of the houses put up in Baltimore for ex-G.I.s have provoked violent protests from their purchasers. When individual and private remonstrances to builders proved unavailing, veterans began to take their cases to the Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Protest meetings were held—meetings that might have degenerated into mere steam-blowing sessions had not the complaining homeowners received two lucky breaks.

The first came when the leadership of their campaign was assumed by a tough-minded ex-second lieutenant named Willy Muth. It happened that Muth was vice-president of the Baltimore City Council. Unlike many another public official, though, he felt his duties ran beyond speechmaking and vote seeking. When several groups of veterans put their complaints before him in July, 1947, the councilman got mad.

The veterans had bought $8,000 and $9,000 homes on the strength of the plans only to discover after they moved in that the houses were not what the specifications, and builders' promises, had called for. But they couldn't prove their suspicions. The official plans were nowhere to be found.

Muth got on the phone and called the V.A. He was told to call the FHA. The FHA cited an office rule that prevented him from seeing the plans. He was advised to call the loan association that was financing the houses. The loan association completed the circle by sending him back to the V.A.

With his temper at the boiling point Muth finally discovered the Office of the Housing Expediter. From Washington the OHE sent up an inspector who, armed with federal authority, quickly obtained what Muth wanted.

Then it was disclosed that the builder had received authorization to construct 90 houses on Hanlon and Mondawmin Avenues. But he had actually built 94. To do it he shaved 60 of his houses down a bit. Each turned out to be a foot narrower than specified.

This was bad enough. But the builder forgot about cutting down when it came to selling the homes. He sold nineteen-foot structures at the price set for twenty-foot houses. Then, to top things off, he omitted required items like window screens, screen doors, porch rails and even gas ranges. Slate roofs had been specified, but cheaper asphalt shingle roofs were used.

When Muth got the full story he turned to the Baltimore Sun papers, and the veterans got their second break. Reporters Tom O'Donnell and Bill Pyne were assigned to the story. In a series of nearly 200 news stories they told the public the ugly details. When public officials passed the buck they woke up the next morning to find their telephone bells jangling with the calls of angry Sun readers. When the builders of shoddy houses shrugged their shoulders at veterans' complaints they found their names printed in the papers beside pictures of their fancy work.

Constructors of the Hanlon Avenue homes eventually made cash restitution in the amount of $29,872.91 to 67 of their G.I. purchasers. In addition to this the builders made repairs and furnished window screens, screen doors, porch rails and gas ranges for some of the houses. But Muth did not stop with that. In the city council he pressed for an investigation to discover whether shenanigans among building inspectors had not resulted in wholesale violations of the city's building code.

BILLINGS HERALD PHOTO

These are morning-glories. They started outside a new Billings, Montana, home and shoved their way indoors between the walls and the flooring

He interested State's Attorney Bernard Wells and Judge Herman Moser in the veterans' plight. The Baltimore grand jury began hearing a long series of witnesses. Muth called on the F.B.I. and the U.S. Attorney. He wrote a long memorandum to the Department of Justice.

Finally, when the number of veterans' complaints to the OHE from Baltimore had exceeded 2,000, Muth phoned the White House. He was promised action. He waited a couple of weeks. Then, early last February, he turned to his uncle, Congressman Meade of Baltimore. Meade took him to see Attorney General Clark. In the presence of Muth and of Bill O'Donnell (whom the councilman had not bothered to identify as a news-

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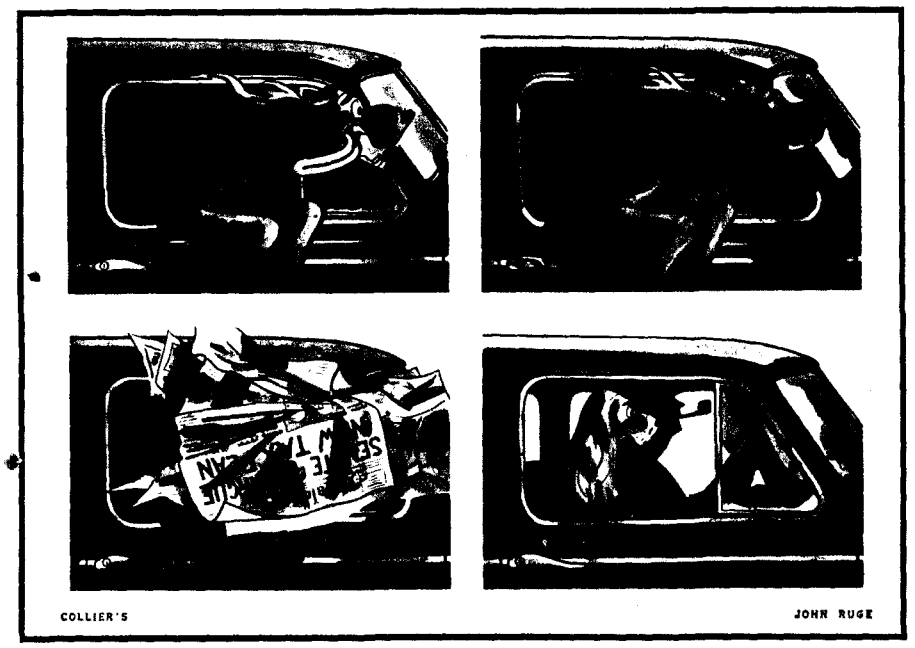

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

paperman) Clark promised to put the F.B.I. on the job. But when the two young crusaders returned to Baltimore they found the local branch of the F.B.I. had not received orders to go ahead. O'Donnell then turned the heat on, through his paper, and the federal authorities began to move in.

"Sure it was unethical," Willy Muth grins, "unethical as all hell. But it has got us results and we are going to keep on playing it just this way—setting one agency against another until somebody gets justice for these boys."

With Muth and his newspaper friends persisting in their efforts to obtain redress for veteran owners of these homes a number of builders have begun to make restitution and repairs.

The situation at Panway Homes on Oakford Avenue is typical of the sort of thing builders have started to do in Baltimore. Plans for this group of houses called for the installation of inch-thick pine subflooring under a top flooring of oak. The subflooring had been entirely omitted on the second floor of sixteen houses. On the ground floor, where the absence of subflooring would have been disclosed because cellars had no finished ceiling, quarter-inch plywood was used instead of the thick pine.

Not in the Specifications

After the houses had been occupied for several months, flooring on both the first and second stories began to buckle and warp. Muth called in the OHE and an inspection disclosed numerous other shortcomings not specified in the plans. Joists and beams that supported the floors had been pieced together instead of being run in continuous lengths from wall to wall. Beams were often far smaller than they were supposed to be. Floors were as much as three inches lower on one side of a room than on the other, in some cases.

Under constant pressure from newspapers and the OHE the builder of Panway Homes spent more than $6,000 putting new, level oak floors over the defective ones. Unfortunately even this repair cannot bring the houses fully up to standard. In some instances the new floors are so high they mask hot-air heating outlets. Braces and steel plates have been installed to stiffen defective beams and joists. But many a veteran fears a further settling of these houses.

At Panway Homes and at a number of other Baltimore projects the campaign run by Muth and the Sun papers, and the work of the OHE, have produced at least a partial adjustment of veterans' complaints. But Muth and Pyne and O'Donnell know their job is not finished.

As scandal after scandal has come to light throughout the country, the need for complete reform in the practices of federal agencies becomes ever more apparent. The OHE, the only agency that has consistently tried to enforce veterans' rights in the housing field, has been appealing for months to Congress to increase its inadequate staff of 15 investigators.

A request for a deficiency appropriation sufficient to put 300 agents back on the pay roll was put before the joint Congressional Committee on Housing in March but was not granted until the middle of May, less than six weeks before the beginning of the new fiscal year this month. Seventy-five thousand dollars was allowed, enough to hire 250 agents.

Other federal agencies could do a great deal to secure justice for the men who were promised so much when they were fighting in the foxholes of Europe and the Pacific. The Department of Justice has proved, in the few instances in which U.S. attorneys have taken vigorous action, that redress can be obtained for the veteran homeowner from builders who have overstepped the bounds in their profit grabbing.

But, until the federal government takes more interest, veterans will do well to follow the pattern set in Baltimore. That pattern can be boiled down to the following five points:

Careful organization of the veterans on each building project with detailed listing of all failures to comply with plans and specifications.

Enlistment of the aid of local veterans' organizations.

Presentation of documented evidence to newspapers and public officials of city and state.

A demand upon local district attorneys and U.S. attorneys for the right to bring witnesses and file affidavits with grand juries.

The hiring of attorneys—some are often willing to serve on a contingent fee basis—and the filing of civil suits for repairs and damages.

With more than 30,000 complaints already filed with the Office of the Housing Expediter, and with thousands more unfiled because veterans have secured so little action from that overworked and undermanned agency, the veterans' housing scandal threatens to assume billion-dollar proportions. It need never have occurred had public officials been diligent in enforcing the laws already on our books—not merely the special Housing Acts designed to encourage building for veterans, but the common, garden variety long ago passed to prevent building-code violations.

With millions of homes scheduled for construction in the next few years, failure to correct the practices of a small minority of unscrupulous builders will multiply many times over the poor conditions that have already been created.

THE END

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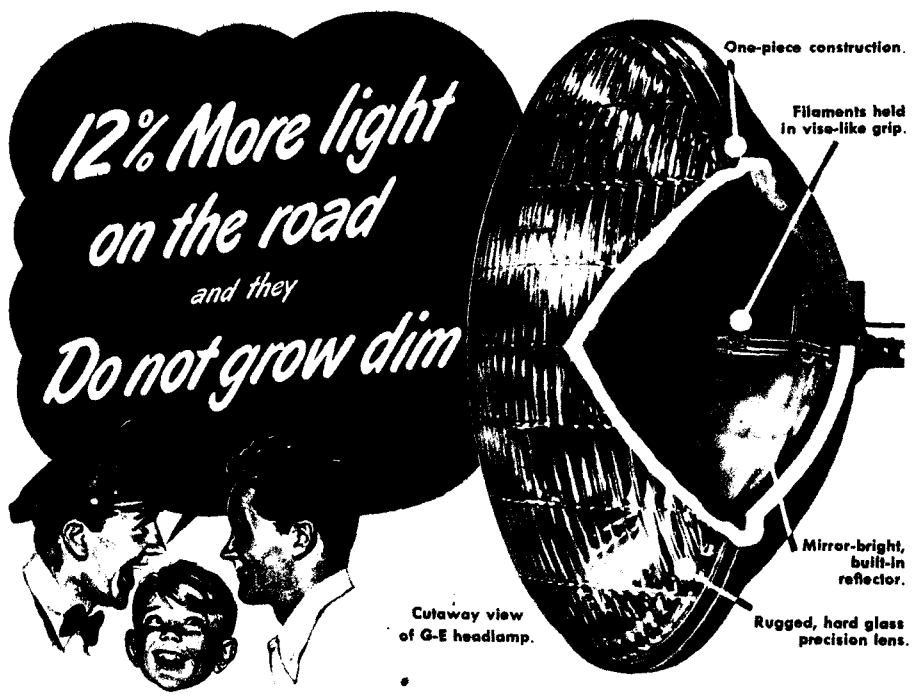
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THE BRAMBLE BUSH

BY DAVID DUNCAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIAKA

"Tell me the truth," I said. "Where did you get these?" I held the car keys in front of her. The changed tone of my voice made her open her eyes

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURES OF A MAN THEY COULDN'T KILL FOR LOVE OR MONEY

The Story:

The narrator, MIKE FINNEY, is being framed for the murder, ten years ago, of a San Francisco attorney named EARL CLARK. In on the frame-up are MRS. REBA TREMAINE, mother of the real murderer, and her son PHILIP.

Walking into the trap unaware of Tremaine's intentions, Finney had used a border permit made out in Tremaine's name to cross into the U.S. from Mexico; Finney didn't use his own name for fear the F.B.I. would question him about a passport he had forged when he went to fight in the Spanish Revolution. Finney had been in Spain at the time Tremaine murdered Clark.

As bait to lure the unsuspecting Finney into taking the rap for her son, Mrs. Tremaine used her beautiful daughter CATHERINE. Finney still doesn't know whether Catherine is an innocent dupe or a full-fledged accomplice.

After two attempts to get Finney identified as her son and to have him killed, Mrs. Tremaine convinces the police and even the family lawyer JOHN WICKERSHAM, that Finney is indeed her son. But Finney is still alive, and still unwilling to admit his real identity to the police. As the scene opens, Wickersham, an F.B.I. man, the two Tremaine women and Finney are sitting in the office of the district attorney.

Mrs. Tremaine listens grimly as Wickersham "proves" to the D.A. that the man before them is the long-missing Tremaine, and that he has been unjustly accused of two murders which were really committed by a mysterious man named Mike Finney.

"Finney must look very much like you," says District Attorney GROVER NILES to Finney.

"So I'm told," says Finney. "He's been sticking very close to me."

"Why did you try to commit suicide?" says Niles. "Atropine was pumped from your stomach. If you were innocent, why didn't you turn yourself in and collect your father's inheritance?"

"WELL," demanded Grover Niles. "It does need explanation."

"Atropine?" I said. I had to fight this thing. I had to know about Catherine. If I went under, she did too.

"Yes, atropine."

"You're sure it was atropine?"

"Positive," said Niles. Damn his pompous soul! I rubbed my brow.

"It was labeled atropine?"

"There was no container, but certainly the doctors know what they pumped from your stomach."

"That's strange," I said. "I remember being sick. I believe I lost consciousness."

"You most certainly did." The suspicion was heavy in his eyes now.

"I thought I had an attack of fever," I said. "I've suffered from malaria."

"You'll not tell me you treat your fever with atropine?"

"No," I said. My hands were cold and clammy. Everyone was watching me. Catherine looked as though she were on the verge of crying out, of telling the whole story. "No," I repeated. "I treat my malaria with atabrine. I usually carry some."

"We know that," said Niles. "An empty atabrine bottle was found in your suitcase."

"Had you taken any of it?" put in Wickersham.

"I must have taken something," I said. "It's hard to remember because of the delirium afterward."

"You bought the atabrine in Mexico?"

"Yes, of course."

John Wickersham laughed suddenly. "Then it's perfectly logical," he said. "The drug laws in Mexico aren't nearly as rigid as ours. The words atabrine and atropine are very much alike. The way most doctors write prescriptions, you couldn't tell one from the other. An inexperienced

(Continued on page 66)

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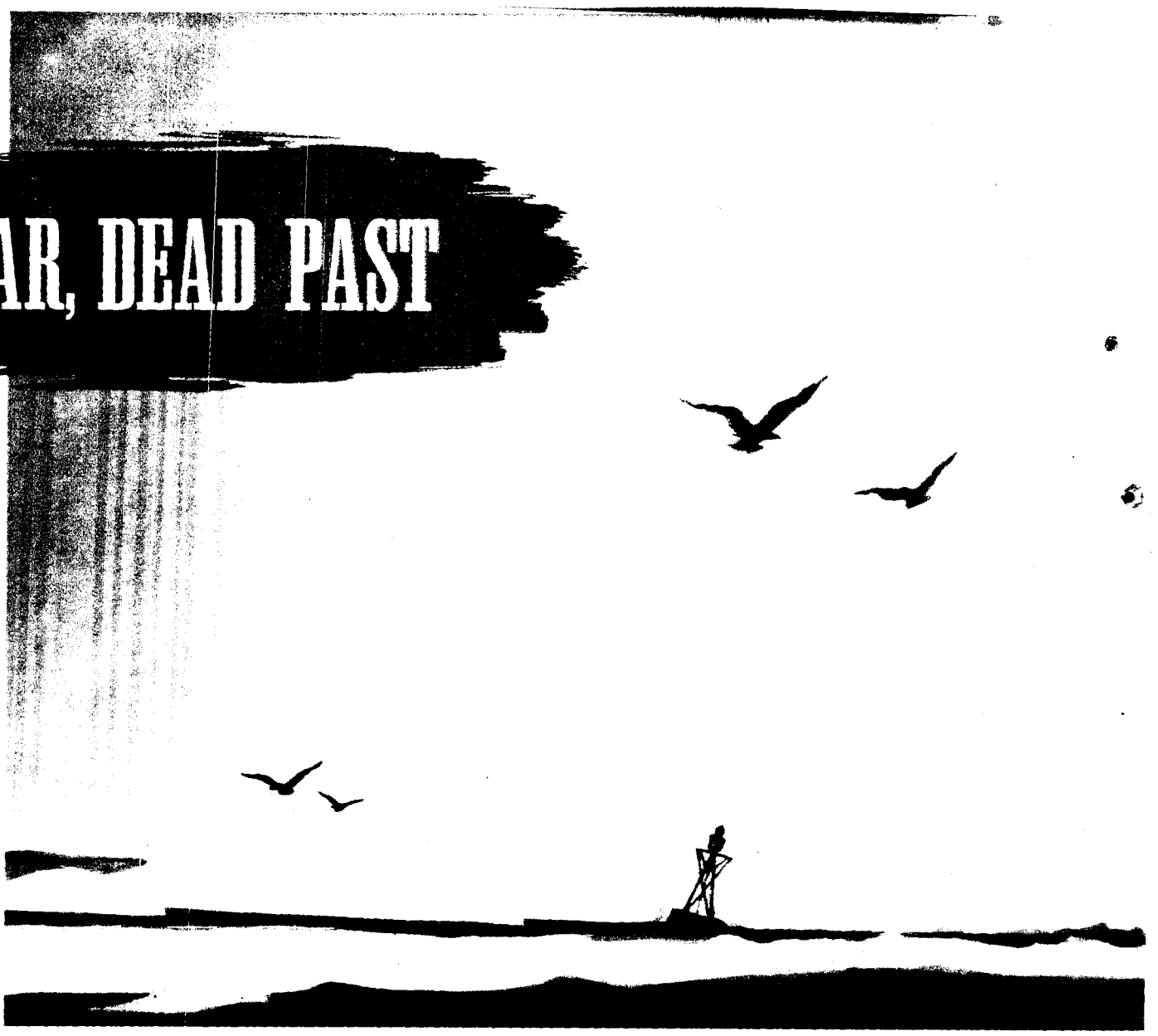
THE DEAR, DEAD PAST

BY A. A. MILNE

Sir Vernon knew that Scroope didn't like blackmailers—but would probably understand a youthful wild oat like murder



"Hayforth returned from his swim and saw the body on deck. 'What's this?' he asked. You told him. He agreed to help you. Is that right?"

A STOUT, old-young man of forty, Mr. Cedric Watherston of Watherston & Reeves, Solicitors, sat at his office table, knitting. He was not a good knitter, but he was proud of the fact that he could knit at all. He had learned when a prisoner of war in 1917, having walked straight into a German trench on his first journey up the line; and with the passage of years the circumstance of his capture had also become, in some odd way, a matter for pride. He liked sentences which began "I remember when I was a prisoner in Holzminden." When a client was announced he put the ball of wool, the needles and the unfinished sock in the top left-hand drawer, smoothed his hair with both hands and waited for the visitor to be shown in.

"Sir Vernon Filmer."

Mr. Watherston rose to shake hands with one of his most distinguished clients. "Glad to see you, Sir Vernon. You don't often give us the pleasure. On no unpleasant business, I trust?"

Sir Vernon did not look as if he were glad to see Mr. Watherston. He was a tall, fair, cold man, with pale-blue eyes, a prominent nose and a small prim mouth. He was one of those natural politicians who are always conveniently there when ministerial posts are being given out. If there were to be ten knighthoods on New Year's Day for what could only be described as "public services," and nine had been decided upon, his name would come irresistibly to the mind for the tenth place.

"Cigarette?"

Sir Vernon waved it away. Mr. Watherston lighted one for himself, leaned back in his chair, remembered to put his finger tips together.

"I am being blackmailed," Sir Vernon said.

"Dear, dear, we must do something about that," said Mr. Watherston with an exaggerated calm which hid most of his emotions. Surprise was the least of these, for he had a dislike of politicians.

"That is naturally what I am expecting."

Mr. Watherston tried over a few sentences in his mind until he got the right opening. "Blackmail," he said delicately, "implies the previous commission, or alleged commission, of some offense. Offenses can be classified as offenses against the law, offenses against morality, and offenses against the social code. Perhaps, in this case, one should add political offenses. Which class or classes of offense, Sir Vernon, does the threatened exposure allege?"

"Legal," said Sir Vernon, adding primly, "I have nothing whatever on my conscience."

Yes, yes, thought Mr. Watherston, but your conscience must be in pretty good training by now.

"To put it frankly, then, Sir Vernon, the blackmailer is threatening to reveal some action of yours which is punishable by law?"

"Yes. To put it with greater accuracy, if the truth had come out at the time, I might have been prosecuted, but need not necessarily have been convicted. I should think that today there was no possibility of conviction."

"When did this happen?"

"Nearly forty years ago. Nineteen-nine, to be exact."

"Ah! So it is the social and political consequences which really matter today?"

"Obviously. As they did, to an overwhelming extent, at the time. Do you not think it would be illuminating if I told you about it?"

Mr. Watherston held up a hasty hand. He had had no experience of blackmail, and he disliked the idea of being accessory after the fact to an apparently undiscovered crime. His mind wandered vaguely back to 1909, trying to think of the sort of contemporary illegalities in which Sir Vernon, a young man of twenty-two, might have been mixed up. Having himself been a boy of twelve at the time, he came to no conclusion.

"Sir Vernon," he said. "It will be distressing for you to confide this story to anyone. Let us consider the matter on general lines for the moment. There are three ways of dealing with a blackmailer. The first is to submit to his demands."

Sir Vernon indicated what he thought of that.

"The second is to prosecute him. As you know, this can be done anonymously, under the disarming name of Mr. X."

Sir Vernon gave a short, unpleasant laugh.

"The only remaining method is to settle with the blackmailer out of court. I could pay his demands for you; I could instruct the prosecution for you. But frankly, Sir Vernon, I am not competent to get the better of a scoundrel whether by negotiation, threat or personal violence." He let this sink in for a moment and then added, "Fortunately I know the man who is."

"Private detective or shady solicitor?"

"Solicitor. A shady solicitor in the sense that he usually acts for the submerged classes, but entirely loyal to his clients, whether prostitutes or Prime Ministers. And a very able man."

"You knew him personally?"

"Oh, yes. The fortunes of war threw us together at Holzminden, where we happened to be prisoners."

"H'm," said Sir Vernon doubtfully.

"I understand your dislike of confiding in a stranger. Perhaps I should have added that he has very strong feelings about the detestable crime of blackmail. It is the one charge which he has always refused to defend in court—which is more than can be said for the whole of the bar. To get the better of a blackmailer he would go to the extreme length of his purse, his time and—the law."

"Very well," said Sir Vernon. "I agree to accept your advice. I had better see this fellow in my own house at, say, nine o'clock this evening. Will you arrange that?"

Mr. Watherston made a note, saying, "His name is Scroope." He got up and held out his hand. "Perhaps you will let me know how the matter goes on. And if there is anything else I can do, Sir Vernon—"

They shook hands and went to the door together.

"Cold fish," thought Mr. Watherston, as he returned to his table. "One can't help disliking him. I wonder what he did."

He picked up the telephone. Afterward, there being nothing else to do, he went back to his knitting.

BEING asked by an interviewer to what he attributed his success in life, Mr. Scroope replied, "My eyebrows." These had a natural quirk which seemed to express a good-tempered amusement with the world, and to admit his companion of the moment to an equal share in that amuse-

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ment "You and I," they seemed to say, "*we* know." It is doubtful if anybody had ever had a private joke with Sir Vernon, nor was he the man to wish to be on confidential terms with anyone less important than himself, least of all a shady solicitor; but even he recognized the eyebrows as evidence of a knowledge of the world. Mr. Scroope obviously knew his way about.

"A cigar, thanks," said Mr. Scroope. "Nothing to drink. Now then, Sir Vernon, Watherston tells me that you are being blackmailed. Who told *you?*"

"I don't understand," said Sir Vernon coldly.

"Dammit, one doesn't wake up in the morning and say, 'I've a sort of feeling that there are blackmailers about.' Something must have given you the idea."

"Naturally I had a letter," Sir Vernon said.

"Why 'naturally'? You might have had a telephone message. Is that the letter?"

Sir Vernon released it. "It came this morning through the post."

"H'm. Typed. Signed, 'Well-Wisher.' Humorous. D'you know who wrote it?"

"Not with any certainty."

"Five hundred in pound notes on Saturday as a guarantee of good faith, followed by five hundred every six weeks. Sounds as if he wanted to get married. Well, that gives us six weeks before the second payment. Six weeks in which to think of something."

"You suggest that I should pay the first five hundred?"

"Oh, certainly. At least, *you* won't, I will. We'll keep you out of it."

"Read the rest of the letter."

"I have. You are given till Saturday to get the money, you are to communicate with nobody, you are to have your car waiting outside your door on Saturday morning, ready to drive yourself to a rendezvous which will be given you by letter before you start."

"Perhaps you are not aware that I am lunching at Chequers on Saturday?"

"Nobody tells me anything," said Mr. Scroope sadly. "But then, why shouldn't you? The food's quite good, I hear. And who could give you a better alibi than the Prime Minister?"

"You propose to keep the rendezvous yourself?"

"As Sir Vernon Filmer? Do I look like it? But I dare say I can find somebody who will pass for you at a distance. All you'll be asked to do, I fancy, is to leave the money in a certain spot, where the blackmailer will pick it up afterward. He's giving nothing away. Now then, he says, 'I have a letter written on board the Ladybird on September 15, 1909. Don't tell me you've forgotten it.'" He looked up. "Have you forgotten it?"

"No."

"Right. Then you'd better tell me."

"There were three of us on the Ladybird on that summer afternoon: Robert Hayforth the owner, myself and a local hand called Towers. We had been fishing close inshore. Hayforth, a powerful and devoted swimmer, had suggested a swim. The wind was freshening, the sea uninviting, and I stayed on board. Hayforth, whose idea of a swim was half a mile out and half a mile back, had been gone about ten minutes, when suddenly Towers came sidling up to me, his right hand behind his back. I'd never liked him, nobody in the place did, but he was a useful man in a boat, and Hayforth often took him on. He had a bottle in his hand, and he was holding it like a club. He—he accused me of"—Sir Vernon's face could still show disgust at the idea—"'messing about with his wife.'"

"Were you?"

SIR VERNON looked at Scroope contemptuously, and went on: "I asked him what the devil he was talking about. I thought he was drunk. He said that when he had finished with me I'd have the sort of face that nobody's girl would want to mess about with. It was horrible. Such a foul weapon, and he was much more powerful than I. Hayforth was out of sight and hailing distance. I was at the man's mercy. It was his life or mine. I saw red."

He poured himself out a brandy and swallowed it quickly. In another moment, thought Scroope, all his past life will flash before his eyes. Why must politicians always talk in clichés?

"And you killed him," Scroope said. "How?"

"I don't know to this day how I did it. I seemed to be endowed with superhuman strength. Fear, I suppose, and furious indignation at that loathsome weapon."

"You killed him, and you went on killing him. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"And when you had finished, it didn't look like self-defense, it looked like deliberate, premeditated, brutal murder. Is that right?"

"Yes, but it wasn't."

"It's what things look like which matter to the law. Well, and then Hayforth yelled, 'Ship ahoy!' and you helped him on board, and he saw the body and said, 'Lawks a mussy, what's all this?' And you told him. And he agreed to help you. Is that right?"

"Agreed on conditions."

"Ah, yes, now I'm seeing it. That letter was to him. Exonerating him and admitting sole responsibility. Why a letter? Couldn't he trust you?"

"If anything had happened to me, if the body had been washed up—"

"It would have been damned awkward for him. Because—stop me if I'm wrong—*he* was the man who had been messing about."

"Yes. I had had no idea of it, but I suppose there were other people who had guessed."

"So, when he had got the letter safely in his pocket, you put out to sea—the wind was freshening, you said—and it sounded sufficiently plausible to say that Towers had been washed overboard. No attempt to save him?"

"It blew up into a gale, we didn't pick up our moorings until three o'clock next morning; we put the accident at just after midnight. In the dark, in that weather, only two of us to work the boat, what could we have done? We nearly followed him as it was. I never expected to see land again."

"Convincing. And no suspicions by anybody?"

"None that I heard of. He was a thoroughgoing rascal. Nobody missed him."

"Not even his wife?"

"She least of all." Sir Vernon cleared his throat and added, "I should explain that my whole career was in the balance at this time, and that I had no other course open to me. I had just left Oxford with unusually brilliant prospects—"

Scroope picked up the letter.

(Continued on page 62)

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INHUMAN NATURE

Continued from page 14

him a pretty good idea he's not welcome.

In heavily ticked areas it is advisable to get annual immunization against spotted fever. Always keep the kids out of high grass; then examine them for ticks twice daily in their birthday suits. As for Rover, although it hurts you as much as it hurts him, keep him tied up during the tick months. If he must run, pluck or have him shaved, and then comb and examine him daily as you do the kids.

Should you find any of the troublesome critters, don't remove them with your bare hands. Use a pair of rubber gloves and a pair of tweezers, and burn the tick, whose body fluid can be as dangerous as its bite. On livestock, old-timers used to say you had to "unscrew" the tick to capture it, because it screwed itself in. This is not true. Ticks merely attach themselves to you.

Old-timers used a tick wash made from three parts raw cottonseed or linseed oil, to one part pine-tar oil.

Lotions for Canines and Humans

An excellent, more modern wash for dogs can be made by dissolving an ounce of soap in a gallon of water and adding 2 ounces of a derris powder containing 3 per cent rotenone. Benzine hexachloride, developed for veterinarians, also shows promise in repelling and killing ticks on animals. Thanks to Dr. James M. Brennan, of the Rocky Mountain Laboratories, humans will find either phenyl cyclohexanol or butylacetanilide a great tick-discourager. It irritates only the tick, never the human.

The chances are several thousand to one that you will never be bitten by a tick, or even come face to face with one. Less can be said for your chances with the air wing of the formidable enough ground forces of the insect world—the mosquito, flea, fly, gnat, hornet, wasp.

Fortunately there is DDT. You can clear a room of practically any flying (and crawling) insect by a DDT spray. Now it is even possible to give a midsummer night lawn party outdoors free of pests by spraying DDT daily on all bushes, trees, fences, walls and grass several times before the event. If you use colored lanterns, place a citronella candle in it. Oil of citronella, incidentally, is an old-time favorite as a mosquito conker, but it's smelly. It has been largely replaced by new preparations which are odorless and harmless to fabrics.

Strongly recommended is a formula known as 6-2-2, containing three parts dimethyl phthalate, one part indalone, and one part Rutgers 612. It has been commercially packaged. A light application of 6-2-2 to the neck, forehead, arms and clothing will keep insects from blitzing you for most of a day. Alcohol, taken internally, is also said to insensitize the victim to mosquito bites.

Flying pests are apparently sensitive to colors. Experienced woodsmen have learned if they wear red and green shirts, they'll be less bothered by insects than the vacationist adorned in cool whites. On open porches, avoid white and blue light bulbs. Yellow, red and green bulbs will help keep out the nasty little party crashers. Those that do get in can be further discouraged by purchasing one of those ingenious porch lights which attracts them, then electrocutes them.

Insects, of course, have a way of crashing even the best-screened house. Fact, they take great pride in so doing. To discourage them, simply paint your screens with a special DDT paint (there are DDT house paints, too), and thereafter spray the screens from time to time, along with window frames, door bases, light fixtures, crevices, picture frames, with the new miraculous residual sprays with a DDT base. They last for weeks, and raise hock with the invading armies of ants, roaches, water bugs, centipedes, spiders, gnats and fleas. (Ever been up to your hips in fleas, transported indoors by Fido or Pussy?)

As for the resort owner who has an allergy to the use of DDT, and whose premises lurk with flies, nosee-ums, often known as punkies or sand fleas—great resort favorites—a squirt of DDT might well handle *him*.

Should the insect hordes fail to devour you, there are other summer hazards. Each year thousands of people accidentally or ignorantly expose themselves to poison ivy, poison oak or poison sumac. No state of the Union is free of at least one of these plants. While most people recognize poison ivy, many still think of poison oak as some sort of tree. Actually it's either a vine or bush with an oak-shaped leaf. Not everyone is susceptible to poison-ivy poisoning, but if poison ivy doesn't get you, possibly oak or sumac will. In fact, it may make you violently ill.

Poison ivy is by far the commonest of the unholy three. It thrives everywhere. Communities should root it out as a public service but don't. Birds may carry the seed to your lawns, and homeowners have unknowingly cultivated it up the sides of their houses.

But for every attack there is a counterattack. Botanists recommend that poison ivy be ripped out, and a newly developed weed killer known as 2,4-D be applied to the ivy stumps, otherwise a new crop will spring up like Jack's beanstalk. Be careful about the cuttings—burn them in a furnace, and keep away from the smoke, as it is poisonous if inhaled or allowed to reach the eyes. Remember you can't scratch your insides. Decontaminate tools and clothes which have touched ivy, by soaking in a one per cent solution of calcium hypochlorite for 15 minutes. Fido and the cat can also carry ivy poisoning. Teach them to recognize the stuff.

There are several preventative ointments for ivy poisoning developed. The U.S. Public Health Service recommends a base of 10 per cent sodium perborate mixed in either a salve or alkaline vanishing cream. (Details available Reprint No. 2370 Public Health Reports, obtainable from the U.S.P.H.S.) Old-timers, after gardening, immediately wash with a coarse kitchen soap.

First Aid for Ivy Poisoning

However, if you do blunder into ivy, as soon as the first signs of inflammation appear, wash the exposed areas of the skin thoroughly and apply a 10 per cent solution of tannic acid dissolved in alcohol. Rub this on vigorously enough to rub off the tops of the blisters, and repeat the treatment at six-hour intervals. In the early stages of itching, some people find calamine lotion a good remedy. The addition of two per cent phenol to the lotion tends to relieve itching further. Mild cases of ivy ordinarily subside in a few days. If you go bustin' out all over, better see the doc.

Generally speaking, the poison-ivy remedies which flood the market work for some, don't for others. One of the oldest established remedies is a fresh solution of one five-grain tablet of potassium permanganate dissolved in one quart of water. Others use ferric chloride in combination; or photographer's hypo solution; gentian violet; salt water; and I have even heard of oil and vinegar dressing, liberally spread over ivy poisoning—the vinegar as an itch counterirritant, the oil to sooth and heal.

No, mayonnaise hasn't come to my attention, but it sounds as good as anything if you're really ivied up. Dr. Shane's prescription? Immerse the body in the ocean, sleeping there if necessary, till itching disappears. Above all, don't scratch—this spreads and prolongs the agony. Then wait seven years, when you may become immune to ivy—or may not.

Let us say you've killed all the insects, are impervious to poison plants, are quick enough to bite a copperhead before it does you, and you like to ignore lightning till it plays about your golf-club head. You're thoroughly relaxed, you lean back and take a big, deep breath of that wonderful tonic-laden air. And suddenly you sneeze. In no time your eyes and head are running like a faucet and you are miserable.

What has happened is this. A vagrant summer zephyr, passing idly over a lovely patch of flowers, has picked up some pollen and wafted it to your proboscis and set an allergy working.

Simply stated, an allergy is an oversensitivity to some foreign matter—pollen, powders, food, bacteria, and even house dust. This invades the system and sets up a violent irritation, striking in strange forms: skin inflammation, dermatitis, migraine headaches, rheumatic fever—and, most commonly, hay fever. Allergy attacks start in the spring, hit their peak in pollen-laden July and August and last till frost.

Inoculating for Allergy

Army doctors, who thoroughly investigated The Allergy during the war, have certain suggestions. Permanent relief can be had by a long series of preseason inoculations, designed to desensitize the victim to his pet allergy. Temporary relief is offered by any one of a number of recently developed antihistamic drugs, which act to shrink the inflamed membranes, and dry up the mucus, and are available in pill, salve and liquid form.

Let your physician be the judge. He'll probably advise that treatment should be systemic, not local, and that certain foods like chocolate, shelled fish and nuts are to be avoided in hot weather; and above all, to take it easy. Hot weather and excitement have a way of "triggering" allergies, making them irritable, and they in turn pass this on to you.

Thus far we have given you antidotes for the known summer pests. There exists another large body, immune to DDT, and for which we know no counterirritant. We refer to the Social Insect: the *Rocking Chair Brigadibus,* an insect which infests resort porches, and is recognizable by its stinging remarks and monotonous yatata; the Overactive Host, who likes to take his guests off on ten-mile hikes on broiling afternoons; and many others. For such boors, an expert has prescribed DDTTT. "On encountering such a pest," he says, "spray with a venomous DDTTT. Merely utter, 'Drop Dead Ten Thousand Times'—turn on the heel, and leave the vicinity hastily."

Possibly we have given the impression that summer is a helluva season; that the best way to avoid its discomforts is to leave for the high Himalayas till it blows over, or to encase one's self in a suit of armor (equipped with a lightning rod), then crawl into a tickproof, air-conditioned, pollen-free closet with the pooch, wife and Junior, from May to October. Nothing could be further from our intent. All we suggest, brother, is that you mix a little DDT in your natural caution and take it easy. You'll scratch less.

Also if people were wise, they'd stop fighting each other and start fighting the insects. Before it's too late.

THE END

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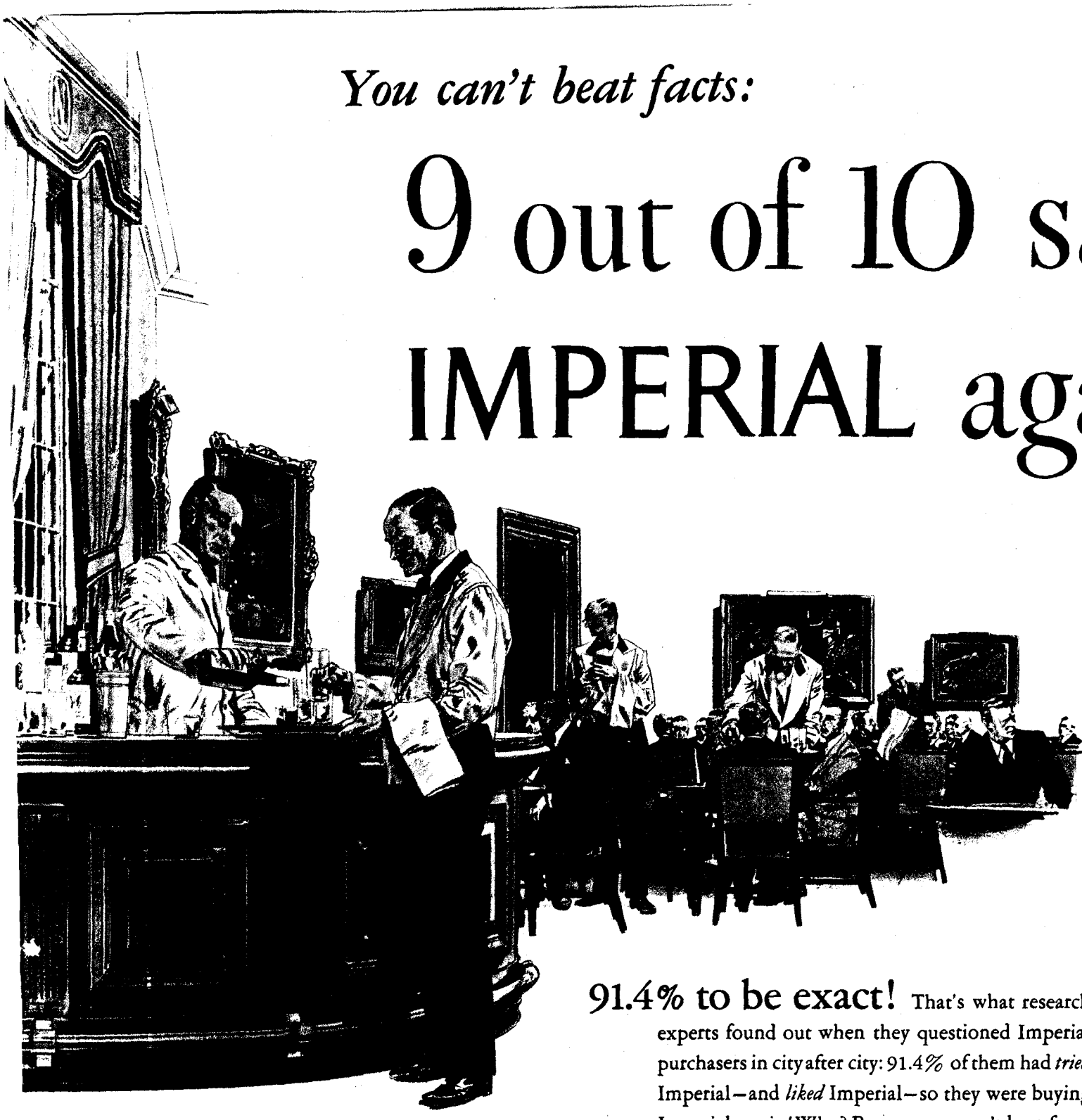

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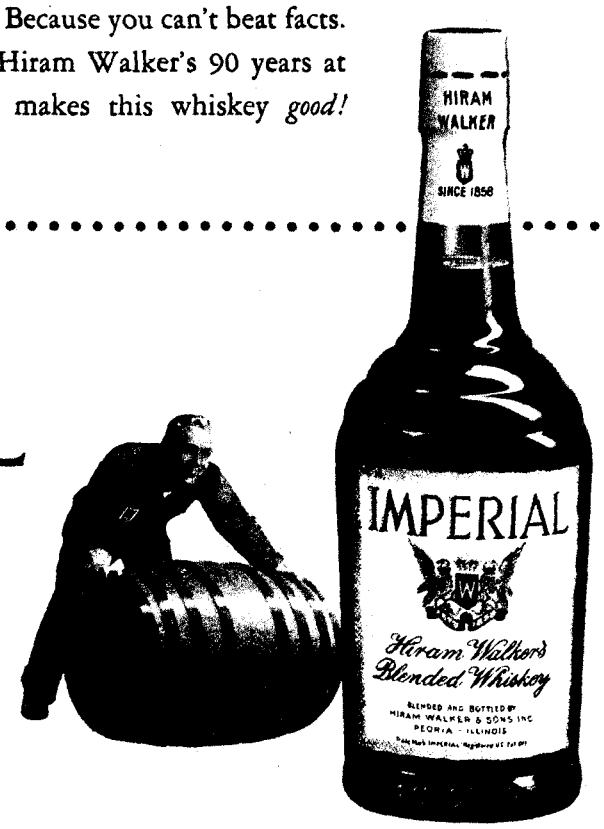
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THE DEAR, DEAD PAST

Continued from page 59

"D'you think this is Hayforth, Sir Vernon?" he asked.

"It might be, of course. Equally, I suppose, he might be dead, and somebody might have found my letter among his papers. I lost sight of him in the war, and haven't heard of him since."

"That sort of man?"

"Obviously not in those days," said Sir Vernon somewhat stiffly, "or he wouldn't have been my friend. But he was always a reckless fellow, and might have been knocked about by the war, have fallen on hard times, and slowly sunk to—this. The war," said Sir Vernon, who had fortunately missed it, "did not improve people's characters."

"Is there anything in this letter which indicates knowledge not contained in your letter to Hayforth?"

"I don't think so."

"For instance, why should it be taken for granted that you can drive your own car? Lots of people can't."

For the first time that evening Sir Vernon looked at Scroope with respect. "That's true," he said thoughtfully.

"Were you driving a car at that time?"

"My wife gave me a Rolls as a wedding present a few months later."

"I congratulate you. Driven Hayforth in it?"

"Probably. I saw something of him up to the war."

Scroope got up and threw the end of his cigar into the fire. "Obviously we must find the man first. I shall sleep here on Friday night, so as to be with you when your instructions come." He took a notebook and pencil from his pocket. "Turn your head to one side, I want the profile." He began to draw. "About five feet eleven inches, aren't you? I think I've got just the man. Muffled and goggled, of course, which is what anyone would be who was keeping a date with a blackmailer. My man—Dean is his name—will come in the back way at eight o'clock on Saturday morning. With a false mustache. This is going to be fun. There, that's not bad." He held the drawing up and admired it. "Thank God, it's money that he's after."

"What else are blackmailers ever after?" asked Sir Vernon contemptuously.

"Seats in the Cabinet," said Mr. Scroope. "The way I'm going to work, that would have made it more difficult."

ON SATURDAY morning at 8:30, Sir Vernon stepped nervously from his front door and walked across to his garage. It was a chilly February morning, and even for that short distance he thought it well to wear a thick, fawn traveling coat and a checked cap. He brought his car round to the front door and left it there. Mr. Scroope and breakfast were waiting for him in the morning room.

"Now then, Sir Vernon," Mr. Scroope said, his mouth full of omelette, "let's get down to it. You are to be at the fifth milestone between Wellborough and Chiselton at 12:30. You say you know the road. How?"

"It was near Chiselton that Hayforth kept his boat."

"Good. How long would it take you to get there?"

"Three hours."

"Then Dean must take three hours. He's just arrived; we'll have him in directly, and you can show him the place on the map. What's the country like?"

"Quite flat. No houses, no trees, no possibility of concealment, as I remember. A long, almost straight road."

"Dean will hide the money behind the milestone—nothing elaborate, just enough not to catch the eye of a passer-by. Then he'll drive on, turning off at Chiselton and coming back to London another way. Obviously the blackmailer will be a little way behind him up to the milestone. He may be outside the house now—he was in London last night to post the letter—in which case he'll follow your car down. Dean, in your coat and cap, will be good enough for him."

SIR VERNON had picked up the letter again, and was studying it. "You talk of 'him' all the time," he said. "Does it not occur to you that it is more likely to be the work of a gang?"

"With a mastermind at the center of the spider's web?" said Mr. Scroope hopefully.

"I gather," said Sir Vernon coldly, "that you think otherwise."

Scroope pushed the toast away, and spoke seriously. "I'll tell you what I think," he said, "and then I'll tell you my plans. You're paying for this treat, and you're entitled to know. I think that if two young men go out in a boat for a summer afternoon's offshore fishing and bathing, they will not be wearing oilskins. I think that if one of them has just had a desperate fight for his life, any letter which he writes immediately after, with a shaking hand and under the stress of great emotion, will be uncharacteristic and only just legible.

"I think that if a small boat, manned by two people in flannels, is fighting a gale for eight hours, the occupants will not merely be wet, but soaked literally to the skin. And I think that after it's all over, and now that the unexpected storm has removed all possibility of suspicion, Mr. Robert Hayforth will find a piece of sodden paper in his pocket with not a single decipherable word on it, will wonder what the devil it is, and then throw it away with a laugh at the ridiculous caution which inspired it. What that piece of paper would have looked like thirty years later baffles the imagination. In short, Sir Vernon, you may be quite certain that the blackmailer is Hayforth himself, and that it is only his word against yours."

Sir Vernon permitted himself a little enthusiasm. "But that is most satisfactory, Mr. Scroope. You relieve my mind considerably."

"Yes, but even so, he can be extremely mischievous. So, since blackmailers are better out of action, I propose, with your financial assistance, to put him out of action."

"Now that we know who he is—"

"We don't. We only know who he was: a face and a name of thirty years ago. That doesn't help. But this letter shows that he is sticking to familiar ground. It is probable that he is living in the district, and almost certain that he has a car. Ever studied history?"

"I got a first in history in my finals at Oxford," said Sir Vernon.

"Pooh, I don't mean that sort of dead-alive history. Real history. Criminal history. Ever studied the Lindbergh case?"

There was no need to wait for an answer, Sir Vernon's delicate shrug had given it.

"What it came to in the end was that they knew all about the man except who he was. However, he had the ransom notes—numbers taken, of course—and one day he would use them. That was their only hope of getting him. But how? Every gasoline station in the neighborhood was given a list of the notes, and told to write down secretly on the back of any ten-dollar bill paid in exchange for gas the number of the car which was filled. Then the list of ransom notes could be consulted at leisure in the evening."

"Most ingenious. And now you have taken the numbers of the notes?"

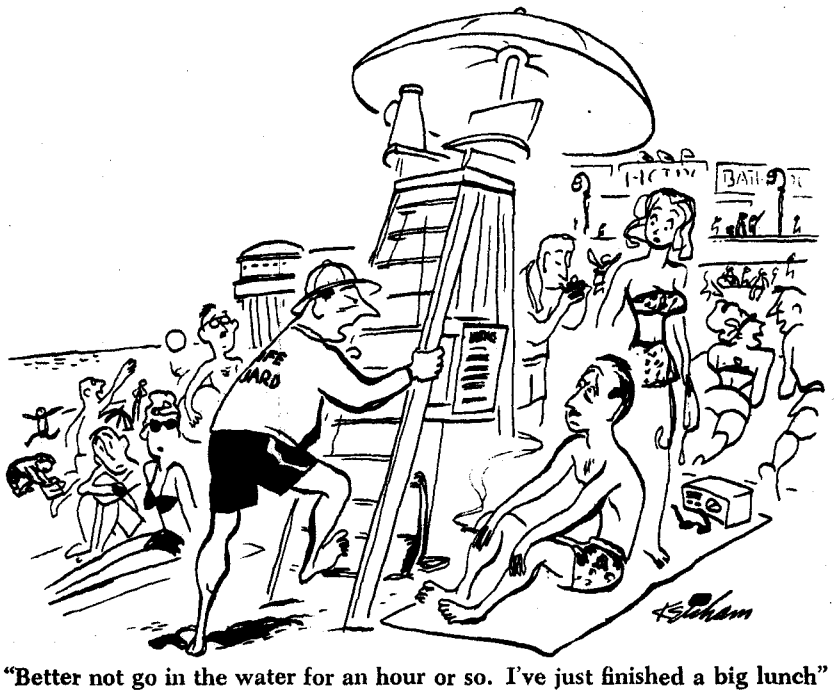
"Of course. And I shall go down to Wellborough this afternoon, and make arrangements. Not being official it will cost money. But by the time we've made the second payment to Hayforth, I shall know what he's calling himself and where he lives. I'll tell you something else. He says that he will give you the second rendezvous on March 25th, and that it will be in an entirely different part of the country. It won't. If his plan works successfully today, as I mean it to do, he will repeat it exactly. It leaves you just as uncertain until the last moment, and saves him the trouble of looking for an equally convenient place."

"And when you've found him?"

"Then," said Mr. Scroope with a happy smile, "the real fun begins."

WHEN a man calling himself Mr. Richard Hastings was arrested for possessing and passing forged notes, he did what all intelligent prisoners do. He sent for Mr. Scroope.

"Well," said Mr. Scroope, twinkling at him, "what's the story, Mr. Hastings?" He looked at the man with interest, summed him up as a gentleman gone to the bad, and offered him a cigarette.



"Better not go in the water for an hour or so. I've just finished a big lunch"

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM

"Thanks. I've been arrested, God knows why, for—"

"Yes, I know the police story, now I want to know yours."

"I swear to you that I am—"

"—absolutely innocent. Naturally. But we still need a story to explain why a quantity of forged notes was found in your safe, and why several others which had been passed in the neighborhood were traced to you. What is that story?"

"They were planted on me."

"By whom?"

"God knows. Some enemy, I suppose."

"I see. What about the notes in circulation which have been through your hands?"

"They must have gone through many hands. Why pick on me?"

"Obviously because you had such a large store of them in your safe. We want a better story than you're giving me, Mr. Hastings."

"I can't tell you anything better."

"Then," said Mr. Scroope politely, "I will wish you good morning." He got up. "Just one word of advice, if I may. The story which you will be telling to some other solicitor need not be true; but it must sound sufficiently like the truth to allow him a temporary hallucination that it was possible." He held out his hand with a smile.

RICHARD HASTINGS waved the hand away. "Wait," he said. "You'd better have it. I found the damned things."

"That's better. Where?"

"Oh, hidden under a stone."

"You know, I don't think that that will quite carry conviction—using the word 'conviction' in its less technical sense, of course. It must have been rather a moment in your life when you found such a large packet of notes. You would be expected to remember the historic spot."

"Oh, well, if you want the exact place, it was behind the fifth milestone on the Wellborough-Chiselton road."

"You counted—and remembered?"

Richard Hastings looked up angrily. "What the devil do you mean? It said, 'Wellborough, 5 miles,' didn't it?"

"You were looking behind milestones for something?"

"I happened to sit down there. Convenient to lean against for a few minutes. I noticed that the ground was disturbed, and, idly, as anyone would, investigated."

"And said, 'Hallo, what's this?' "

"Exactly."

"And what was it?"

"A parcel of one-pound notes. Damned odd, I thought."

"And so you decided to steal them?"

"What's that?"

"You wish to plead guilty to an alternative charge of stealing by finding. Is that right?"

"Right!" Hastings said suddenly. "I stole them. That's not very serious, is it? Well, now you've got the truth."

"It's odd," Mr. Scroope said, "that a man, driving along the Wellborough-Chiselton road on a cold and frosty morning, should stop at precisely the fifth milestone, lean against it rather than against the cushions of his car."

Richard Hastings jumped to his feet, and said angrily, "What's all this? You trying to trap me?"

"I'm trying to do," said Scroope mildly, "what counsel for the prosecution will do much more thoroughly."

"Sorry. I see the point; but naturally"—he gave an awkward little laugh—"I'm a bit upset about the whole thing. But I do absolutely swear, and it's gospel truth, that I didn't know that the notes were forged, and that I found them precisely where I said I did."

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"Oh, come, we must tell them a little more. When you happened to find them."

"I can't remember the exact date."

"Which date can't you remember?"

Mr. Richard Hastings wiped his forehead with the back of his hand and said, "I haven't the vaguest idea what you're talking about."

"I want the date which you can't exactly remember, when you got out of your car, leaned against the fifth milestone, and accidentally found a packet of notes. Just a rough guess."

"The first week in February."

"About seven weeks ago. The first forged note which came to hand was paid to the Lion Garage at Chiselton on February 18th. So that fits nicely. Now what about the second date? When you again got out of your car, leaned against the fifth milestone, and accidentally found a second packet of notes."

Mr. Richard Hastings licked his lips. "What makes you think I did that?"

"Two parcels were found in your safe. One, opened, contained about 450 forged notes. The other, unopened—or, possibly, opened, examined and tied up again—contained 500."

"I can explain that. It's all coming back to me. The parcel which I found—"

"In the first week in February?"

"Yes. It was really two parcels, done up together. I counted the top one and it was 500, which was what made me say five hundred just now. I was forgetting for the moment about the other parcel, which I didn't open. Obviously there was another five hundred in that. Making the thousand, as you were saying. Silly of me."

"Not at all. Very natural. Then all that we have left to explain," said Mr. Scroope cheerfully, "is why the inner wrapper of the second parcel was a sheet of The Western Morning News dated March 24th—six weeks later."

Robert Hayforth banged the table with his hand, and cried, "Blast him, he's framed me! The sniveling devil!"

"Sniveling—? Who is he?"

"The Right Honorable Sir Vernon Filmer." He dragged the words out sneeringly. "All right, you've got it. It was hush money. He killed a man, murdered him; that's your smug, hypocritical Right Honorable. You want me to tell the truth in court. Right, I'll tell it—and we'll go down together."

Mr. Scroope got up. "I have made it an inexorable rule, Mr. Hastings, never to defend blackmail cases. Everything which you have told me is, of course, in the strictest confidence, and I now fade out of the case entirely. But I will just warn you in parting that the penalty for blackmail is, next to that for murder, the severest known to the law. Any written evidence which you may have had against Sir Vernon Filmer will be in possession of the police, and you will not be permitted to use it. An unsupported accusation made in your defense would only make your case worse and your punishment more severe. If you take my unprofessional advice, you will plead 'Not Guilty' to the present charge, give no evidence, and leave it to your counsel to suggest that in some way you are the innocent victim of a conspiracy."

He picked up his hat and went to the door. "Oh, by the way," he added, "if it gets about, though I don't see why it should, that I declined this case, it will not prejudice the court against you." The eyebrows went up in that humorous quirk of his. "It may even do you good. There is an absurd legend in legal circles that I defend only the guilty."

MR. CEDRIC WATHERSTON picked up the telephone and said, "Watherston here."

"Busy?"

"Just turning the heel."

"Anyone listening in?" the voice said.

"My dear fellow!"

"Right. Then I thought you would like to know that your honorable friend is relieved of all anxiety for five years."

"Fancy! I do congratulate you. I was reading an interesting case this morning, forging and passing and all that sort of thing, and oddly enough—but, of course, it's only a coincidence."

"I expect so. A respectable family lawyer shouldn't read criminal cases."

"It just caught the eye. Ah, what do you think will happen at the end of the five years?"

"I think that you will lose a distinguished client, and the country a distinguished servant. Quite suddenly."

"Ah! I was fearing the same thing myself." Mr. Watherston chuckled. "You know, you're a very naughty man. Here was a perfectly ordinary case of blackmail and there is hardly a crime in the calendar which you have not committed in order to bring the blackmailer to justice. If," he added, "you know what I mean by justice."

"Well, you see," the voice said apologetically, "I don't *like* blackmailers."

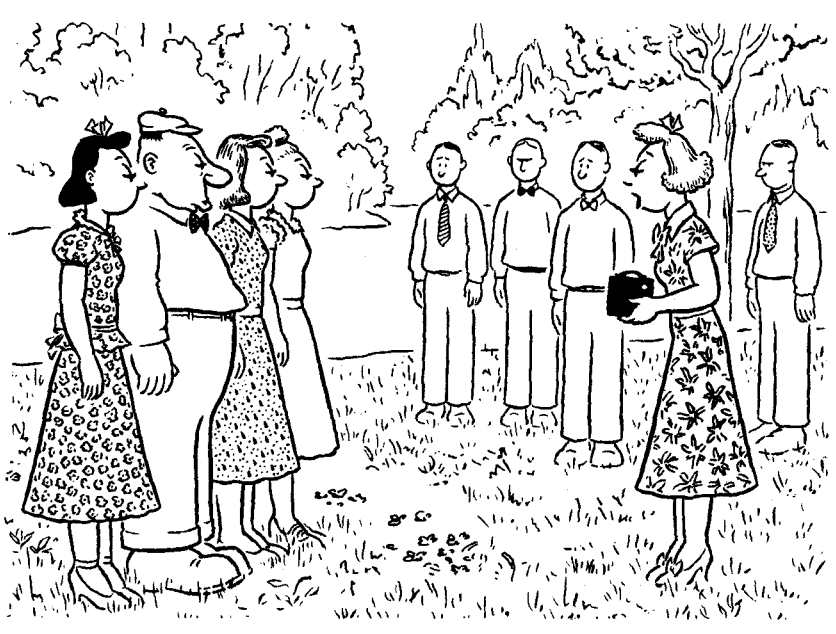
"Neither do I."

"Comes to that, I don't like Sir Vernon Filmer."

"How right you are," said Mr. Watherston cheerfully.

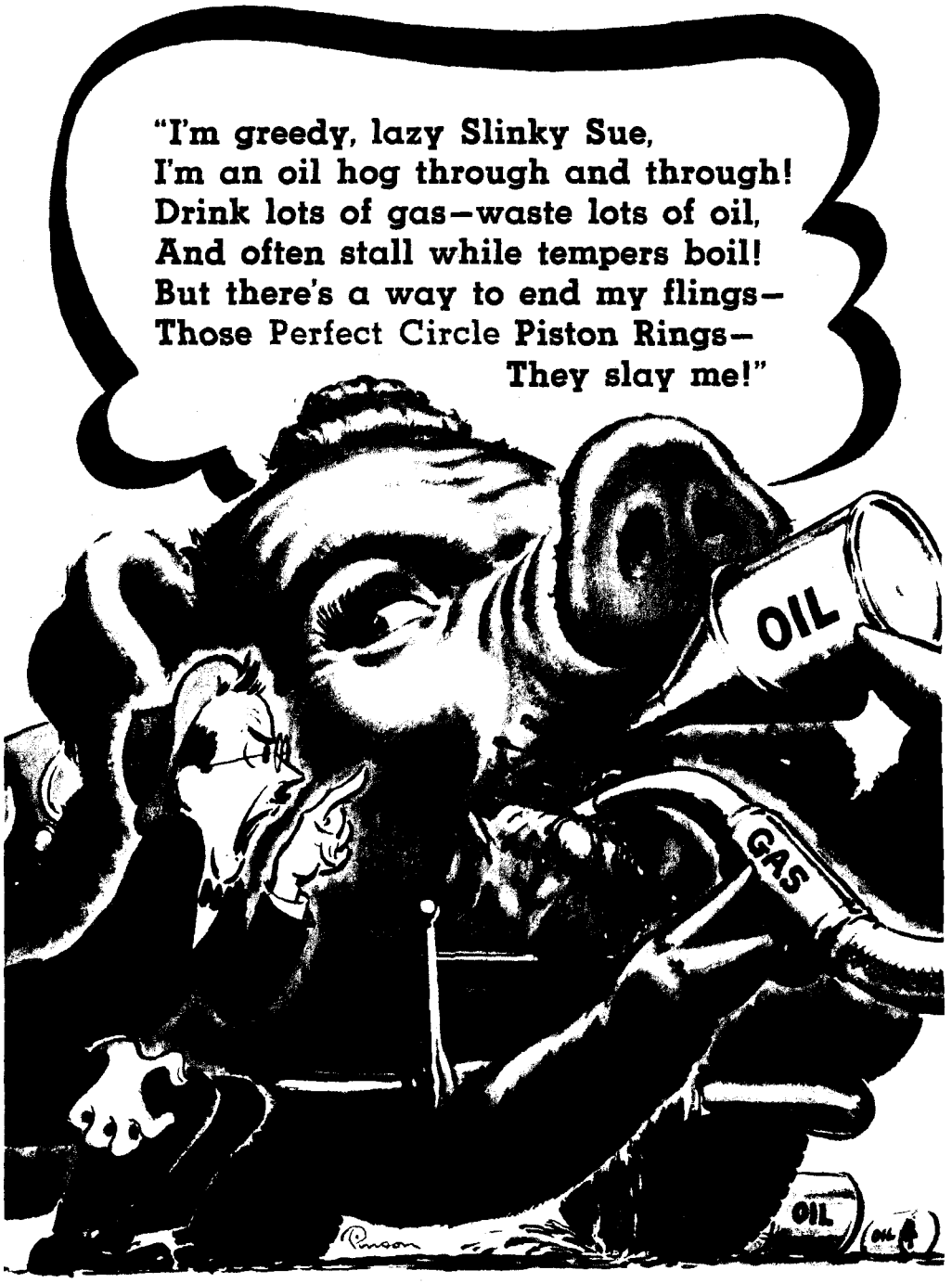
THE END

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Even if it is your camera, Alfred, I think you might let the other fellows get into at least one picture"

COLLIER'S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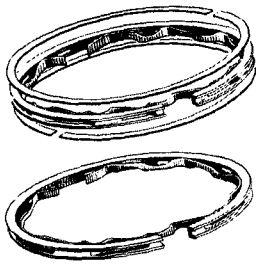

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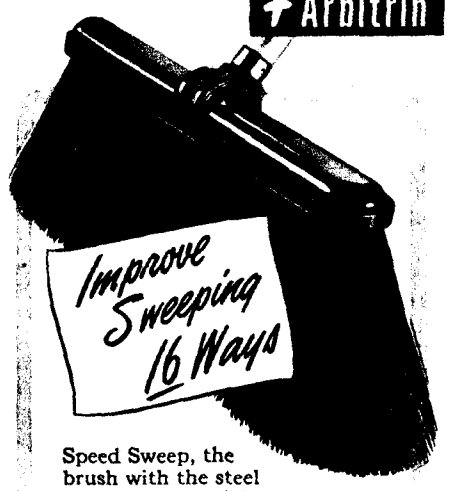

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THE UNDEFEATED HEART

Continued from page 21

tables here. The shelves of the beautiful bar crammed with famous brand names he hadn't seen for years. Our names, he thought. And he wished he were a profound man whose mind was bigger than the barriers of native pride so that he could see, clearly, the sum of all the differences.

Now the earnest man was reciting the history of the coming matches. A red sign beside the microphone said: ON THE AIR. Golf's big names appeared, brown and smiling, to say some warmly pleasant thing and vanish into the crowd. Bobby Jones, the greatest of them all was here. Hagen and Sarazen and Snead and Hogan—the game's top-drawer people, past and present. Then David Perry found himself on his feet, speaking.

"Tomorrow," he said, "the ancient battle is joined again. We are all fit and ready. May the better team win."

He went from the ballroom to the practice fairway with the newsreel men. He spent a quarter of an hour with them, working bareheaded in the rain, hitting iron shots for the impersonal eyes of the cameras. The cameramen were decent chaps, thorough and patient. "One more, please, sir. If you'll turn your head . . ."

"I'll be glad to," he said.

This was a simple task. There was no strain, no tension, and each shot had only to be a duplicate of the one preceding it. He saw the balls go out, hooked slightly to hold their course against the pressure of the wind; he heard the pleased murmuring of those who had gathered in the rain to watch. "A great stylist," someone said. Another, wiser voice said, "Very pretty, but the Americans also hit a pretty ball. And they've got what the long haul needs. Wait until tomorrow, man. You'll see."

Tomorrow, Perry thought.

THE practice rounds were done. The results of the drawing had been posted. Two-ball foursomes the first day. Four matches. David Perry and Sam Webb vs. Johnny Sands and Tom Farrar.

A voice came over the loud-speaker: "Your attention, please. David Perry, on the tee, now driving the first ball!" Gray mists of rain blew across the fairway. The flags around the clubhouse were limp.

Perry's drive was long and straight; Johnny Sands' drive was longer by fifteen yards. Sam Webb made a silent, whistling mouth, and they left the tee to plunge into a sea of umbrellas. Voices were all around them then. Perry listened; he could not help but listen. The gallery was American and strongly for the Americans. He had expected that. But they were a cheerful lot, and they applauded skill with a brisk impartiality. They did not seem to mind the rain. They bunched behind the ropes around the green, groaning when Farrar's putt curled across twenty feet of soggy turf to die on the lip of the cup.

The match was all square on the fourth, and again on the sixth. The seventh was a hillside tee. Perry turned to look back over the green and rolling land. The other matches were on the course now: on the fourth, the second, and just leaving the first tee. He found time in the instant before he addressed his ball to wish his countrymen greater skill and a better chance than he and Sam Webb had. Voices in the gallery were asking, "Where's that five-to-one money now?" The voices of the casuals, the holiday crowd, the Sunday duffers who apparently thought a sound knowledge of the game was sold with each and every ticket at the gate.

But there were those in the crowd, the thoughtful and quiet men, who had correctly read the signs. These were the professionals, the journeymen who'd learned their trade over a thousand such courses. They knew and the knowledge could be plainly seen in the quick averting of their eyes, in heads bent and turned away. Luck and a desperate scrambling had kept the match even thus far, but luck and scrambling weren't enough. The Americans made fewer mistakes in judgment of distance. They were longer off the tee; their pitch shots fell closer to the pin. Not important on one hole, or two, but rolled up over the long, long route the smallest edge is multiplied enormously. The Americans had that edge and were going to win.

Perry and Webb were two down at noon, the midway point. The crowded dining room buzzed with news of the matches still on the course. The Americans were ahead in one, trailing in two. Lynch, the quiet and angry man, had holed his approach on the fifteenth.

"A good lad," Sam Webb said quietly.

Webb knew what was ahead of them; he was a veteran, old in the game. He knew they'd had every break on the morning round: the bad hop that had put a drive of Sands' behind a tree; the freakish gust of wind that had pushed a superb wood of Farrar's into a water-filled trap; Sands' perfectly stroked putt that had stubbornly clung to the lip of the cup, refusing to drop. Webb knew that luck must average out; that presently the tide would turn and run the other way.

"Just a game," he said, in a voice of wonder. "Ten of us sweating blood trying to win a piece of crockery. Silly."

"It's important," Perry said, "because they're not."

They went out into the rain and the booming wind. Again, voices were all around them. They walked the sodden turf and hit their shots. And now even the gallery knew what the end would be. "No chance," the whispers said. "No chance at all." And, oddly, there was less laughter in the crowd as word of American gains in other matches spread across the course. "We'll take all four," the gallery voices said. "It's a shame they couldn't put up a better fight."

THEY were on the thirty-second then, watching Farrar's long iron bounce and run for the pin. The match ended there—six and four—and the whirring newsreel cameras recorded the handshakes and the smiles. The crowd broke and scattered. Perry and Webb walked back to the clubhouse in the rain. They showered and changed. Their teammates came in as the other matches ended. Lynch, the angry man, was swearing still; the rest had a numbed look.

"A proper drubbing," Fowler said.

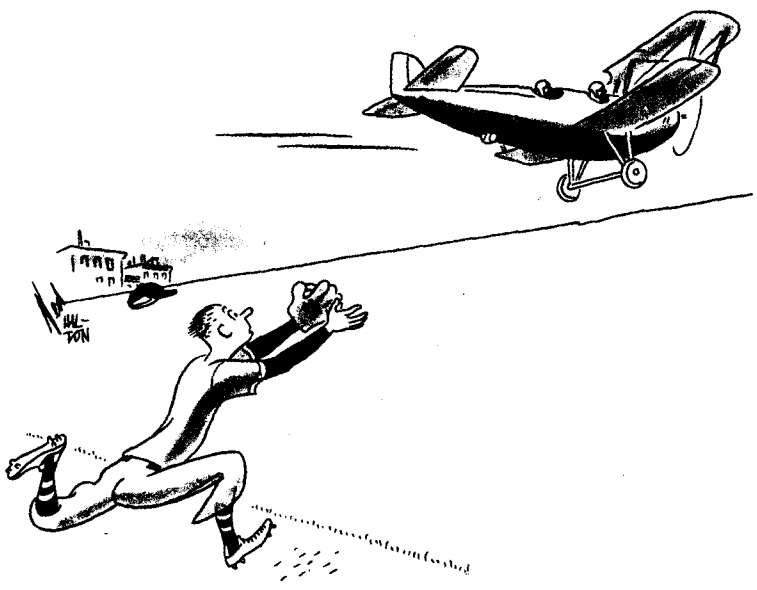
Sam Webb said, "We can still win."

It was possible, mathematically. The Americans had won four of the twelve points at stake. There were eight matches yet to be decided—twosomes, thirty-six holes, match play. We need six to tie, Perry thought. Seven to win. Seven out of eight, and the men who beat us today will be out there tomorrow.

Sam Webb said to Perry, "Who do I play tomorrow?"

"Sands. I drew Pete Muntz." . . .

Perry was first off the tee, the second day. The worst of the storm had passed,



SPORTING ODDS

RED HILTON

Early in the spring of 1917, Little Rock was playing Mobile in the Southern League ball park at Mobile. Johnny Bates, the old Cincinnati Red outfielder stepped to the plate just as a biplane, operated by a "ride-five-minutes-for-five-dollars" barnstormer took off from the Gulf Coast Fair Grounds immediately behind the ball park. Bates knocked a high fly over second base and it hit the fuselage of the biplane, which was only a snappy 200 feet off the ground. The ball stuck and the plane continued in a straight line over center field. Umpire Ted Breitenstein waved the runner on, and allowed the hit to score as a home run. When Norman "Tabasco Kid" Elberfeld, the Little Rock manager, screamed for a ground-rule two-bagger, the umpire pulled the rule book on him—and the first home run was scored with an assist from an airplane. The rule? "When last seen the ball was traveling out of the park in fair territory."

—Earle Ferris, New York City

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and in the far sky a patch of blue promised sunshine later on. Just now, there was wind and a thin, stinging rain. "David Perry," the announcer said, and listed the titles he'd won. The announcer was very kind, omitting mention of the long-ago dates. The voice went on. "Pete Muntz. American Open; Chicago Open; Pensacola . . ." And Pete Muntz went out and hit his drive—Muntz, the huge brown man who seemed as awkward as a bear until you saw the fluid grace of his perfect swing.

This day was a blurred duplicate of the day before, save that Sam Webb's quiet strength was not at Perry's elbow. The same gallery voices whispered, "No chance . . ." The same bumbling airplanes circled the course; the same locomotive whistled hoarsely in the distance. And as the hours fled and he tried without success to stay abreast of the powerful Muntz, he found himself wondering if the Americans did get stronger with every hole. But that was as absurd as the legend of the dragon's teeth. The Americans were men; they tired, too.

But not as fast as we do, Perry thought. He added the factors of exhaustion:

From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: After Singapore fell, Roosevelt cabled Churchill: "The back-seat drivers are now given a field day."

age, diet, the long boat ride, the long train ride, the strange land, the strange course, the never-ending rain, the partisan galleries. How large a part did diet play? The cream-thick milk, the yellow butter, the rich, red meat, the eggs? And how much was born of his desperate desire to win, and the knowledge that he could not? Too much, he thought.

He stood aside, somehow, and watched the match move on. He watched David Perry, Captain, International Team, falter badly, recover and falter again. He saw pressure and tension warp a man's soul—his soul—until every thought was as unfair as the roll of loaded dice. And when Pete Muntz conceded a putt that could have been missed, he wondered if the American would be as casually generous if he were four down, instead of four up.

IN THE next instant he knew, in his heart, that Pete Muntz, golfer and sportsman, would have knocked that putt aside if it had cost him the match.

"You know," Perry said. "I might have missed that putt."

Pete Muntz smiled. "You've given away a few yourself."

The sun came out; the clouds were gone. Perry heard the voices of the crowd again, softly pitched now, and edged with genuine regret. He heard whispered word of the other matches and was not surprised to learn that only Sam Webb, of all his team, had managed to stay ahead of his opponent. He saw his long and curving putt go wide, and heard the voice of the referee: "Mr. Muntz wins the hole . . . and the match!"

He walked back to the clubhouse alone. He saw the American flag go up the mast again. Another match was over; another of his team had lost. And now he could admit that he had known from the very first what the end would be.

There was just one task left—one speech to make. As captain, he would have to be on the platform in an hour when the cup was given to the Americans to hold until it should be at stake again. Meanwhile, a new awareness came in place of strain. It was as if a blindfold had dropped away and he could see this broad and noisy land clearly for the first time. The crowd around the clubhouse scoreboard was no longer a whispering, faceless mass. They were people: men and women, an old chap with a pipe and stick, a pair of youngsters holding hands, a little girl.

He watched the American flag go up again, and yet again. Fowler and Lynch came to stand beside him in the crowd.

"Such golf," Lynch said. "It had been so long, I'd forgotten people could do the things they do." And then he almost smiled; he was no longer angry.

THE results were posted on the board. The Americans had taken every match but one. Sam Webb and Johnny Sands were still fighting somewhere out on the course. They waited; and heard the dim sound of cheering in the distance. Presently, a flag soared up the slender mast.

"Ours!" Lynch said. "It's ours!"

"Yes." Bill Ekstrom was standing beside them then. "Sam Webb wore that Johnny down to a nub. He took him, three and two." He smiled at David Perry. "If you're ready, Dave."

David Perry said, "Of course."

He stood on the hillside platform where the cup, slender and fragile and golden, waited to be handed into the keeping of the Americans. The officials and the celebrated names were there. A brisk young man, stop watch in hand, spoke into a bank of microphones. David Perry looked out over the crowd. Cold sweat started on his palms. That was strange, for the quick and graceful exit line should be an easy task.

But it was not. There were only the shopworn words that skipped across the surface, saying nothing. He felt he should explain why they had come, knowing they could not win.

He saw the faces of his teammates in the throng as he walked toward the microphone. Lynch tipped his head and grinned. Fowler raised his hand in half salute. In that instant of time, David Perry felt the warmth that comes when all of envy and bitterness are gone. He looked out over the massed Americans. This was the one place in the bedeviled world where the middle crop of men whose skill and strength were still reaching for the crest could play at games. We have no middle crop of golfers at home, Perry thought, only the battered old, and the very young. But one day—

"Mr. David Perry," the announcer said.

"We were beaten by a better team," David Perry said. The loud-speakers made his voice a giant's voice.

The girl with the yellow hair and the fountain pen that wrote forever was in the front rank of the crowd, close to the platform edge. "Defeat," he said, "is never pleasant. Particularly, when victory would have meant so much at home." Her eyes held a look of sorrow now. She was sorry for him, his team, his country. He wanted quite suddenly and desperately to speak to her alone, to say that figures posted on a scoreboard are not important. A wasted thought, for how could he expect her to understand what he had realized only a few moments ago? Lynch, the angry man, had understood when he put aside his rage to say, "Such golf!" Defeat did not matter when you knew there was a land that could train and field such a team.

David Perry smiled at the girl with the yellow hair. He spoke to the microphone. "The cup stays here," he said. "As it should. Our best was not, this time, good enough. But we'll be back, a younger and a stronger lot, to have another go at you."

He saw Bill Ekstrom waiting on the path. He lifted his hand. "Till next time—goodby." He walked across the platform and down the stairs to have a drink with an old and valued friend—an American.

THE END

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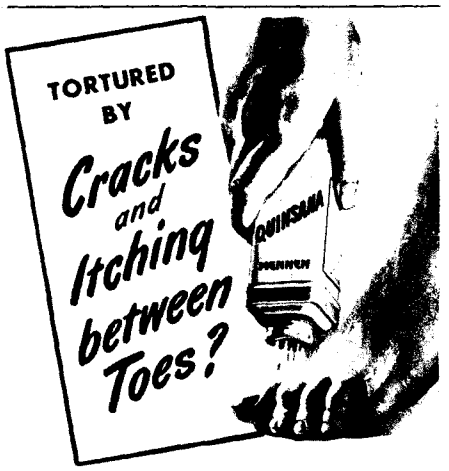

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THE BRAMBLE BUSH

Continued from page 56

pharmacist could easily make such an error. There've been similar cases in our own country."

Niles' face cleared. "Why, yes," he said. "That might be an explanation. And you took this poison before the police arrived?"

"I certainly had no opportunity after."

"So where's your suicide?" asked Wickersham.

"There is none," said Niles. "Everything is clear." A first-year toxicologist would have told him differently, but there was no toxicologist present. "That's all now, Mr. Tremaine. There'll be more later, but since you have no further reason to remain in hiding I suppose you'll be easy to find from now on."

I STOOD up. It had to work now. There was no other way. "Do I understand all charges against me are withdrawn?"

"Absolutely," said Niles. "You're a free man. How does it feel?"

"Fine," I said. "Then I'd like to rejoin my mother and sister." I looked at Mrs. Tremaine and at Catherine. Catherine pushed herself slowly to her feet and started toward me. About four feet from me her knees began to buckle and I caught her just as she crumpled toward the floor. While I held her Wickersham pushed a glass of water against her lips.

"I'm all right," she mumbled. "Please, may we leave?"

Wickersham chuckled. "Too much good news all at once."

"Yes," she whispered, pulling away from me. "Can we go now?"

"Of course," boomed Niles heartily. "Get some fresh air. This has been a terrible strain." Catherine caught my arm and we started for the door. Wickersham helped Reba Tremaine to her feet and followed. The door was no more than fifteen feet away but we seemed an eternity getting there. When the door finally opened, Niles detained me again.

"Just one thing before you go, Philip. Do you believe Mike Finney is still in San Francisco?"

"I'm certain of it."

"You couldn't give us a clue as to his present whereabouts?"

"I would be very foolish to try."

"I see."

"But I can tell you this. As soon as he learns I'm free, he'll attempt to leave town immediately."

"You mean he'll know the police are after him?"

"He'll make that connection."

"Good. We'll notify all authorities to be on the watch for him. He won't get far. Goodby, Philip." He shook my hand. Over his shoulder I could see that the F.B.I. man, Ferratti, had finally had his bright idea. He was bending over the table at the place where I'd been sitting; he was looking for fingerprints. He wasn't going to find any though, not there. Someplace else, maybe, but it was going to take him a little time.

"Goodby, Mr. Niles," I said. The four of us stepped through the door and started down the hall. The door closed behind us.

Wickersham flagged down a cab, and the four of us crawled in. I pulled down a drop seat so I could sit facing the others. Wickersham was beaming, but the two women didn't share his enthusiasm. Catherine had made a rapid recovery from her faint, so rapid that I decided the faint had never been real. It had cut Grover Niles' speech short though, so I had no complaints. She was silent, waiting for me to call the next direction. Reba Tremaine was silent, her jaws clenched. The cab left the curb.

"Now," said Wickersham, "where to? Personally I think this calls for something really gay. Catherine, you need a drink the first thing. Mrs. Tremaine, you could stand one too. Why is everyone so glum? Philip is free!"

"It's the shock," I said.

"Well, cheer up," he ordered. "There's not a thing in the world to worry about." He leaned forward and called out the name of a bar to the driver.

"Look," I said. "I don't want a drink right now."

"Well, name it, then. I'm sorry. I keep forgetting what you've been through. I'll bet you're dead on your feet."

"Not yet," I said. "But within thirty minutes the newspapers are going to hit the streets. Niles can't keep this story from them. My picture will be all over town again and dozens of reporters will be trying to find me."

"We'll fix that," he said. "I'll have my secretary reserve a room at some quiet hotel where you can hide for a few days."

"It won't do. I must get out of town."

"That can be taken care of too." He looked at me soberly for a moment. "You're still sore at me, aren't you? I said some pretty nasty things to you. I'm sorry. I've tried to help all I could. I know now that you'd have done all right without my help; this Finney thing had to break anyhow, but I haven't hurt you any. I wish you'd forget about that sock on the jaw I handed you."

"That just evened the score," I said. "It's all right. But I've got to get out of town, and I'm broke."

"Broke?" He waved his hand expansively. "Good Lord, man, don't you realize you're worth about a million bucks? You've cleared yourself of the crime, and under your father's will the money is all yours."

"Yes," I said. The two women stared straight ahead. "Is any of it available? I mean right now?"

"Well," he said, "there'll be a little red tape—papers to be signed and notarized. And you'll have to submit proper identification to your bank. It can all be taken care of the first part of next week."

"I don't want to wait that long," I said. "Isn't there anything available right now? I'm flat, and I'm sure my mother has nothing to spare. She's gone to considerable expense on my account already."

"H'm, well, I can loan you what you want within reason." He snapped his fingers. "I've got it!" He spoke to the driver again, giving a Montgomery Street address. "I can get you all you need for the time being. The will set aside twenty thousand for your defense. It can't be paid over to anyone except your lawyer, but there's no reason why you can't make me your lawyer. I'll draw that amount on the estate and then turn it over to you. Nothing to it."

"What time is it?"

He pulled out a watch. "A little past two. Nearly an hour before banks close. We'll take care of this and then have something to eat. I'm starved."

THE cab stopped before a building in the Montgomery Street canyon and we all got out. Wickersham gave his arm to Reba Tremaine, and I secured Catherine again. There were going to be bruises on her arm where I held her. I walked fast and she kept up. She seemed almost to be pulling me forward. I held her close until we were in Wickersham's office.

"Several calls," his secretary told him. "One about five minutes ago that sounded very urgent."

"Who was it?"

"A man named Ferratti. He said he must speak with you at once."

"Oh, hell!" muttered Wickersham, glancing at me. "He probably wants us to help him find Mr. Finney. It can wait a while. If he calls again, tell him you expect us in about an hour."

We followed him into his private office where he waved us into chairs while he dug into a filing cabinet. He brought out a folder and spent about five minutes going through its contents. On his desk was a clock, a small electric one which made no sound, but by watching I could see the almost imperceptible movement of the minute hand. All the time it was tracing its slow course, other things were happening. When I'd left Niles' office, the crystal had dissolved. Ferratti was free to talk, free to voice his ideas. Once he did that, Niles would remember a thousand additional questions he should have asked me before letting me go. He might have asked why I had stayed out of the country for ten years; why hadn't I asserted my innocence long ago? Why hadn't I given myself up to Wickersham when I first met him? There were hundreds of them, and I couldn't answer a one without giving myself away. By now Ferratti had probably called the jail to make sure they'd checked my fingerprints against the old ones of Tremaine. He'd find out that my fingerprints had never been taken at the jail. That would put him in a state of high excitement. He'd see the full possibilities. He still needed my physical presence to prove his idea.

"Don't forget about the banks," I said.

"Plenty of time," drawled Wickersham. "I just wanted to make certain this is in order. I'll draw a check against it for twenty thousand payable to me as your attorney. Then you can take the cash—or is that more than you want?"

"I'll take the cash. Perhaps I owe you something?"

He smiled. "I'll be well paid for taking care of the other aspects of the will. As you insisted throughout, I wasn't acting as your counsel, so I don't deserve any of this." He wrote out the check finally and called his secretary. "Run down to the bank with this," he told her. "Give it to Mr. Gowan. I'll call him and tell him you're coming."

HIS secretary took the check and departed. Wickersham dialed the bank and explained the situation briefly. When he hung up, he looked at me and grinned.

"The newspapers have the story already. Mr. Gowan has just finished reading about it, so there'll be no question about the check."

"That's fine," I said. Sweat was beginning to trickle down my back again while I waited. I had to have the money. A few dollars were no good to me now. I needed a lot. Meanwhile the news was out, and somewhere in San Francisco the real Philip Tremaine would read the story. If he saw his name given a clean bill of health, what would he do? If he knew all the facts, he'd stay in hiding, but he couldn't know the full facts. He couldn't possibly know I'd been with Wickersham at the time Tuttle was killed. All he'd see would be the big chance to walk in, prove his identity and take over a fortune. It would land him in a mess, but it would land me there too. And then there was Ferratti. The minute hand crawled around the clock.

"May I use your phone?" I asked. "I want to make a reservation."

"Of course," said Wickersham. He gave me the desk. I called Southern Pacific and tried to make a reservation on the next eastbound train. The next train turned out to be a streamlined special with all seats sold out two weeks ahead. I pleaded urgency and finally got a guarantee of permission to sit in the men's smoking room as far as Reno where I could be given a seat in a chair car. I had

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no intention whatsoever of using the reservation. I simply wanted to keep Wickersham's phone busy a few minutes in case someone tried to call in. And it kept the lack of conversation between Catherine and me and Mrs. Tremaine from becoming too noticeable. I dragged the thing out for as long as possible and hung up.

"So you're going clear to New York?" Wickersham said.

"I may stop off before then. I'd rather not say where."

"You ought to have a forwarding address so I can mail the necessary papers when everything is straightened out."

"I'll let you know."

"Okay," he said. There was silence again, and that was all wrong. We should have been whooping it up for joy. Wickersham noticed the tension and frowned. Even he was beginning to wonder about things. His damned secretary must have stopped somewhere.

THE minute hand moved a couple more notches, and then the phone rang. It rang in the outer office, but Wickersham thumped a button on his own phone and answered it. Ferratti, I thought.

"Yes," said Wickersham. "Oh, yes, Grover. Man by the name of Larsen, you say? Uh-huh. What time was that? Doesn't seem possible but I'll ask Tremaine about it. Oh, yes, he's still here. Won't be long though, so if you're going to need him for anything, you'd better work fast. Thanks for keeping me informed." He hung up and looked at me.

"Just Niles," he said. "He thinks he has something. Some man named Larsen who runs a filling station down the peninsula has reported in that a man answering Finney's description walked into his station about seven o'clock this morning. Said this fellow was all bloody and had been in a car wreck. If it was Finney, how'd he get back to San Francisco in time to shoot Tuttle at eight thirty?"

"I couldn't say."

"Not that it's impossible. Only real point of interest is that a man who answers to Tuttle's description dropped this fellow off at the service station in the first place. They're taking Larsen over to the morgue to see if he can make the identification."

"Of Finney?"

"No, Tuttle, of course. Niles wanted to know if you'd care to meet him there."

"At the morgue? No, I wouldn't."

"That's what I thought. He said he'd keep us posted."

"He's being damned obliging."

"You're a big citizen in this town now. Why wouldn't he be obliging?"

"I keep forgetting." The door opened and the secretary came in. She had the money in a sealed envelope which she gave to Wickersham. He handed it over without breaking the seal.

"Better check it."

I ripped a corner off the envelope and ran a thumb across the protruding edges of the crisp bills. They fluttered like a deck of playing cards. I didn't need to count the money. There was plenty. It was in two clips, one containing thousand-dollar bills and the other holding bills of smaller denomination. I put it in my pocket.

"Thanks," I said. "Thanks for everything. And now I'm going to take Catherine and Mother and run along. We've got a lot to say to each other."

"I'll bet you have," said Wickersham, brightening at this first indication of family affection. "You go ahead. If anything comes up that you need to know about, I can always catch you at the station before your train leaves."

"Right." I steered Catherine and Reba Tremaine out Wickersham's private door into the hallway. As we started for the elevator, I heard the phone ring again and heard Wickersham answering it.

"Mr. Ferratti? Oh, yes. No, he just left. Hang on a minute. I may be able to catch him for you."

I urged the women into a run. Reba Tremaine was ponderous, but neither of them needed much urging. No elevator was waiting nor was there time to ring for one. If Ferratti wanted me at all, he wanted me in person. The men with the handcuffs might be on their way now.

I opened the door to the stairway by the elevator shaft and pushed the women through it. I stepped down beside them and let the door shut. A moment later I heard brisk footsteps along the corridor outside. They could belong only to Wickersham. The footsteps stopped about halfway to the elevator shaft where Wickersham was able to see that no one was waiting. Then they receded at a more leisurely pace.

"All right," I said. "Start down." They said nothing. I had each of them by the arm now, keeping them both ahead of me. We left the stairway after descending one flight, rang for the elevator and stood in silence until it came. We were silent going down, and silent until we'd found another cab. On the street newsboys were hawking the afternoon papers, yelling their lungs out about Tremaine's being cleared. I caught a glimpse of The Evening Register with both my pictures spread all over the front page. One was labeled Tremaine, the other Finney. It wouldn't be long before a lot of people started insisting that both pictures were of one individual instead of two. The driver of our cab wasn't one of the suspicious ones. He didn't look at us twice.

"Where to?" he barked.

"Just start driving somewhere until I make up my mind." He liked that. I closed the glass partition and let him go. He turned and headed for Broadway where he could get out of the heavy traffic and run up some mileage. With the glass between us and the driver I faced the two women. Catherine was crumpled into the corner of her seat, her eyes closed with what looked like pure exhaustion. Reba Tremaine, however, still maintained a rigid posture. Her face was set.

"There's not a thing you can do," I told her. "It's too late to kill me now. Ferratti will insist upon absolute identification of the body. Your word won't be enough." She didn't say anything, so I continued. "Your son is quite safe so long as he doesn't make the mistake of showing himself, and he probably won't do that in view of my pictures being in the paper. He really doesn't look like me at all. He's wearing a nice disguise in his own face. And if you're afraid that by some remote possibility I might actually collect his inheritance, you can forget that too. I can't. I wouldn't if I could." In the corner of the seat Catherine stirred and opened her eyes.

"Do you have to talk?" she asked huskily. "There's so little time."

"I'm not wasting any." I slid the glass aside and spoke to the driver. "Take us out to the Legion of Honor." I slid the glass back. "It occurred to me that one of you might want to make a last try without realizing that it's too late. Even if you were successful, it wouldn't do any good. This time you're really interested in my escape."

"What do you expect of me?" snapped Reba Tremaine.

"Nothing, now that I'm sure you recognize the facts. Nothing at all."

WE MADE it out to the Legion of Honor in about fifteen minutes. The driver got out and opened the door.

"Goodby," I said. Mrs. Tremaine stepped to the sidewalk and Catherine started to follow. She turned and looked at me just as she was about to leave the cab. "Goodby, Mike Finney," she whispered.

I caught her by the wrist and pulled her back to the seat beside me. The driver gave me a big wink and slammed the door. Mrs. Tremaine stood on the sidewalk by herself. Beyond and above her right shoulder I could see Rodin's statue of The Thinker sitting on its pedestal in front of the Legion of Honor gallery. There was something strangely similar in the deep contemplation on the face of the statue and the grim determination on the face of Mrs. Tremaine.

"Back to town," I told the driver, "and the faster the better." Whatever it was he fancied he saw in the situation made him enter into it joyously. He drove with sweet abandon.

"Why did you keep me?" said Catherine. "You must go quickly now."

"Because I feel safer with you and your mother separated. I'm a poor match for you even one at a time." That wasn't my reason, however. The reason had nothing to do with logic. She had called me Mike Finney, and no one had used that name to me in a long time.

"I see," she said.

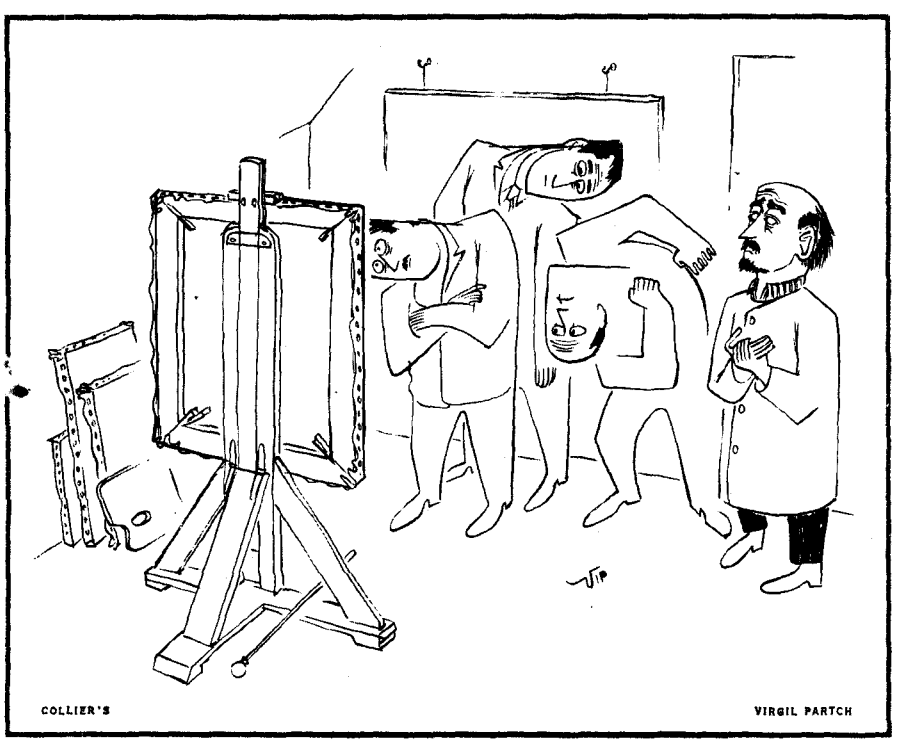
"So I'll leave you at separate places. Your mother might be more considerate of me as long as she knows you're in my care."

"It would make no difference to her, but there's nothing she can do. She'll try to find Philip and tell him to escape while he has the chance. That's all." She spoke with an air of finality.

"And you?"

"I told you about myself last night. There's nothing to add."

I laughed at her. "But you left out a



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few details, like the minor fact that I was poisoned at your house. Otherwise your story wasn't bad."

She turned her head away and looked out the car window. "I didn't tell you that because I wasn't sure until today that you were poisoned."

"Quite likely," I said bitterly.

"You didn't die," she said softly.

"Through no fault of yours. Someone merely miscalculated the dose."

"There was no miscalculation," she said quietly. She wasn't arguing at all. "It was in your coffee. If you had drunk it all, you'd have died. That's why I took it away from you and spilled it."

"So now you're trying to tell me you saved my life."

"I did save your life."

"Very sweet of you. Why didn't you mention that last night? Generally when a person performs such a heroic act, there isn't such reticence."

"Because I wasn't sure then. And because I couldn't tell you I had saved you from being poisoned without telling you who tried to poison you. One murderer in our family is enough."

"And who administered the dose?"

"Mother," she said simply. "I knew by the way she looked at me at dinner that night that she hadn't told me the whole truth. I've told you before how much I was already regretting my part in bringing you to the house. Then when she insisted on going for the coffee, I became frightened. I finally went to the kitchen myself and got there just in time to see her put something into one of the cups—your cup. I didn't know what it was, but I was afraid. You started drinking it, and I simply couldn't stand it. I couldn't accuse my mother of poisoning you without proof, so I spilled the coffee instead. And today for the first time I learned that I was right." She spoke without emotion. "Now you know just how wicked is the environment in which I've lived. *I don't care whether you believe* me or not. Please let me out and go on. Go on to your snow fields."

"I'd waste time letting you out. The driver is doing pretty well."

"You're in greater danger than ever."

"And my danger is your danger. Because if I'm taken, it will be simple to prove that I had nothing to do with the death of Rex Tuttle. I was with Wickersham when Tuttle was shot. It's a matter of record."

"Thank God for that!" she breathed.

"So that leaves you holding the gun which killed him. Very clever of you to tell the police you'd picked the gun up after finding it. You couldn't have wiped your own fingerprints off without destroying mine."

"Do you believe I killed Tuttle?"

"Yes, I believe it." I said it coldly, but I wanted to hear her deny it.

I WANTED to hear her prove I was wrong. I kept remembering her as she was when I left her in the hotel room. I had trusted her then. I wanted to know the trust wasn't misplaced.

"I came close to admitting it," she said.

"Oh?" Then it was true?

"Because I thought that you had killed him. I thought that finally you'd had to kill someone to escape, and I was really to blame. I'd caused it all to happen. Then John Wickersham said you'd been with him at the time Tuttle was killed, and I knew you were innocent. It was one of the happiest moments in my life. You don't have to believe that either."

"No," I said, "and the chances are I won't believe it. You're a genius at explaining things, but some things can't be explained except by the truth. Let me tell you a few truths. Do you know that in the hotel room last night I almost loved you? Do you know that I believed every word you said, that your tortured face was beautiful to me and that I hated the moment when the door shut between us? Do you know that I almost went back and asked you to come with me, thinking that together we could escape from the past which haunted us both? Do you know any of those things?" Her face flushed. It wasn't possible, I thought. People can blush with shame, but murder isn't an act to be ashamed of. Anyone who has gone that far is beyond shame. But her face was blushing.

"That isn't true," she said. "Don't say such things when they can't be true!"

"It was true at the time. But emotions are fickle, you know. So you saved me from poison, and now you tell me you were on the point of admitting the killing of Tuttle in order to save me from a murder charge. Quite a sacrifice." I taunted her. I remembered that blow on the skull at the foot of the hotel stairway. She put her hands to her face.

"Please let me out. You'll never believe me. Why should you believe anything any more? I only want you to get away and be happy somewhere."

"So you thought I killed Tuttle."

"But your fingerprints were on his car. You were with him at some time."

"You bet I was in his car. He knew everything that had happened to me and somebody killed him to shut him up. I remember quite well. A blow on the head isn't quite as bad as poison where memory is concerned. At least I remember events up to the time I was hit and after *I came to.*"

From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: Hopkins wrote: "Churchill told us that the Singapore business was a mess . . . they let him and the British army down very badly."

"I don't even know what you'd talking about," she cried.

"It was I, not you, who was hit. If I remember, you can. I left you, looking lost and beautiful . . ."

"Stop calling me beautiful! I'm not!"

"Shall I say desirable then? In your flowing blue gown? With your hair loose and your eyes full of tears? Quite a picture. Quite a thing to leave behind in that hotel room. But I didn't leave you behind. You followed me right down the stairs of the hotel. You came up behind me in the entrance. What the hell did you hit me with?"

"I didn't hit you at all!"

"In her trailing ghostlike garments drifting down the stairs. Silent as poison. Was it a piece of loose pipe or a spindle you'd torn from the balustrade?" I finally had her in tears, and I didn't care. She'd been glib enough at explaining everything else, but now she could only cry her denial.

"It isn't true!" she sobbed. "No, no!"

"It doesn't work," I said. "You went through this act once already. I'm just trying to find out how it feels to be a carefree killer. The absence of anything human inside you must give you a terrific sense of freedom. How did it feel when I went over the cliff? You really thought I'd gone. Did you and your brother gloat over it all the way home?"

"I've never even seen my brother!" she cried. "I didn't know he was within a thousand miles until this afternoon."

I laughed at her again. She was choking up beautifully, her body heaving, her head trying to find a place to hide. I was mauling her, but not with my hands so I didn't have to be gentle. I was mauling myself too. I'd wanted her to explain that blow on the head. She couldn't because she had delivered it. I hated her.

"So then you parted. You to your home, and your brother—where did he go?"

"I tell you I've never seen him!"

"And I tell you you have! You left him and went on home where you untied John Wickersham. Did you cry for him too? Did you beg him not to say you'd gone away with me?"

"I told him only what you asked me to!"

"I gave perfect directions, didn't I? Everything was rosy. You were all set to collect a fortune when Tuttle had to appear and tell you he knew all about it. He must have forgotten to tell you I wasn't really dead or you wouldn't have been so quick with the gun. Why cry about it now? You're safe enough with me. I don't dare tell what I know. Or are the tears hiding a new attempt? Go ahead. I'm watching."

SHE rolled away from me, fumbling at her purse and finally getting it open. It was only a handkerchief she was after. She pulled it out and let the purse slide to the seat beside her. It was still open and some of the contents spilled out—a pencil, a lipstick, a pack of cigarettes, and one other thing which I looked at silently for several seconds before I picked it up. It was a set of car keys. They were in a grained leather case with a brass snap on it.

I suddenly felt dizzy with relief. Looking out of the cab I saw that we were back in the business district. The traffic slowed our speed. In the rearview mirror I caught a glimpse of his eyes peering anxiously at the pantomime of emotions in the back seat. This was where I'd meant to leave her, and now I couldn't. Not yet. I pushed the partition aside.

"Go south," I said. He nodded. I shot the slide into place once more. Catherine leaned away from me in the seat, mopping her eyes. I caught her arms and pulled the hands away from her face, then spun her around to face me. She wouldn't look. Her eyes were shut fast and her whole expression was *one of a person who has been beaten* beyond ability to feel anything more. I held her in my arms for several seconds. It isn't easy to be utterly wrong. There's no way to swallow words once they've been said. And I had been utterly wrong. She had saved me from poison; she'd been ready to save me by confessing to the killing of Tuttle; she had nothing to do with the attempt to run me over the cliff. Everything she said was true. All my accusations were false.

"Can you hear me?" I said.

"Haven't you said enough?" she whispered.

"Almost. Tell me one thing. For God's sake, tell me the truth. Where did you get these?" I held the car keys in front of her. The changed tone of my voice made her open her eyes. She looked at the object in my hand blankly.

"But you left them with me at the hotel. You said you didn't want the car."

"I know," I said. "Are there other keys?"

"Wouldn't there be? Mother always carried a set."

She didn't know anything about it then—not a thing. My words had been a complete garble to her. It had been Philip Tremaine who waited for me at the foot of the stairs, and it had been Reba Tremaine who furnished the car keys. That's why Reba Tremaine had been dressed at so early an hour in the morning. She'd just got home. That's why she'd tried to kill me right in front of Wickersham. Because she thought I knew. The world was giddy. I held Catherine close.

"Please forgive me," I whispered. "It was your car that went over the cliff. I thought you must have helped."

"It's I who still need forgiveness," she said. She lay against me limply.

"I'm going to leave you again," I said. "Do you remember what I told you about the last time I left you? That I wanted to come back?"

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"Please don't," she said.

"That I almost loved you?"

"I can't stand any more," she whispered. "Don't say things you don't mean. Just say you don't hate me. Then let me go quickly so I can never hurt you again."

"I don't hate you. I love you. Remember that always." I touched her cheek. It wasn't a kiss but it had to do. She caught at my hand a moment, then released it. I pushed back the driver's partition for the last time.

"You can stop here," I said. The driver drew the cab to a halt at the curb and I pushed a bill into his hand. I shoved the door open and got out. "Goodby," I called.

"Goodby," she said, and her lips barely formed the words. Then she sank back in the seat again and turned her face away as the cab started up again. There was no time left at all. The papers still carried my picture and the old documents still carried my name. Mike Finney. I was still running. If Ferratti and Niles and Wickersham didn't know the truth already, they'd know in a matter of minutes.

But there was a big difference between this time and the last time I'd found myself running. I had twenty thousand dollars in my pocket. You can do things with twenty thousand. I hailed a cab.

"Hemisphere Airlines. And fast."

With twenty thousand bucks you can even charter a plane.

I LOLLED in a hammock under the palms of Calisto and listened to the high surf explode along the shore. The lights were on over the terrace of Jim Taylor's hotel.

I'd been back four days. It was necessary to come: I had to get the papers I'd left in the bank at Acapulco. Those papers identified me as Mike Finney and had to be destroyed, although I hadn't destroyed them yet. I was waiting for the newspapers from San Francisco to see just what the situation was. Possibly Tremaine had been captured, or some other turn of events had developed which would change my plans. Not that my plans were important. When I'd gone to the bank at Acapulco to get my papers, Manuel Ruiz's greeting had been something of a shock.

He had said, "Well, Señor Fitzgerald, so you decided not to go away after all." The date on the envelope he returned to me was of the first week in September, and the calendar on the wall showed the same month not yet gone.

"No," I told him. "I decided it was best to stay here." It could have been years, I thought. After I had my papers, I went back to Calisto—I think, perhaps, because I wanted to see Paquita. I thought that her dark body, her quick laughter and her almost incomprehensible innocence would help me forget a girl whose laughter I'd never heard.

Paquita wasn't at Calisto when I arrived. When I asked for her at the village, the usual smiles were absent and information was lacking. The Hotel Taylor, at least, was glad to see the return of a paying customer, but Cayetano, who had taken over full duties as bar boy, met my questions regarding Paquita with the same dignified reserve as the people in the village. He told me that she had gone up the lagoon in a rowboat to another little village called Aquilango and was expected back the next day. The wait wasn't helpful. It gave me time to formulate all the rational reasons I had to forget about Catherine Tremaine.

Paquita came the next day. It was in the afternoon, and I was on the beach with my trousers rolled, wading in the surf. I could see her coming for about two hundred yards, not running—as she once would have done—but walking at a dignified pace. I shortened the distance by going to meet her. She wore a shawl over her head. She looked at me in silence a few moments.

"Then it is true what they told me," she said. "You are back, Roberto?"

"As you see, Paquita." It wasn't what I expected. She shook her head sadly.

"Almost before you go away, you are back. I think you lied to me, Roberto, about San Francisco and the cold country. What you wanted was only to go to Mexico City for a few days to see the bullfights. Isn't that right?"

"Perhaps that's it. And now I'm back." I felt ill at ease. She smiled at my frown.

"I am not angry with you, Roberto." The smile became a tinkling laugh—the laugh I remembered. "But I was so angry with you when you went away! I could have scratched you. Even though you gave me all that money." She was suddenly serious again. "Ah, Roberto, you shouldn't have done that."

"It was a present, Paquita."

"The present, yes, that is all right. But what happens when you give me such a present? Suddenly I am rich. Sixty pesos from you, twenty pesos from Señor Temple which you gave me, a few pesos of my own which I had saved. I make the mistake of telling the village about it and then what happens?"

"Don't tell me someone stole it?"

"Oh, no, nothing so bad as that. But people talk, and the next thing my husband comes home. He hears about it and comes for the money."

"I see," I said.

"So now he is here, and I have a hus-

COLLIER'S "What am I going to say in my thank-you note?" PERRY BARLOW

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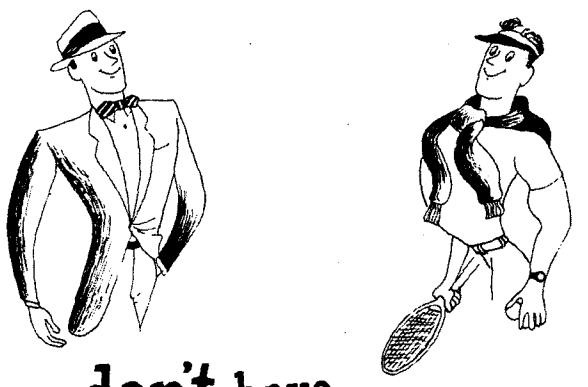

But **don't** have

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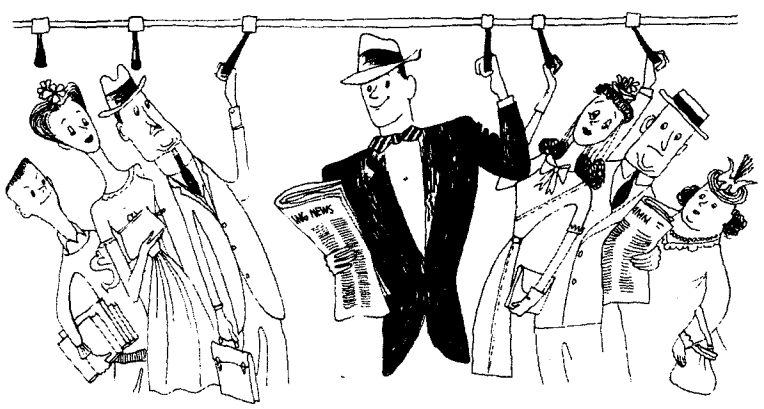

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band. Can I do anything about it, Roberto? Right now he is here."

"I see," I said. I was somehow tremendously relieved.

"You are not angry then, Roberto?"

"No, I'm not angry. If you have a husband, you must behave like a wife."

"That's right," she said thoughtfully. "But I heard you were back and wanted you to know." She smiled at me. "Maybe the husband is a good thing because now we have gone into business together. With all our money we have bought four burros, and once each month we will take things to Acapulco for the vendors in the stalls of the market to sell to the tourists. I have just been to Aguilango buying shellwork, and we will also take hammocks and mats and the pretty pictures old Hernandez makes from fish scales. There are many tourists now, and business should be very good. Maybe someday we will have many burros and can go as far as Guadalajara and Taxco for glass and silver." Her eyes danced with pleasure.

"That's fine, Paquita. I'm very glad."

"Really, Roberto? I was afraid you might be angry that I had a husband."

"A husband is a good thing to have."

"I think so," she said. "And you? Pretty soon you'll go away again?"

"I believe so."

"That is the way it is. But I will remember you and the good times we had. And I will remember the last joke. I was angry with you then too."

"What was that, Paquita?"

"When you stole Señor Temple's billfold. He wanted to play a little joke, that Señor Temple. He gave me his billfold and bet me you would keep it if I gave it to you. I told him he was wrong because you were such an honest man. I was supposed to bring it to the hotel and tell you I found it. And then you kept it, and it made me so angry because it meant he was right. How he did laugh at me the next day."

"Then he hadn't gone that night?"

"I think maybe he went up the road a little way with those tourists. The next day I saw him and he wanted to know who won the bet."

"You told him?"

"Yes, but I felt wrong about it, because I didn't tell him you had given me all the money in the billfold. So it was really I who was dishonest." She smiled. "But it was a good joke."

"Yes," I said, "it was a fine joke. There'll never be a joke like it." But I was glad to know her part in it had been innocent. Catherine Tremaine had played an innocent part too. And Catherine had no husband.

I told Paquita goodby and bowed to her to show that I knew she was a *señora* with prospects of fortune. She curtsied very prettily and went away. . . .

THESE recollections, among others, were with me as I watched the palms sway back and forth above my hammock. I finished my beer and went to my room. Cayetano had laid the newspapers on the table by the bed.

Reading them was a strange experience, like watching blind men put together a jigsaw puzzle with a picture on it which they couldn't see even after all the pieces were assembled. They were still looking for Mike Finney, but by now they were also making efforts to locate Philip Tremaine who had disappeared without a trace. The latest development concerned the discovery of a tattered and bloodstained overcoat found in a culvert near Larsen's filling station. Larsen testified that this overcoat had been worn by a man answering Finney's description who had been left at the service station by Rex Tuttle whom Larsen had identified several days previously at the morgue. The F.B.I. was hinting at sensational revelations.

According to the newspapers Tremaine had never picked up certain train reservations which he made from his lawyer's office. He hadn't been seen since leaving his mother and sister.

That part would stay a mystery, I decided. The manager of the Hemisphere Airlines possibly realized by now why the man he thought was Tremaine had been in so great a hurry to hire a plane, but the manager had taken such a big tip for his services that the police might consider it a bribe. He wouldn't talk. The pilot wasn't likely to talk either. Presumably he'd taken a private passenger to Tucson. The police wouldn't consider a one-thousand-dollar bill sufficient excuse for his making an error of several hundred miles in his course.

One other article in the paper interested me. It concerned Catherine Tremaine and was date-lined Santa Rosa, California, where, according to the article, she was living in a small apartment by herself. She could give the reporter no information regarding her brother's whereabouts. The reporter had advanced the theory that Philip Tremaine might be dead, in which case she was in a position to inherit the Tremaine fortune. Her reply was formal.

"I do not want it and shall make no

Answer to Transposagram on page 37

BALL CHAMPION TOO FEEBLE YET MEET IN LOBBY OF PALACE HOTEL

effort to secure it. If it should come to me anyway, I'll turn it back to my trustee to dispose of in support of whatever charities or endowments he thinks are best qualified to receive it."

The reporter pushed his inquiry further and suggested that Philip Tremaine might have fallen victim to Mike Finney, upon whom the police had as yet never laid eyes. Her quoted reply was:

"I cannot believe it. My brother left me in a cab in San Francisco and told me he was going away. I can't blame him for not coming back, but I pray to hear someday that he is safe."

I read the article through several times, wondering about it. The other newspapers had nothing to add, so I folded them together and tossed them on the bed. At least they had told me clearly what I had to do. I went to the closet and got a packet from my coat pocket. It was the one I'd recovered from Manuel Ruiz; it still had the wax seal on it. I broke the seal. The contents evoked some memories which I wasn't going to remember any more. I couldn't. As Mike Finney I was wanted for murder, and you can be extradited for murder. I looked at my passport, the legal one with which I'd entered Mexico from Europe. It had my name on it, my picture, my fingerprints. I read through my citations again. Then I restored everything to its place and left the room.

I walked across the terrace again and into the shadows of the trees. I went on through them until I hit the open beach where the sand lay yellow in the light of a quarter moon. I could see the moonlight glistening on the concave surfaces of the gigantic breakers before they toppled and fell. I followed the beach for about half a mile to a place where the bedrock jabbed through the layer of sand and shouldered its way out toward the boiling surf. I stepped on to the rock and followed its course toward the water. At its seaward end was a drop of about eight feet to a rocky floor that sloped outward in a series of knifelike edges. At low tide this rocky floor was bare and made a good place to hunt for shells and bits of sea moss that grew in the crevices. But now the tide was coming in so that after the waves broke, the heavy surf rushed forward until it struck the face of the higher outcropping itself where it spouted upward in a fountain of warm spray. When the waves receded, I could see the rocky floor beneath—black and gleaming in the moonlight.

I sat down and let the spray pour over me. The night was hot, and it felt pleasant. The waves pounded on the immovable shore. For a while I watched, thinking this was as fitting a time and place as any to bring an end to Mike Finney. Then I took the envelope from my pocket and removed the citations I received during the war. I folded them together and slowly tore the paper into fine bits, dropping the bits over the end of the promontory where they were lost in the incoming waves. I'd finished with the citations and was reaching for the envelope again when a shadow fell across the rock beside me. The shadow of a man.

I ROLLED sideways, turning at the same time, but no one jumped on me. Instead I heard a low laugh of contempt and looked up to see the man himself silhouetted against the moonlit sky. He had a gun in his hand. It seemed he'd always had a gun in his hand. The man was Philip Tremaine. I couldn't see his face clearly, because the moonlight was behind him. I made out the hollows of his eyes. He kept the gun pointed at me.

"Don't move, Finney," he said. "I suppose you thought you were through with me?"

"I only hoped so," I said.

"Well, your hopes will soon be realized because you're going to be through with everything in just a minute." He sat down on a ledge of rock about five feet from me. "Just stay the way you are on your hands and knees. It's a position I like to see you in." There was a vicious edge to his voice.

"It might have been kinder," he continued, "to let you have it without telling you it was coming, but then I got to thinking about that evening at the hotel when you knocked me down. So I decided not to be kind to you. What do you know about that?"

"Suppose you tell me about it," I said. Behind me I could hear the waves pounding against the rocks.

"Sure," he said, and laughed again. "I'll tell you all about it. First I want to congratulate you on your job. You did a lot better than I expected. All you were supposed to do was die so that Catherine could collect my money for me. But she queered things. You cleared me entirely, so now I can collect the money myself. Nice, eh?"

"You'd better have your face changed," I said.

"Oh, not much need to worry about that. I've always got my own signature and my own fingerprints to prove I'm Philip Tremaine. I won't need to show my face. I've even got a few pictures of you left, and it will be easy enough to find people who'll swear they're pictures of me. With the money I'm going to collect, I can buy anything." His laughter took on a note of anticipatory excitement at the thought. "Nothing to worry about except you." He adjusted the gun in his hand. "So easy. No one even knows I'm here."

"There's still a little matter of a murder."

"Murder?" he said. "But they were Mike Finney's murders. Both of them."

"Both of them?"

"Sure. Tuttle too. You didn't know that? I went to the house that morning to tell Catherine you were dead. Why you weren't is more than I can understand. I had the gun with me that killed Clark, the same gun you'd so kindly put your fingerprints on. I was going to leave it where the police would be sure to find it. And then Tuttle had to come along and tell me he knew who I was. That wouldn't do at all, so I shot him. What else could I do? I thought they'd hook that one on to Catherine and give her

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a chance to claim self-defense, but instead they pinned it on you."

"Then you were the man she saw?"

"Maybe she did. Thank God she didn't see much of me. It's lucky for her Tuttle showed up, or I'd have shown her just what kind of brother she has."

"I think she knows," I said.

"Yeah?" he sneered. "Got any more last words?" He lifted the gun.

"Sure. How would it be if I told you I'd already signed all the documents requiring your signature?"

"That's a damned lie!"

"In Wickersham's office, maybe. I was there, you know."

"You crumb!"

"So you might have trouble even yet."

"But not with you!" He got to his feet. A wave hit below us and a sheet of spray looped over our heads. "Not with you, by God!" He held out the gun. Below me I heard the silence of water receding. I shot my legs out behind me and pushed with all the strength in my arms. My body went backward, feet first over the end of the promontory. I heard the explosion of the gun and felt the sting of shattered rock piercing the skin of my face. Then I hit bedrock. It was a jar but I kept my feet. The water was about ten inches deep, flowing out to meet another onrushing wave. I could see it towering above me about thirty yards off shore. I splashed along the hard surface, hugging the shadow of the promontory until I was clear of it and on the sand. I ran up the beach and turned back to the rocks again. He was there somewhere. Among the broken surfaces the shadows made dark tunnels. I clambered through them, watching for his profile against the night. I heard him before I saw him.

HE WAS standing at the spot from which I'd leaped, threatening the rocks and surf below with a swinging gun. While I watched, he fired at some shadow which he must have fancied was me. I crouched low, letting my fingers slide along the rough surface of the rock, following the crevices until they found a loose stone. I weighed it in my hand as I rose to my feet and moved forward. I never threw it. Before I could get close to him, he lowered himself over the edge and dropped from view. The man must have finally lost his reason.

Even as he disappeared, I heard the thunder of a giant breaker rolling in, driving the surf like a band of sheep before it. I leaped along the rocks until I was standing where I could look down. For an instant I saw him. He floundered on his knees in the shallow water, his arms upraised against the liquid weight that bore down against him. It was a quick way to end. The water lifted him like a cork and dashed him against the rocks. Then the water receded and he floated with it a few yards until his clothing caught on the rough surface beneath. When the water had run out, he lay limp on the black surface.

I lowered myself as far as I could without being washed into the sea and waited. The waves carried him in and out, each one ramming him against the rocks. The foam below me took on a tinge of pink that was visible even by moonlight. About the ninth wave I caught him by the arm and held on against the pull of the water, sliding out to sea again. Then I heaved him up beside me. Already his face had been beaten so much as to be unrecognizable.

I stretched him out and went through his pockets. There was nothing in them except a pipe and an oilskin tobacco pouch. The pouch looked as though it would do for my purpose. I shook the tobacco out and then took the envelope from my pocket. Into the pouch went Mike Finney's passport and the few cards and receipts which had been made out in the name of Mike Finney.

When I was finished, I zipped the pouch shut and buttoned it back in his pocket. Then I picked him up and carried him back along the rocks to a gentler section of the beach where I dumped him. I was glad that the waves and rocks had done for me what I'd intended to do for myself.

In the morning some native would find him and report his death. By then there'd be little left except the pouch by which to identify him. The news would go through to the Mexican authorities. Mike Finney was dead. Tremaine had finally succeeded in killing him. Curiously enough the money which had been the cause of it all was going to lie on the books unclaimed. Catherine had said she didn't want it, and Reba Tremaine would live out her life hoping to hear from a son who was all through talking. For myself I still had a large part of the twenty thousand. I'd earned it.

I walked back along the beach through the hot moonlit night. At Taylor's bar I ordered a double bourbon, drank it and went on to my room. I opened the newspaper and read the little article again.

I pray to hear someday that he is safe.

It wasn't her brother Catherine had meant. I was the one who had left her in the cab in San Francisco. I was the only person in the world who would understand what her statement to the reporter meant. It was a message to me. I read it several times, then went out on the terrace and had more bourbon. Around me was the tropical night.

I pray to hear someday that he is safe.

Instead she would hear that I was dead. That would be the final sentence from the past, but it was a sentence I could suspend very simply. I was quite safe now so long as I stayed in exile.

WHICH was what I told her in a letter I wrote a few days later from Mexico City. I told her that Mike Finney was indeed dead, but that the man who had left her in the cab in San Francisco was alive and well, although lonely. I told her I loved her, and I signed the letter Robert Fitzgerald. The letter was sent air mail, and I received a reply a few days later.

Dear Robert Fitzgerald:

I was greatly relieved to get your letter. The situation here is little better than when you left—at least where I am concerned, so I plan to come south. My plane reservation will put me in Mexico City October 20th. I don't know what lies ahead after that, and in view of the past, I can't expect too much. Still, I have believed you before and believe you now when you tell me you love me. If we can gradually forget the past, perhaps life has something yet to offer us.

Catherine

Life, I thought, was going to offer a great deal.

THE END

GOODBY, WILDERNESS

Continued from page 6

there is general agreement that National League strategists have not always made maximum use of available strength.

Last year, for example, when outfielder Phil Cavarretta was kicked in the head on June 21st, National League planners had ample reason and opportunity to substitute Ralph Kiner, the Pittsburgh slugger, but didn't bother. (Kiner slammed 15 June homers, including four in three days in Chicago's Wrigley Field, where the All Stars clashed, July 8th.)

Cavarretta, who hadn't swung a bat in competition for 17 days, subbed for Bruce Edwards in the eighth. Phil struck out. Then in the ninth, when Manager Eddie Dyer needed another pinch hitter, the bench was bare. Dyer's desperation pick was Schoolboy Rowe, an American League castoff. Admittedly, Kiner's presence would not have guaranteed a National League triumph, but Ralph certainly would have made a more formidable clutch swinger than the injured Cavarretta or the aged Rowe, who bats ninth for the Phillies.

Still, the National League's 1947 performance was a big improvement over 1935 when pregame drills were curtailed because nobody thought to bring any baseballs or fungo bats. There is a report that President Ford Frick's office has urged all hands to try extra hard in the imminent All Star struggle in St. Louis. If true, it's about time. Nothing would improve All Star competition quite so much as a few National League victories.

Of course, the spectacle of Leo Durocher managing Eddie Stanky again may be diversion enough for National League fans. Eddie and Leo have been cutting each other up into little verbal pieces since Eddie departed Brooklyn for Boston. Eddie undoubtedly will be a National League nominee, even though Manager Durocher claims Brooklyn has three young gentlemen who play a better second base. Indeed, Leo often uses all three of them the same afternoon.

HARD-LUCK PORKY

Ed (Porky) Oliver finished second in the Tam O'Shanter, Canadian and Western opens last year. It was downright discouraging, even though Porky did accumulate $17,941.15 for fourth place among the fairway financiers. Once Porky carded 271—17 under par. Five minutes later, young Johnny Palmer blazed in, 18 under.

When Porky retired from the runner-up business to settle down as a teaching pro in Seattle, there was considerable locker-room speculation on what regular home cooking would do to his aggressive waistline. Surprisingly, Porky dwindled from 225 to 211.

"You been sick?" Jim Ferrier inquired solicitously when Porky vacationed at the P.G.A.

"Nope, been teein' 'em up like this." Porky illustrated with a grunt. "I tell the members they ought to work on their irons, but they always want a lesson on the driver. You give six straight half-hour drivin' lessons and you never want to bend over again."

Porky says the biggest fault of the average golfer is tenseness. "That's why Joe Louis learned so quickly. He's loose as ashes."

Louis played Porky in numerous Army exhibitions. When Porky's small side-bet earnings reached $90, Louis suggested a five-hole play-off, double or nothing. Joe wanted a hole-and-a-half handicap but settled for 1 up.

Porky was one under for the five holes. So was Louis. As Joe reclaimed his currency, Porky griped, "That's plain murder, Joe. I can't spot you one hole any more than I can spot you one round."

"One round ain't so much," Louis said. "Tell you what, Porkchop. We box five rounds. I spot you the first four—but you gotta win the fifth."

Blackwell bumped into a locker the other day and got a bloody nose.

Who loaned him the blood?

THE END

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OSTRICHES AREN'T SO DUMB

Continued from page 25

all birds, ostriches have no teeth and need stones in their crops to grind up their food. Being several hundred times as big as ordinary birds, the ostrich naturally swallows larger stones. But even Francis Earnest admits that ostriches carry this natural habit to extremes.

"An ostrich can swallow anything that will fit in his beak, even if it bulges his neck out to twice its ordinary size," says Earnest. "The motion pictures often want a gag shot of an ostrich swallowing some crazy object and the birds only let us down once. We had a little ostrich named Rudy that used to work in the old Barney Google comedies and the director wanted him to swallow an alarm clock. That was too much even for Rudy, so we had him hold the clock in his beak and then we cut to a shot of his neck after he had swallowed a grapefruit."

A tame ostrich on one of the old farms probably established some sort of swallowing record by eating several red-hot bullets while a hunter was taking them out of the molds. Ostriches seldom show any bad effects from the junk they eat, but Earnest knows of one bird that was killed by some humorous visitors who fed him four golf balls. Being perfectly round, they simply revolved in the crop like ball bearings, refusing to wear away, until finally they stuck and the bird died.

"Ostriches will grab at anything that is brightly colored," Earnest explains. "They're very color-conscious. I'm often asked if the birds know me. Of course they do. But if I come out wearing different-colored clothes—clothes that the birds haven't seen before—they don't recognize me at first. My wife sometimes goes past the pens carrying my old clothes and they'll run after her."

Christmas Gift Causes Trouble

For many years, Earnest's head ostrich man was an old-timer named Dick Carner who had trained Thundercloud, a big cock bird, to pull a light wagon around the farm. Dick rode around in the wagon to do his daily chores and was positive that the cock knew him as well as a horse knows his rider. One Christmas, Dick's wife managed to throw away the old green sweater her husband always wore and presented him with a new brown one. The next day Earnest saw Dick wearing the new sweater while he hitched Thundercloud to the cart. Thundercloud always wore a bag over his head to keep him quiet during hitching.

"You'd better look out when you take the hood off," Earnest called.

"This bird knows me better than my wife does," Dick replied confidently as he climbed into the seat and pulled off the bag.

Thundercloud started off in great shape. Suddenly the bird happened to glance behind him. The next second, there was a feathered explosion. The big cock tore the harness loose, kicked the cart to pieces and then started after Dick. The ostrich handler managed to tear off his new sweater just in time. Thundercloud stopped, hesitated, and then lowered his head and made an apologetic, cooing noise. Dick accepted the apology, but he made his wife unearth the old green sweater.

"People think ostriches are stupid because the birds don't think the way we do," Earnest claims. "Take that old story about an ostrich sticking his head in the sand. Ostriches won't do that, but they will lay their heads flat on the ground when they see an enemy coming. There's a very good reason for it, too. An ostrich's neck is so long that he can see for miles over the desert but an enemy can also see him. So as soon as an ostrich spots anything coming, he lowers his neck like a submarine pulling down her periscope. After a while he takes another quick look. If the enemy is still headed his way, the bird starts to run."

Like many game birds, a hen ostrich tries to decoy enemies away from her nest by pretending to be crippled and limping over the ground uttering painful cries. She keeps this up until she is well away from her eggs or until the powerful cock can come to her assistance.

"Sometimes I wish the birds weren't so darned smart," says Earnest bitterly. "One of the big attractions on the farm is Nubie, our famous riding ostrich. My wife used to ride him around the ranch and he let Freddie Bartholomew get on his back in Swiss Family Robinson. Then the directors started putting cowboys on him who tried to ride Nubie as though he were a bronco.

"Nubie worked out a system that will get rid of any rider. Ostriches' legs are hinged so that they bend forward instead of backward and as soon as a rider got on his back, Nubie would begin to kneel. Naturally, his rider always grabbed for Nubie's long neck. That would be just what Nubie wanted. Ostriches have very powerful necks, and Nubie would give a terrific jerk forward that sent the man flying over his head. Then Nubie would walk back and forth over his prostrate rider a few times before trotting away. We don't ride Nubie any more."

Ostrich farming first started in this country in 1883 when a young Californian named Edwin Cawston went to South Africa and bought two hundred birds. At that time, selling ostrich feathers was Cape Colony's main business and when the authorities saw their monopoly about to be broken, they refused to allow the birds to be loaded on shipboard. Cawston rushed his ostriches to Natal and, chartering a Swedish freighter that happened to be in the harbor, set sail for America.

Most of the birds died during the voyage but Cawston managed to get twenty pairs alive to his ranch. These birds were the ancestors of 75 per cent of all California's ostriches which once numbered over ten thousand. Within two years the young speculator made over thirty thousand dollars from the sales of feathers, eggs and young of his flock. After that, the ostrich panic was on. Men from all over the country hurried to southern California to open ostrich farms.

Ladies gladly paid eight dollars each for the beautiful plumes and a fan made of ostrich feathers might bring as much as two hundred dollars. A whole new language was invented to describe the plumes: "spadones" were chick feathers, "boos" were tail feathers and "byocks" were feathers from the cock's wings.

Collecting the feathers was called "plucking" but actually the feathers were cut, not plucked, from the bird and the process was painless although the ostrich usually objected.

Plumes Clipped by Experts

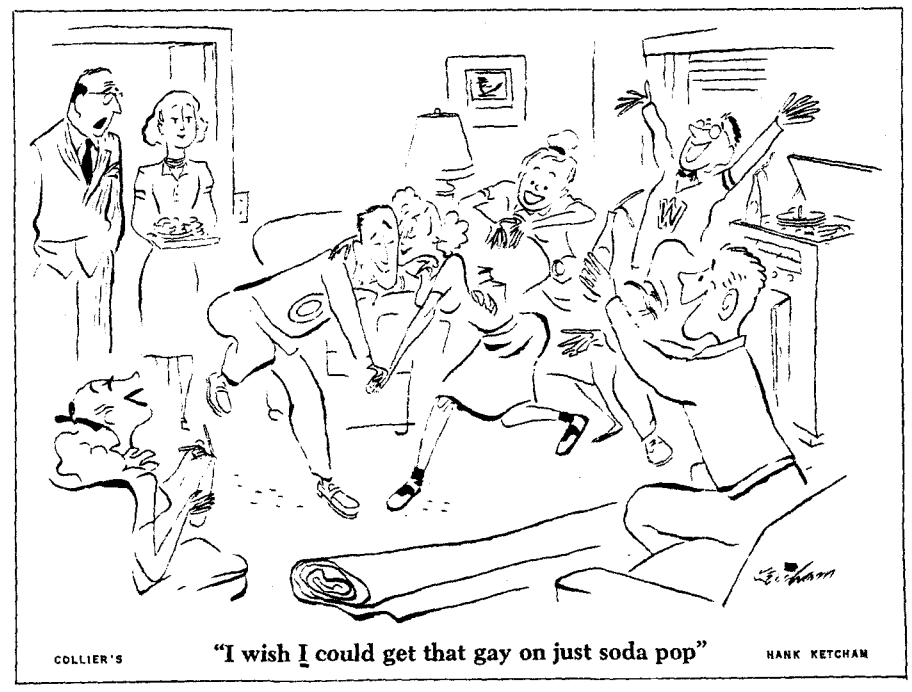
The bird was driven into a chute and blindfolded while expert pluckers clipped off the plumes. The birds naturally molted every year, but the dropped feathers were so frayed as to be worthless commercially so the plumes were "plucked" before the molting season.

Ranchers made their big money selling young birds and even eggs to speculators. A male ostrich was worth about five thousand dollars (now they are worth about three hundred and fifty for an adult and seventy-five for a baby) and even the eggs were bringing fancy prices. The Los Angeles Farm had over five thousand birds, covered most of what is now South Pasadena, and operated its own factory to clean, dye and process the feathers.

A financial expert from Country Calendar in 1905 declared that the farm was taking in "nearly a million dollars a year, of which at least 25 per cent is clear profit." Suddenly, shortly before World War I, women stopped wearing ostrich feathers. The bottom dropped out of the industry. Today the Los Angeles Farm needs less than a hundred birds to supply the national demand, although feathers are still being shipped in from South Africa.

But Francis Earnest, who inherited the farm from his father, is not discouraged. "Of course, it's not like it was in the old days," he admits. "It was quite a sight to see those hundreds of birds roaming almost free over the hills—the cocks stopping to display their feathers and challenge one another, the big brown hens with their broods of babies scampering after them—and the old mule cart that used to wander across the fields, picking up the big white eggs by the dozen for incubation. But who knows? It may still all come back. They once said that long skirts could never be popular again, didn't they?

THE END



COLLIER'S "I wish I could get that gay on just soda pop" HANK KETCHAM

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

teaching by mail to the hobby- and air-minded who seek the know-how of building large military-type kites for aerial photography work.

The value of this grand sport should not be overlooked by our educators and civic-minded groups in combating juvenile delinquency.

FORREST JONES,
Chestertown, N. Y.

THE HEALING POWER OF COLLIER'S

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: I want to tell you how thankful I am for Dickson Hartwell's The Miracles of Dr. Spies (Jan. 31st). That article practically saved my life, for through it I found Dr. Rolf Alexander, who has worked with Dr. Spies. I was almost dying with pellagra and had been to seven different doctors in San Francisco and none of them was able to recognize the disease or know how to treat it.

I am so thankful for Dr. Alexander that I want everyone to know about his "Miracles," for with his help I am now well and happy. Of course I don't expect you to publish this letter or you would have all the S.F. doctors gunning for me.

D. W., San Francisco, Cal.

IN YOUR HATOFF

DEAR EDITOR: Would this be the New Look in hats:—the Borsalino à la Russe or the Moloto-dora?

CHARLES S. COBB,
Pasadena, Cal.

. . . Did someone sit on old Mollie? Who could it have been? Stalin? Would he dare?

VINCENT GIANNONE,
N. Y. C., N. Y.

THE BEST OFFENSE IS NO DEFENSE

SIRS: Paul Schubert's article How America Will Defend Herself (May 22d) is interesting and timely—but inadequate! The philosophy of belligerency per the offensive is obsolete.

Nobody can win in an offensive war. First, we can no longer afford wars. Second, the rate of scientific progress is now so fast and furious that we will bankrupt ourselves in any quest to keep pace with or ahead of our enemies. I foresee bombs coming from where via the power of the potential forces generated by the extreme heat and cold of high altitudes. The driving force will be the sun and the guiding lines the same. What can any country do with an unknown enemy—and if this is actually and really here what good will it do to face such a thing? You can't fight an enemy if you don't know where he is! My chief argument is that now we have got to shake hands with GOD and return to the Liberties on our nickels—"In God We Trust!"

When we throw away our guns and atomic bombs and make ourselves into the country that every people on the face of the earth can love and admire, then we will survive with the simple forces.

BYRON D. ALLBAUGH, Hemet, Cal.

. . . Will you please have Mr. Schubert write one on How the United States Will Defend Herself?

Mr. Schubert invariably uses the term "America," when the term "United States" should be used. The United States is definitely *not* America. He says that, "Here in America we have never had an empire." Well, Canada is a part of an empire, and it certainly is in America.

The United States of America is probably the only nation in the world without a name for its inhabitants. Natives of all the countries which constitute America are Americans. Cannot you suggest a name for "us U.S.ers"? Get it right, the United States is *not* America.

L. A. CLARK, Detroit, Mich.

MEDALS FOR THE VFW

GENTLEMEN: Some years ago a group of young men, at Princeton I believe, dubbed themselves Veterans of Future Wars and demanded the usual rewards and prerogatives accruing to veterans.

Well, they were prophetic at any rate and they are now veterans in the full sense of the word. Then they were the subjects of a great deal of ridicule and worse.

I have wished someone would dig out these boys and present them anew to the public. In their new colors and dignity is to be found a new respect for youth of the present age.

G. E. JOHNSON, Greensboro, N. C.

UNPHONY FEAR

DEAR SIR: By chance and, frankly, because of the attractive cover, I picked up your issue of May 15th, and want to compliment you on your timely, courageous editorial Most Fears Are Phony. "Phony" is right but fraught with danger for us all. Keep plugging at it!

CECILE R. HOWES, State Line, Mass.

FISH TALE

DEAR SIRS: When I got the May 22d issue I was almost taken in as you were by that "most amazing fish" on the cover. However, before reading the Silver Scrapper in the same issue I discovered that the cover was the result of a "nature faking" trick photography. Neither of the two fishermen nor the boatman on the cover is showing any interest in that large tarpon in the air above them which might fall into the boat, damaging it or injuring them, so I assume that the tarpon was superimposed on a previous photograph.

After satisfying myself that the cover was faked, I examined the other pictures and would not be surprised if the other unusual picture of two tarpon in the air at once had also been tampered with, since I see no lines or leaders for them nor for the cover fish, though three other pictures on pages 20 and 21 show them.

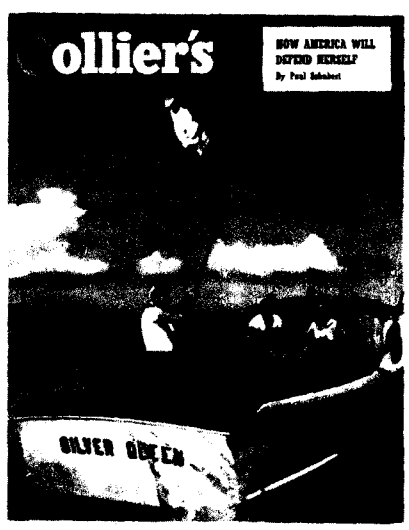
I think that Artist Dave Peskin owes a public apology to Collier's and its readers.

LLOYD S. LOURIE, Punta Gorda, Fla.

. . . You could have made two separate covers out of it, one "Tarpon in Air," the other "Motorboat and People," and I'm sure no one would have suspected a thing.

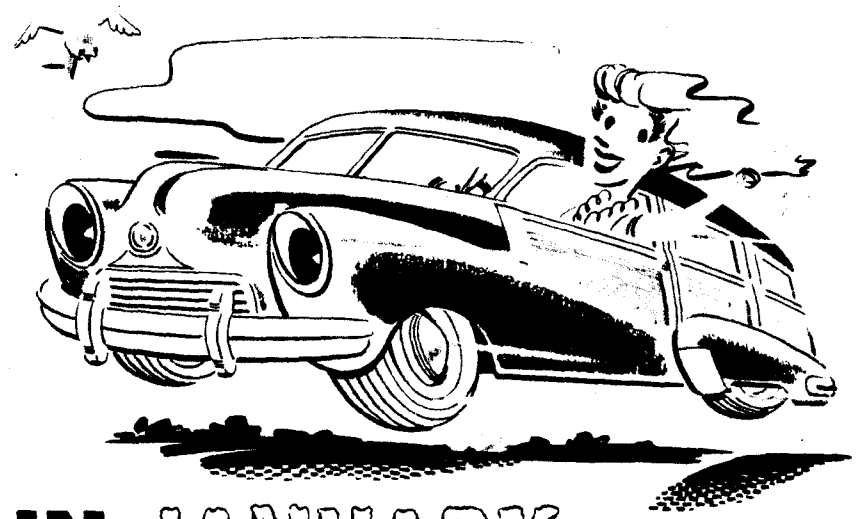
Or am I wrong?

FRANK HEROLD, Jacksonville, Fla.



The occupants of the boat are old hands at tarpon fishing. They are looking directly at the fish in mid-air. They take it as calmly as the Yankees do another DiMaggio home run. As for the faked photography, our negatives are open to public inspection.

GET JUNE STARTS..



IN JANUARY WITH..

NATIONAL and KATHANODE BATTERIES - built to withstand tough usage and extreme weather conditions. You can always count on a quick start and year round reliable performance.

TELEVEL - the amazing new clear plastic vent plug that tells water level at a glance - that won't let your battery be neglected.

Tells Water Level at a Glance

Factories: Atlanta • Chicago • Dallas • Depew • Leavenworth
Los Angeles • Marlboro • Memphis • North Bergen • St. Paul
Sioux City • Trenton • West Salem • Zanesville

NATIONAL BATTERY COMPANY
ST. PAUL 1, MINNESOTA

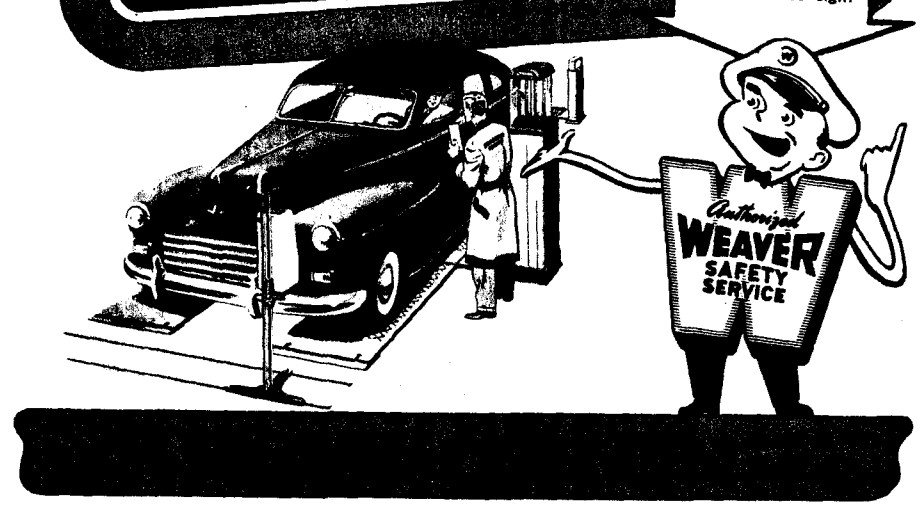
A Safety Lane* Check May Save Your Neck

You can take a lot of the gamble out of driving by having your car *brakes, headlights* and *steering* checked regularly at a shop displaying the Weaver Safety Lane Service sign.

Your Weaver-equipped serviceman can keep these three vital safety factors in top condition at little expense —if you'll just let him. There's no charge for regular Safety Lane inspections—only for such corrective service as you decide is needed—if any.

Weaver equipment is endorsed by leading car manufacturers and insurance companies—and is used by most Official Motor Vehicle Inspection stations operated by states and cities.

DRIVE IN to your local automotive service shop displaying this Weaver Safety Service sign.



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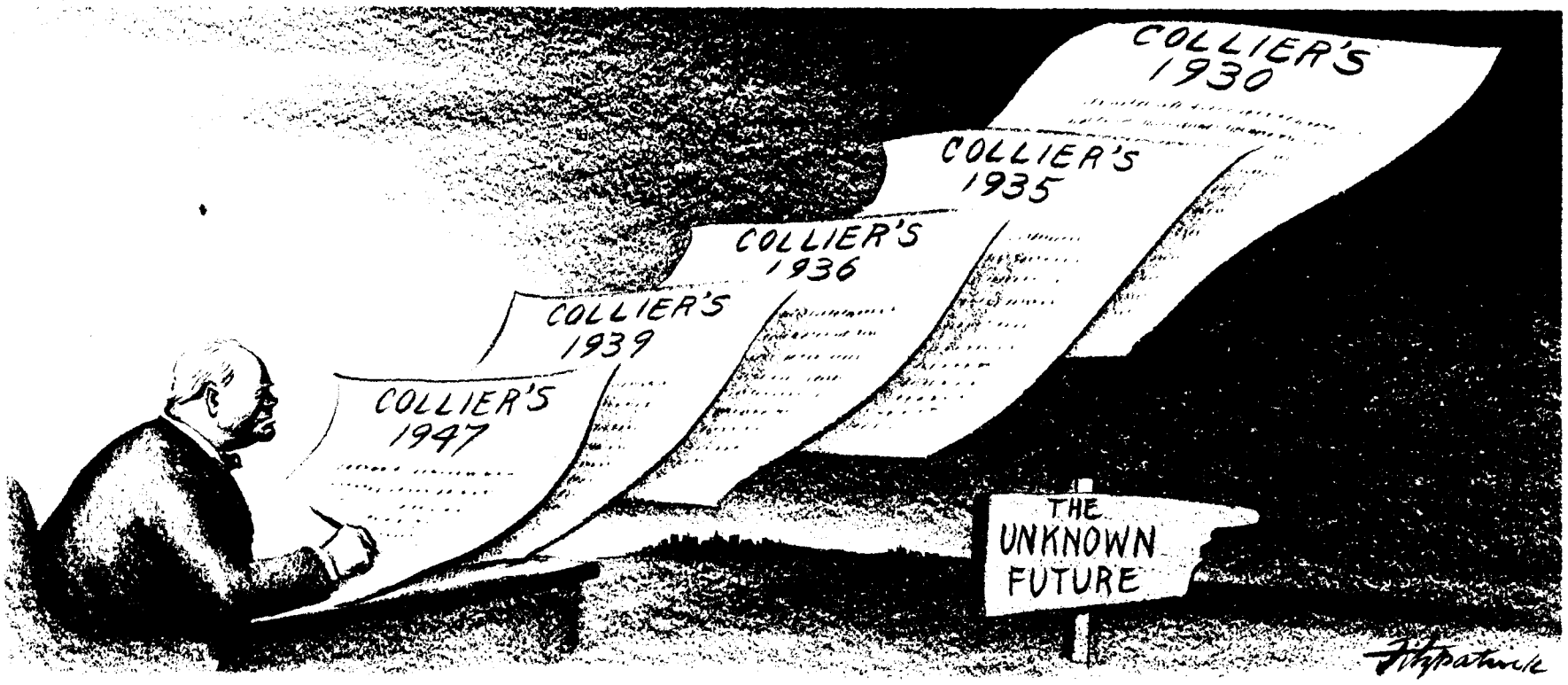
Collier's believes...



...MR. CHURCHILL IS QUITE A PROPHET

THE war-period memoirs of Winston Churchill, British Prime Minister 1940-45 and one of the great figures of world history, are being serialized in full by the New York Times and in abridged form elsewhere.

This literary event reminds us that Collier's since 1930 has had the pleasure and privilege of publishing a total of 44 articles from Mr. Churchill's pen. Looking back over that record, we find that the first Duke of Marlborough's most distinguished descendant to date has been quite a prophet on various occasions.

We quote from his To End War, in Collier's for June 29, 1935:

> Imagine a world of this weak and undecided character smitten by the sledge-hammer blows which dented and broke the hard armor plate forged in the 19th century. It would dissolve under the flail of war into a squalid, hopeless, senseless, poverty-stricken welter of distracted individuals who would speedily cling together under the drear yoke of Communistic or militaristic dictatorships, or, more likely still, under the worst evils of both combined.

Not a bad picture, that, of large areas of Europe today.

Under the title Soapbox Messiahs, in Collier's for June 20, 1936, Mr. Churchill averred:

> I adhere to the school of those who believe that governments cannot make nations rich; that wealth is gathered only by individual exertion and enterprise; that state expenditure is almost always profligate and wasteful; and that the more freedom enjoyed by the citizen and the less the interference of the state the higher will be the standard of the public well-being.

A Socialist government, believing just the opposite of the above, is now trying to make Great Britain rich—and in its desperation has recently come to a capital levy.

Of course, no prophet rings up a batting average of 1,000. In Collier's for January 14, 1939, Mr. Churchill said:

> It would seem to follow, therefore, that sea power . . . still ruled on salt water. . . . The command of the seas would appear to rest unimpaired with either the navies of Great Britain or the United States. It may be added that the undoubted obsolescence of the submarine as a decisive war weapon should give further confidence to the English-speaking democracies.

There, Mr. Churchill seriously underestimated the deadliness of the airplane in the war which was then only nine months away, and he made a similar mistake about the submarine. And it should be noted that Mr. Churchill did try his best to persuade the Baldwin and Chamberlain governments, in the last two or three years before the outbreak of the war, to keep British air power at least abreast of German.

In his June 3, 1939, Collier's article, War—Now or Never, the prophet was back on the beam; as witness his closing paragraph:

> To sum up the argument, it seems that unless some change of regime takes place in Germany in the near future she will deem it in her interest to make war, and this is more likely to occur in the present year than later on. The summer and autumn months must be a period of intense strain and anxiety to all countries.

World War II began just three months later.

Meanwhile, in mid-June of 1939, under the title Bombs Don't Scare Us Now, Mr. Churchill analyzed for Collier's readers the possibility of indiscriminate bombing of big-city populations if war should come. He stated flatly that Great Britain never would be beaten by that means. How right he was the world now knows.

Thus far in the postwar period, we've printed only one Churchill article: The Highroad of the Future (Jan. 4, 1947), a powerful plea for a United States of Europe, or at least of Western Europe. That one, too, is now in process of coming true.

As remarked above, it has been a pleasure and a privilege to print all these Churchill productions down the years.

To the numerous Collier's readers who read them, not all the material in the currently appearing memoirs is new. Collier's, if you'll forgive the brag, got there first with a goodish bit of it.

●

. . . YOU GET NOTHING FOR NOTHING: This month the City of New York loses something which New Yorkers have bragged about for decades—the 5-cent fare on the subways, elevated railroads, trolleys and busses. By order of Mayor William O'Dwyer under a legislative enabling act, subway and elevated fares are going to 10 cents, city-owned bus and trolley rates to 7 cents.

What forced the step was that New York City had been losing enormous sums yearly on its transportation system, and that these deficits were cutting badly into its hospital, sanitation, and other services, and were preventing deserved pay increases for city employees. Finally, the 5-cent fare had to go.

Thus, a superstition still held by far too many Americans takes another dramatic sock in the nose. We mean the superstition that you can get something for nothing, or for less than the something is worth.

You can't. You never could. The something has to be paid for, directly or indirectly, and in full; and it always is paid for. In the case of public services, the gent who ultimately pays the full price, no matter how the politicians disguise the fact, is the user of those services. If all of us could get this simple but essential fact of life permanently into our heads, we'd be far better off, and we'd have a more stable nation than we've ever had yet.

●

. . . IN GOOD WILL FOR AIR LINES: Americans are patient people as a rule; but they lose their patience pretty copiously when a plane, train, bus or boat is late. That gripes the average American to the bottom of his soul or thereabout, and we think properly so.

Northwest Airlines, taking shrewd cognizance of this fact of U.S. human nature, has put in what we believe to be a smart innovation. Northwest has taken to refunding 5 per cent of the fare to passengers on planes that reach destination 30 minutes or more behind time. In the first 15 days under the new plan, the line had a reported 328 of such late arrivals out of 3,128 flights, and paid back about $3,000 to passengers.

The power of this scheme to build good will for the line seems obvious. If any other company feels like trying it, that's okay by us. We're strong for these concerns; but, what with the hard luck and sour service some of them have had since the war, it's no secret that they can use all the good will they can rub up.

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Born Leader

PAUL JONES has been a leader among fine whiskies for 82 years. Today, it is made in the same slow, old-fashioned way —to make your drinks taste especially rich and hearty. One sip will reveal why Paul Jones is first of all . . . for flavor!

Fine Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

Paul Jones

FIRST OF ALL . . . FOR FLAVOR!

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ALWAYS BUY A·B·C CHESTERFIELD

"I'm satisfied because it's Chesterfield"

Rosalind Russell

STARRING IN
INDEPENDENT ARTISTS' NEW PICTURE
"THE VELVET TOUCH"
AN RKO RADIO RELEASE

WHY... I smoke Chesterfield

(FROM A SERIES OF STATEMENTS BY PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMERS)

Liggett & Myers buy top quality cigarette tobacco and pay top prices for it . . . nobody will average paying more than they do, year in and year out. I've been smoking Chesterfields ever since I've been smoking. I just like them . . . they have real tobacco flavor.

William P. Wiseman

FARMER—DANVILLE, VA.

A ALWAYS MILDER B BETTER TASTING C COOLER SMOKING

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